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ROMANCES,

NOVELS, AND TALES.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND Co.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

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ZADIG;

OR,

FATE.

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

APPROBATION.

I The underwritten, who have obtained the character of a learned, and even of an ingenious man, have read this manuſcript, which, in ſpite of myſelf, I have found to be curious, entertaining, moral, philoſophical, and capable of affording pleaſure even to thoſe who hate romances. I have therefore decried it; and have aſſured the Cadi-leſquier that it is an abominable performance.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

SULTANA SHERAA.

BY SADI.

The 18th of the Month SCHEWAL, *in the 837th Year of the* HEGIRA.

DELIGHT of the eyes, torment of the heart, and light of the mind, I kiſs not the duſt of thy feet, becauſe thou never walkeſt; or walkeſt only on the carpets of Iran, or in paths ſtrewed with roſes. I offer thee the tranſlation of a book, written by an ancient ſage; who, having the happineſs to have nothing to do, amuſed himſelf in compoſing the hiſtory of Zadig; a work which performs more than it promiſes. I beſeech thee to read and examine it; for, though thou art in the ſpring of life, and every pleaſure courts thee to its embrace; though thou art beautiful, and thy beauty be embelliſhed by thy admirable talents; tho' thou art praiſed from evening to morning, and, on all theſe accounts, haſt a right to be devoid of common ſenſe; yet thou haſt a ſound judgment, and a fine taſte; and I have heard thee reaſon with more accuracy than the old derviſes, with their long beards and pointed bonnets.

Thou

Thou art diſcreet, without being diſtruſtf
gentle without weakneſs; and beneficent w
diſcernment. Thou loveſt thy friends, and m
eſt thyſelf no enemies. Thy wit never borr
its charms from the ſhafts of detraction; thou
neither ſayeſt nor doeſt any ill, notwithſtanding
that both are ſo much in thy power. In a word,
thy ſoul hath always appeared to me to be as pure
and unſullied as thy beauty. Beſides, thou haſt
ſome little knowledge in philoſophy, which makes
me believe that thou wilt take more pleaſure than
others of thy ſex in peruſing the work of this ve-
nerable ſage.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee,
a language which neither thou nor I under-
ſtand. It was afterwards tranſlated into the Ara-
bic, to amuſe the famous ſultan Oulougbeg, much
about the time that the Arabians and the Perſians
began to write the Thouſand and One Nights, the
Thouſand and One Days, &c. Ouloug was fond
of reading Zadig, but the ſultanas were fonder of
the Thouſand and One. "How can you prefer
(would the wiſe Ouloug ſay to them) thoſe ſtories
which have neither ſenſe nor meaning?" "It is
for that very reaſon (replied the ſultanas) that we
like them."

I flatter myſelf that thou wilt not reſemble theſe
thy predeceſſors; but that thou wilt be a true
Ouloug. I even hope, that when thou art tired
with

with thoſe general converſations, which differ from the Thouſand and One in nothing but in being leſs agreeable, I ſhall have the honour to entertain thee for a moment with a rational diſcourſe. Hadſt thou been Thaleſtris, in the time of Scander the ſon of Philip; hadſt thou been the queen of Sheba in the time of Solomon, theſe are the very kings that would have paid thee a viſit.

I pray the heavenly powers, that thy pleaſures may be unmixed, thy beauty never fading, and thy happineſs without end.

SADI.

ZADIG*.

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

The BLIND of One EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural diſpoſition, ſtrengthened and improved by education. Tho' rich and young, he had learned to moderate his paſſions: he had nothing ſtiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the ſtrict rules of reaſon, but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakneſs of mankind. It was matter of ſurprize, that, notwithſtanding his ſprightly wit, he never expoſed by his raillery thoſe vague, incoherent, and noiſy diſcourſes, thoſe raſh cenſures, ignorant deciſions, coarſe jeſts, and all that empty jingle of words which at Babylon went by the name of Converſation. He had learned, in the firſt book of Zoroaſter, that ſelf-love is a foot-ball ſwelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the moſt terrible tempeſts iſſue forth. Above all,

* The reader will at once perceive that this piece is a diverting picture of human life, in which the author has ingeniouſly contrived to ridicule and ſtigmatize the follies and vices that abound in every ſtation.

Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous, and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful; remembering the grand precept of Zoroaster, "When thou eatest, give to the dogs, should they even bite thee." He was as wise as it is possible for man to be; for he sought to live with the wise. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then supposed to be; and knew as much of metaphysics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly persuaded, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, and that the sun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the state to believe that the sun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modesty and meekness*.

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the first match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection

* Alluding to the story of Galileo, who was imprisoned in the inquisition at Rome under Pope Urban VIII. for having taught the motion of the earth, and obliged to retract that doctrine.

for

for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate fondness. The happy moment was almost arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they saw some men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows. These were the attendants of young Orcan, the minister's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but thinking himself a much more accomplished man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealousy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was desperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he resolved to carry her off. The ravishers seized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her, and made the blood flow from a person, the sight of which would have softened the tygers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out, "My dear husband! they tear me from the man I adore." Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himself with all the strength that courage and love could inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, "O Zadig, (said she,) I loved thee formerly as my intended husband; I now love thee as the preserver of my honour and my life." Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth express more moving

ſentiments, in thoſe glowing words inſpired by a ſenſe of the greateſt of all favours, and by the moſt tender tranſports of a lawful paſſion. Her wound was ſlight, and was ſoon cured. Zadig was more dangerouſly wounded; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a conſiderable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were conſtantly bathed in tears; ſhe anxiouſly waited the happy moment when thoſe of Zadig ſhould be able to meet her's; but an abſceſs growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to Memphis, for the great phyſician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He viſited the patient, and declared that he would loſe his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. "Had it been the right eye, (ſaid he) I could eaſily have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incureable." All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abſceſs broke of its own accord, and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book, to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as ſoon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a viſit to her in whom all his hopes of happineſs were centered, and for whoſe ſake alone he wiſhed to have eyes. Semira had been in the country for three days paſt. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that ſhe had an unconquerable averſion to one-eyed men, had the night before given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell ſpeechleſs to the ground. His ſorrows brought him almoſt to the brink of the grave. He was long indiſpoſed; but reaſon at

laſt

laſt got the better of his affliction; and the ſeverity of his fate ſerved even to conſole him.

"Since (ſaid he) I have ſuffered ſo much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated at court, I muſt now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen." He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greateſt prudence, and of the beſt family in town. He married her, and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the moſt tender union. He only obſerved that ſhe had a little levity; and was too apt to find that thoſe young men who had the moſt handſome perſons were likewiſe poſſeſſed of moſt wit and virtue.

The NOSE.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible paſſion, and uttering the moſt violent exclamations. "What aileth thee, (ſaid he) my dear ſpouſe? what is it that can thus have diſcompoſed thee?" "Alas, (ſaid ſhe) thou wouldeſt be as much enraged as I am, hadſt thou ſeen what I have juſt beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Coſrou, who, within theſe two days, hath raiſed a tomb to her young huſband, near the rivulet that waſhes the ſkirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterneſs of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet ſhould continue to run near it." "Well, (ſaid Zadig) ſhe is an excellent woman, and loved her huſband with the moſt ſincere affection." "Ah, (replied Azora) didſt thou but know in what ſhe was employed when I went to wait upon her!" "In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was ſhe turning the courſe of the rivulet?" Azora broke out into

ſuch

ſuch long invectives, and loaded the young widow with ſuch bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleaſed with this oſtentation of virtue.

Zadig had a friend, named Cador, one of thoſe young men in whom his wife diſcovered more probity and merit than in others. He made him his confident, and ſecured his fidelity as much as poſſible, by a conſiderable preſent. Azora having paſſed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The ſervants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her huſband died ſuddenly the night before; that they were afraid to ſend her an account of this mournful event; and that they had juſt been depoſiting his corps in the tomb of his anceſtors, at the end of the garden. She wept, ſhe tore her hair, and ſwore ſhe would follow him to the grave. In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with her's. Next day they wept leſs, and dined together. Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greateſt part of his eſtate; and that he ſhould think himſelf extremely happy in ſharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a paſſion, and at laſt became more mild and gentle. They ſat longer at ſupper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praiſed the deceaſed; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During ſupper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his ſide. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to ſerve him, cauſed all kinds of eſſences to be brought, with which ſhe anointed him, to try if ſome of them might not poſſibly eaſe him of his pain. She lamented that the great Hermes was not ſtill in Babylon. She even condeſcended to touch the ſide in which Cador felt ſuch exquiſite

pain.

pain. "Art thou subject to this cruel disorder?" said she to him with a compassionate air. "It sometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man who is lately dead." "A strange remedy, indeed!" said Azora. "Not more strange (replied he) than the sachels of Arnou against the apoplexy*." This reason, added to the great merit of the young man, at last determined the lady. "After all, (says she) when my husband shall cross the bridge Tchinavar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Asrael will not refuse him a passage, because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first." She then took a razor, went to her husband's tomb, bedewed it with her tears, and drew near to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended at full length in the tomb. Zadig arose, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other, "Madam, (said he) don't exclaim so violently against young Cosrou: the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet †."

The Dog and the Horse.

ZADIG found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the

* There was at that time a Babylonian named Arnou, who, according to his advertisements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented all kinds of apoplexies, by a little bag hung about the neck.

† One sees the author had in his eye the well-known fable of the Ephesian matron.

book

book of Zend, is the moon of honey, and that the ſecond is the moon of wormwood. He was ſome time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleaſed; and he then ſought for happineſs in the ſtudy of nature. "No man (ſaid he) can be happier than a philoſopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he diſcovers are his own, he nouriſhes and exalts his ſoul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender ſpouſe will not come to cut off his noſe."

Poſſeſſed of theſe ideas, he retired to a country-houſe on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himſelf in calculating how many inches of water flow in a ſecond of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouſe more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making ſilk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly ſtudied the properties of plants and animals; and ſoon acquired a ſagacity that made him diſcover a thouſand differences where other men ſee nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he ſaw one of the queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by ſeveral officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men diſtracted, eagerly ſearching for ſomething they had loſt of great value. "Young man, (ſaid the firſt eunuch) haſt thou ſeen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modeſty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the firſt eunuch. "It is a very ſmall ſhe-ſpaniel, (added Zadig); ſhe has lately whelped; ſhe limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears." "Thou haſt ſeen her," ſaid the firſt

firſt eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have not ſeen her, nor did I ſo much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the ſame time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the fineſt horſe in the king's ſtable had eſcaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntſman, and all the other officers, run after him with as much eagerneſs and anxiety as the firſt eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntſman addreſſed himſelf to Zadig, and aſked him if he had not ſeen the king's horſe paſſing by. "He is the fleeteſt horſe in the king's ſtable, (replied Zadig); he is five feet high, with very ſmall hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the ſtuds on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his ſhoes are ſilver of eleven penny-weights." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntſman. "I have not ſeen him, (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntſman and the firſt eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had ſtolen the king's horſe and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the aſſembly of the grand deſterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to ſpend the reſt of his days in Siberia *. Hardly was the ſentence paſſed when the horſe and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of reverſing

* Here the author ſeems to have forgot himſelf; otherwiſe he would never have dreamed of inflicting a Ruſſian puniſhment on a Babylonian criminal; far leſs of ſending him in exile from the banks of the Euphrates into the deſerts of Siberia.

their ſentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having ſaid that he had not ſeen what he had ſeen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cauſe before the counſel of the grand deſterham, when he ſpoke to the following effect:

"Ye ſtars of juſtice, abyſs of ſciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardneſs of iron, the ſplendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to ſpeak before this auguſt aſſembly, I ſwear to you by Oromades, that I have never ſeen the queen's reſpectable bitch, nor the ſacred horſe of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the moſt illuſtrious chief huntſman. I obſerved on the ſand the traces of an animal, and could eaſily perceive them to be thoſe of a little dog. The light and long furrows impreſſed on little eminences of ſand between the marks of the paws, plainly diſcovered that it was a bitch, whoſe dugs were hanging down, and that therefore ſhe muſt have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently bruſhed the ſurface of the ſand near the marks of the fore-feet, ſhewed me that ſhe had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a ſlighter impreſſion made on the ſand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our auguſt queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expreſſion.

"With regard to the horſe of the king of kings, you will be pleaſed to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I obſerved the marks of a horſe's

horſe's ſhoes, all at equal diſtances. This muſt be a horſe, ſaid I to myſelf, that gallops excellently. The duſt on the trees in a narrow road that was but ſeven feet wide was a little bruſhed off, at the diſtance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horſe, ſaid I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whiſked to the right and left, has ſwept away the duſt. I obſerved under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horſe had touched them, and that he muſt therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it muſt be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its boſſes againſt a ſtone which I knew to be a touchſtone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his ſhoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was ſhod with ſilver eleven deniers fine." All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound diſcernment. The news of this ſpeech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the Magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a ſorcerer, the king ordered his officers to reſtore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The regiſter, the attornies, and bailiffs, went to his houſe with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expences of juſtice; and their ſervants demanded their fees.

Zadig ſaw how extremely dangerous it ſometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore reſolved,

that on the next occaſion of the like nature he would not tell what he had ſeen.

Such an opportunity ſoon offered. A priſoner of ſtate made his eſcape, and paſſed under the windows of Zadig's houſe. Zadig was examined and made no anſwer. But it was proved that he had looked at the priſoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite cuſtom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence. "Great God! ſaid he to himſelf, what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horſe have paſſed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"

The ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG reſolved to comfort himſelf by philoſophy and friendſhip, for the evils he had ſuffered from fortune. He had in the ſuburbs of Babylon a houſe elegantly furniſhed, in which he aſſembled all the arts and all the pleaſures worthy the purſuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening, his table was ſurrounded by good company. But he ſoon found what very dangerous gueſts theſe men of letters are. A warm diſpute aroſe on one of Zoroaſter's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, ſaid ſome of them, prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no ſuch animal in nature?" "There muſt neceſſarily be ſuch an animal, (ſaid the others,) ſince Zoroaſter forbids us to eat it." Zadig would fain have reconciled them by ſaying, "If there are no griffins, we

we cannot poſſibly eat them: and thus either way we ſhall obey Zoroaſter."

A learned man, who had compoſed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was beſides the chief theurgite, haſted away to accuſe Zadig before one of the principal Magi, named Yebor, the greateſt blockhead, and therefore the greateſt fanatick among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled Zadig to do honour to the ſun, and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaſter with greater ſatisfaction. The friend Cador (a friend is better than a hundred prieſts) went to Yebor, and ſaid to him, "Long live the ſun and the griffins; beware of puniſhing Zadig; he is a ſaint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuſer is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean." "Well, (ſaid Yebor, ſhaking his bald pate) we muſt empale Zadig for having thought contemptuouſly of griffins, and the other for having ſpoke diſreſpectfully of rabbits." Cador huſhed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great intereſt in the college of the Magi. No body was empaled. This lenity occaſioned a great murmuring among ſome of the doctors, who from thence predicted the fall of Babylon *. "Upon what does happineſs depend, (ſaid Zadig) I am perſecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no exiſtence." He curſed thoſe men of learning, and reſolved for the future to live with none but good company.

* This is a ſevere ſatire upon thoſe cruel bigots who perſecute all ſuch as preſume to differ from eſtabliſhed opinions, though purely ſpeculative.

He

He assembled at his house the most worthy men, and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious suppers, often preceded by concerts of musick, and always animated by polite conversation, from which he knew how to banish that affectation of wit, which is the surest method of preventing it entirely, and of spoiling the pleasure of the most agreeable society. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of the dishes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the substance to the shadow; and by these means he procured that real respect to which he did not aspire.

Opposite to his house lived one Arimazes, a man whose deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his still more deformed mind. His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy. Having never been able to succeed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himself on all around him, by loading them with the blackest calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a set of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered Zadig's court in the evening filled him with uneasiness; the sound of his praises enraged him still more. He sometimes went to Zadig's house, and sat down at table without being desired; where he spoiled all the pleasure of the company, as the harpies are said to infect the viands they touch. It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainment to a lady, who, instead of accepting it, went to sup with Zadig. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig at Court, a Minister of State came up to them, and invited Zadig to supper, without inviting Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *Envious*, resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was called the

Happy.

Happy. "The opportunity of doing miſchief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year," as ſayeth the wiſe Zoroaſter.

The envious man went to ſee Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he ſaid many gallant things, without any other intention than that of ſaying them. The converſation turned upon a war which the king had juſt brought to a happy concluſion againſt the prince of Hircania, his vaſſal. Zadig, who had ſignalized his courage in this ſhort war, beſtowed great praiſes on the king, but greater ſtill on the lady. He took out his pocket-book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable perſon to read. His friends begged they might ſee them; but modeſty, or rather a well-regulated ſelf-love, would not allow him to grant their requeſt. He knew that extemporary verſes are never approved by any but by the perſon in whoſe honour they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had wrote them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of roſe buſhes where the reſt of the company ſought for them in vain. A ſlight ſhower falling ſoon after, obliged them to return to the houſe. The envious man, who ſtaid in the garden, continued to ſearch, till at laſt he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in ſuch a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete ſenſe, and even a verſe of a ſhorter meaſure; but what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, theſe ſhort verſes were found to contain the moſt injurious reflections on the king; they ran thus:

To flagrant crimes
His Crown he owes,

To

To peaceful times
The worſt of foes.

The envious man was now happy for the firſt time of his life. He had it in his power to ruin a perſon of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the ſatire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into priſon.

His trial was ſoon finiſhed, without his being permitted to ſpeak for himſelf. As he was going to receive his ſentence, the envious man threw himſelf in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verſes were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himſelf on being a good poet; but it filled him with inexpreſſible concern to find that he was condemned for high treaſon; and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in priſon for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to ſpeak becauſe his writing ſpoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution, through an immenſe crowd of ſpectators, who durſt not venture to expreſs their pity for him, but who carefully examined his countenance, to ſee if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconſolable; for they could not ſucceed to his eſtate. Three fourths of his wealth were confiſcated into the king's treaſury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Juſt as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a roſe buſh in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and had

had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book to which it ſtuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerneſs, and read the words, which formed no ſenſe, and ſeemed to be the endings of verſes. He loved poetry; and there is always ſome mercy to be expected from a prince of that diſpoſition. The adventure of the parrot ſet him a thinking.

The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, cauſed it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly: they then read the verſes as Zadig had wrote them.

Tyrants are prone to flagrant Crimes;
To Clemency his Crown he owes;
To Concord and to peaceful Times,
Love only is the worſt of Foes.

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig ſhould be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady ſhould be ſet at liberty. Zadig fell proſtrate on the ground before the king and queen; humbly begged their pardon for having made ſuch bad verſes, and ſpoke with ſo much propriety, wit, and good ſenſe, that their majeſties deſired they might ſee him again. He did himſelf that honour, and inſinuated himſelf ſtill farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig reſtored him back the whole of it; and this inſtance of generoſity gave no other pleaſure to the envious man than that of having preſerved his eſtate. The king's eſteem

for Zadig increaſed every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleaſure, and conſulted him in all affairs of ſtate. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderneſs, that might one day prove dangerous to herſelf, to the king her auguſt conſort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig now began to think that happineſs was not ſo unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

The GENEROUS.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a grand feſtival, which returned every five years. It was a cuſtom in Babylon ſolemnly to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the moſt generous action. The grandees and the magi were the judges. The firſt ſatrape, who was charged with the government of the city, publiſhed the moſt noble actions that had paſſed under his adminiſtration. The competition was decided by votes; and the king pronounced the ſentence. People came to this ſolemnity from the extremities of the earth. The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious ſtones, his majeſty at the ſame time making him this compliment: "Receive this reward of thy generoſity, and may the gods grant me many ſubjects like to thee."

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, ſurrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came

came to these games, where glory was acquired not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The first satrape recited, with an audible voice, such actions as might entitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored the envious man his fortune, because it was not judged to be an action worthy of disputing the prize.

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause by a mistake, for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own estate, which was just equal to what the other had lost.

He next produced a young man, who being desperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whose passion for her had almost brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the same time had given him the lady's fortune.

He afterwards produced a soldier, who, in the wars of Hircania, had given a still more noble instance of generosity. A party of the enemy having seized his mistress, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity. At that very instant he was informed that another party, at the distance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother; he therefore left his mistress with tears in his eyes, and flew to the assistance of his mother. At last, he returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was just going to plunge his sword in his own bosom; but his mother remonstrating against such a desperate deed, and telling him that he was the only support of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to

the ſoldier. But the king took up the diſcourſe and ſaid, "The action of the ſoldier, and thoſe of the other two, are doubtleſs very great, but they have nothing in them ſurpriſing. Yeſterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before diſgraced Coreb, my miniſter and favourite. I complained of him in the moſt violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers aſſured me that I was too gentle, and ſeemed to vie with each other in ſpeaking ill of Coreb. I aſked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our hiſtories of many people who have atoned for an error by the ſurrender of their fortune; who have reſigned a miſtreſs; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who ſpoke favourably of a diſgraced miniſter, that laboured under the diſpleaſure of his ſovereign. I give to each of thoſe whoſe generous actions have been now recited, twenty thouſand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it pleaſe your majeſty, (ſaid Zadig,) thyſelf alone deſerveſt the cup; thou haſt performed an action of all others the moſt uncommon and meritorious, ſince, notwithſtanding thy being a powerful king, thou waſt not offended at thy ſlave, when he preſumed to oppoſe thy paſſion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his eſtate to his client; the lover who had reſigned his miſtreſs to his friend; and the ſoldier, who had preferred the ſafety of his mother to that of his miſtreſs, received the king's preſents, and ſaw their names inrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The

day

day was celebrated by feasts that lasted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said, "Now I am happy at last;" but he found himself fatally deceived.

The MINISTER.

THE king had lost his first minister, and chose Zadig to supply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been such a young minister. But all the courtiers were filled with jealousy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a spitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his nose. Zadig having thanked the king and queen for their goodness, went likewise to thank the parrot. "Beautiful bird, (said he) 'tis thou that hast saved my life, and made me first minister. The queen's bitch and the king's horse did me a great deal of mischief; but thou hast done me much good. Upon such slender threads as these do the fates of mortals hang! but (added he) this happiness perhaps will vanish very soon." "Soon," replied the parrot. Zadig was somewhat startled at this word. But as he was a good natural philosopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his spirits, and resolved to execute his duty to the best of his power.

He made every one feel the sacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the minister's displeasure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it,

it, it was the law; the rigour of which, however, whenever it was too ſevere, he always took care to ſoften; and when laws were wanting, the equity of his deciſions was ſuch as might eaſily have made them paſs for thoſe of Zoroaſter.

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the riſk of ſparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent. He imagined that laws were made as well to ſecure the people from the ſuffering of injuries as to reſtrain them from the commiſſion of crimes. His chief talent conſiſted in diſcovering the truth, which all men ſeek to obſcure. This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his adminiſtration. A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his eſtate equally between his two ſons, after having diſpoſed of their ſiſter in marriage, and left a preſent of thirty thouſand pieces of gold to that ſon who ſhould be found to have loved him beſt. The eldeſt raiſed a tomb to his memory; the youngeſt increaſed his ſiſter's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one ſaid that the eldeſt ſon loved his father beſt, and the youngeſt his ſiſter; and that the thirty thouſand pieces belonged to the eldeſt.

Zadig ſent for both of them, the one after the other. To the eldeſt he ſaid, "Thy father is not dead; he is recovered of his laſt illneſs, and is returning to Babylon." "God be praiſed, (replied the young man,) but his tomb coſt me a conſiderable ſum." Zadig afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the youngeſt. "God be praiſed, (ſaid he) I will go and reſtore to my father all that I have; but I could wiſh that he would leave my ſiſter what I have given her." "Thou ſhalt reſtore nothing,

thing, replied Zadig, and thou ſhalt have the thirty thouſand pieces, for thou art the ſon who loves his father beſt."

A young lady poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune had given a promiſe of marriage to two magi; and after having, for ſome months, received the inſtructions of both, ſhe, proved with child. They were both deſirous of marrying her. "I will take for my huſband, ſaid ſhe, the man who has put me in a condition to give a ſubject to the ſtate." "I am the man that has done the work," ſaid the one. "I am the man that has done it," ſaid the other. "Well, replied the lady, I will acknowledge for the infant's father him that can give it the beſt education." The lady was delivered of a ſon. The two magi contended who ſhould bring him up, and the cauſe was carried before Zadig. Zadig ſummoned the two magi to attend him. "What will you teach your pupil?" ſaid he to the firſt. "I will teach him, (ſaid the doctor) the eight parts of ſpeech, logick, aſtrology, pneumatics, what is meant by ſubſtance and accident, abſtract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre-eſtabliſhed harmony." "For my part, (ſaid the ſecond) I will endeavour to give him a ſenſe of juſtice, and to make him worthy the friendſhip of good men." Zadig then cried, "Whether thou art his father or not, thou ſhalt have his mother.

The DISPUTES and the AUDIENCES.

IN this manner he daily diſcovered the ſubtilty of his genius and the goodneſs of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He paſſed for the happieſt man in the world. The whole

whole empire refounded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praiſed him for his juſtice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the prieſts confeſſed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor. They were now ſo far from proſecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There had reigned in Babylon, for the ſpace of fifteen hundred years, a violent conteſt that had divided the empire into two ſects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremoſt*; the other held this cuſtom in deteſtation, and always entered with the right foot firſt. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the ſolemn feaſt of the ſacred fire was to be celebrated, to ſee which ſect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmoſt ſuſpence and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent diſcourſe, that the Sovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the perſons of men, makes no diſtinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his diſcourſe was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with ſufficient agility. "He is dry, (ſaid they) and void of genius: he does not make the ſea to fly, and ſtars to fall, nor the ſun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental ſtile." Zadig contented himſelf with having the ſtile of reaſon. All the

* This is probably a glance at the diſputes about Janſeniſm, which, though in themſelves inſignificant, have divided France into two inveterate factions.

world

world favoured him, not becauſe he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reaſon, or was a man of real merit, but becauſe he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the ſame happy addreſs the grand difference between the white and the black magi. The former maintained that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned towards the eaſt in winter; the latter aſſerted that God abhorred the prayers of thoſe who turned towards the weſt in ſummer. Zadig decreed that every man ſhould be allowed to turn as he pleaſed.

Thus he found out the happy ſecret of finiſhing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The reſt of the day he employed in ſuperintending and promoting the embelliſhments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the ſpectators, and comedies that ſhook their ſides with laughter; a cuſtom which had long been diſuſed, and which his good taſte now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artiſts themſelves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents. In the evening the king was highly entertained with his converſation, and the queen ſtill more. "Great miniſter!" ſaid the king. "Amiable miniſter!" ſaid the queen; and both of them added, "it would have been a great loſs to the ſtate had ſuch a man been hanged."

Never was man in power obliged to give ſo many audiences to the ladies. Moſt of them came to conſult him about——no buſineſs at all, that ſo they might have ſome buſineſs with him. The wife of the envious man was among the firſt. She ſwore to him by Mitra, by Zenda Veſta, and by

the sacred fire, that she detested her husband's conduct: she then told him in confidence that he was a jealous brutal wretch; and gave him to understand that heaven punished him for his crimes, by refusing him the precious effects of the sacred fire, by which alone man can be rendered like the gods. At last she concluded by dropping her garter. Zadig took it up with his usual politeness, but did not tie it about the lady's leg; and this slight fault, if it may be called a fault, was the cause of the most terrible misfortunes. Zadig never thought of it more; but the lady thought of it with great attention.

Never a day passed without several visits from the ladies. The secret annals of Babylon pretend that he once yielded to the temptation, but that he was surprised to find that he enjoyed his mistress without pleasure, and embraced her without distraction. The lady to whom he gave, almost without being sensible of it, these marks of his favour, was a maid of honour to queen Astarte. This tender Babylonian said to herself by way of comfort, "This man must have his head filled with a prodigious heap of business, since even in making love he cannot avoid thinking on public affairs." Zadig happened, at the very instant when most people say nothing at all, and others only pronounce a few sacred words, to cry out, "The queen." The Babylonian thought that he was at last happily come to himself, and that he said, "My queen." But Zadig, who was always too absent, pronounced the name of Astarte. The lady, who in this happy situation interpreted every thing in her own favour, imagined that he meant to say, "Thou art more beautiful than queen Astarte." After receiving some handsome presents, she left-

the

the ſeraglio of Zadig, and went to relate her adventure to the envious woman, who was her intimate friend, and who was greatly piqued at the preference given to the other. "He would not ſo much as deign, ſaid ſhe, to tie this garter about my leg, and I am therefore reſolved never to wear it more." "O ho, ſaid the happy lady to the envious one, your garters are the ſame with the queen's! do you buy them from the ſame weaver?" This hint ſet the envious lady a-thinking; ſhe made no reply, but went to conſult with her envious huſband.

Meanwhile Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always diſtracted, as well when he gave audience as when he ſat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this abſence of mind; and that was his only ſorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himſelf down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones that gave him great uneaſineſs, and that he afterwards repoſed himſelf on a ſoft bed of roſes, from which there ſprung a ſerpent that wounded him to the heart with its ſharp and venomed tongue. "Alas, ſaid he, I have long lain on theſe dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roſes; but what ſhall be the ſerpent?"

JEALOUSY.

ZADIG's calamities ſprung even from his happineſs, and eſpecially from his merit. He every day converſed with the king, and Aſtarte his auguſt conſort. The charms of his converſation were greatly heightened by that deſire of pleaſing,

which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance insensibly made an impression on Astarte, which she did not at first perceive. Her passion grew and flourished in the bosom of innocence. Without fear or scruple, she indulged the pleasing satisfaction of seeing and hearing a man, who was so dear to her husband, and to the empire in general. She was continually praising him to the king. She talked of him to her women, who were always sure to improve on her praises. And thus every thing contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, o which she did not seem to be sensible. She made several presents to Zadig, which discovered a greater spirit of gallantry than she imagined. She intended to speak to him only as a queen satisfied with his services; and her expressions were sometimes those of a woman in love.

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a strong aversion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had resolved to cut off her husband's nose. Her unreserved familiarity, her tender expressions, at which she began to blush; and her eyes, which, though she endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inspired Zadig with a passion that filled him with astonishment. He struggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philosophy, which had always stood him in stead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the disorders of his love-sick-heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind, as so many avenging gods. He struggled; he conquered; but this victory, which he was obliged to purchase afresh every moment,

ment, coſt him many ſighs and tears. He no longer dared to ſpeak to the queen with that ſweet and charming familiarity which had been ſo agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His converſation was conſtrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered thoſe of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame. They ſeemed to ſay, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

Zadig left the royal preſence full of perplexity and deſpair, and having his heart oppreſſed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear. In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the ſecret to his friend Cador, in the ſame manner as a man, who, having long ſupported the fits of a cruel diſeaſe, diſcovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more ſevere fit, and by the cold ſweat that covers his brow.

"I have already diſcovered, ſaid Cador, the ſentiments which thou wouldeſt fain conceal from thyſelf. The ſymptoms by which the paſſions ſhew themſelves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, ſince I have read thy heart, whether the king will not diſcover ſomething in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the moſt jealous man in the world. Thou canſt reſiſt the violence of thy paſſion with greater fortitude than the queen, becauſe thou art a philoſopher, and becauſe thou art Zadig. Aſtarte is a woman: ſhe ſuffers her eyes to ſpeak with ſo much the more imprudence, as ſhe does not as yet think herſelf guilty. Conſcious of her own innocence, ſhe unhappily neglects thoſe external appearances which

which are so necessary. I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewithal to reproach herself. Were ye both of one mind, ye might easily deceive the whole world. A growing passion which we endeavour to suppress, discovers itself in spite of all our efforts to the contrary; but love, when gratified, is easily concealed." Zadig trembled at the proposal of betraying the king, his benefactor; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Meanwhile, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig so frequently, and with such a blushing and downcast look; she was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king's presence, and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked, that his wife's shoes were blue, and that Zadig's shoes were blue; that his wife's ribbands were yellow; and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow; and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy. In his jealous mind suspicions were turned into certainty.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man persuaded his wife to send the king her garter, which resembled those of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring. The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance.

geance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, tho' dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his inſignificance, to go wherever he pleaſed; and, as a domeſtic animal, was a witneſs of what paſſed in the moſt profound ſecrecy. This little mute was ſtrongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and ſurpriſe he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal ſentence that in a few hours was to be carried into execution. He could not write, but he could paint; and excelled particularly in drawing a ſtriking reſemblance. He employed a part of the night in ſketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece repreſented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowſtring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbands; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig ſtrangled at her feet. The horizon repreſented a riſing ſun, to expreſs that this ſhocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As ſoon as he had finiſhed the picture, he ran to one of Aſtarte's women, awaked her, and made her underſtand that ſhe muſt immediately carry it to the queen.

At midnight a meſſenger knocks at Zadig's door, awakes him, and gives him a note from the queen. He doubts whether it is not a dream; and opens the letter with a trembling hand. But how great was his ſurpriſe! and who can expreſs the conſternation and deſpair into which he was thrown upon reading theſe words: "Fly, this inſtant, or thou art a dead man. Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbands. I have not

been

been guilty, but I find that I muſt die like a criminal."

Zadig was hardly able to ſpeak. He ſent for Cador, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cador forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis. "Shouldeſt thou dare (ſaid he) to go in ſearch of the queen, thou wilt haſten her death. Shouldeſt thou ſpeak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her deſtiny; follow thy own. I will ſpread a report that thou haſt taken the road to India. I will ſoon follow thee, and inform thee of all that ſhall have paſſed in Babylon.' At that inſtant, Cador cauſed two of the ſwifteſt dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of theſe he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a ſingle domeſtic; and Cador plunged in ſorrow and aſtoniſhment, ſoon loſt ſight of his friend.

This illuſtrious fugitive arriving on the ſide of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the ſight; nor did he recover his ſenſes but to ſhed a torrent of tears, and to wiſh for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engroſſed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliеſt woman and the greateſt queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himſelf, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how haſt thou ſerved me! Two women have baſely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual ſource of cala-

mity

mity and affliction; and I have only been raised to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the most horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with these gloomy reflections, his eyes overspread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleness of death, and his soul plunged in an abyss of the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

The WOMAN beaten.

ZADIG directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion, and the splendid Dog-star, guided his steps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired those vast globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as so many little sparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as something so grand and noble. He then represented to himself the human species, as it really is, as a parcel of insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him sensible of the nothingness of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His soul launched out into infinity, and detached from the senses, contemplated the immutable order of the universe. But when afterwards, returning to himself, and entering into his own heart, he considered that Astarte had perhaps died for him, the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compass of nature but Astarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy

and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domeſtic was already in the firſt village, in ſearch of a lodging. Meanwhile, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that ſkirted the village, he ſaw, at a ſmall diſtance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling heaven and earth to her aſſiſtance, and a man in a furious paſſion, purſuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithſtanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady aſked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he ſurveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquiſite beauty, and even to have a ſtrong reſemblance to the unhappy Aſtarte, he felt himſelf inſpired with compaſſion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. "Aſſiſt me, (cried ſhe to Zadig with the deepeſt ſighs) deliver me from the hands of the moſt barbarous man in the world; ſave my life." Moved by theſe pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himſelf between her and the barbarian. As he had ſome knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addreſſed him in that tongue: "If (ſaid he) thou haſt any humanity, I conjure thee to pay ſome regard to her beauty and weakneſs. How canſt thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the maſter-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears? "Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewiſe in love with her; I muſt be revenged on thee too." So ſaying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twiſted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to ſtab the ſtranger. Zadig, who was

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in cold blood, eaſily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He ſeized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian ſtrove to draw it back; Zadig to wreſt it from the Egyptian; and in the ſtruggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his ſword; Zadig does the ſame. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, ſeated on a turf, re-adjuſts her head-dreſs, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in ſtrength; Zadig in addreſs. The one fought like a man whoſe arm was directed by his judgment; the other like a madman, whoſe blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig cloſes with him, and diſarms him; and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavours to throw himſelf upon him, he ſeizes him, preſſes him cloſe, and throws him down; and then holding his ſword to his breaſt, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poniard, and wounds Zadig at the very inſtant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at ſuch a brutal behaviour, plunged his ſword in the boſom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible ſhriek and a violent ſtruggle, inſtantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and ſaid to her with a gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cauſe; thou art now delivered from the moſt violent man I ever ſaw; what further, madam, wouldeſt thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied ſhe) die; thou haſt killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (ſaid Zadig) thou hadſt a ſtrange kind of a man for a lover; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, be-

cauſe thou hadſt entreated me to give thee aſſiſtance." "I wiſh he were beating me ſtill, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation;) I well deſerved it; for I had given him cauſe to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou waſt in his place." Zadig, ſtruck with ſurpriſe, and inflamed with a higher degree of reſentment than he had ever felt before, ſaid, "Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deſerveſt that I ſhould beat thee in my turn for thy perverſe and impertinent behaviour; but I ſhall not give myſelf the trouble." So ſaying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few ſteps, when he turned back at the noiſe of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon ſeeing the woman, cried, "It is the very ſame; ſhe reſembles the deſcription that was given us." They gave themſelves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but inſtantly ſeized the lady. She called out to Zadig; "Help me once more, generous ſtranger; I aſk pardon for having complained of thy conduct; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. "Apply to another, (ſaid he) thou ſhalt not again enſnare me by thy wiles." Beſides, he was wounded; his blood was ſtill flowing, and he himſelf had need of aſſiſtance: and the ſight of four Babylonians, probably ſent by king Moabdar, filled him with apprehenſion. He therefore haſtened toward the village, unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers ſhould come to ſeize this Egyptian woman, but ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the lady's behaviour.

SLAVERY

SLAVERY.

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded by the people. Every one ſaid, "This is the man that carried off the beautiful Miſſouf, and aſſaſſinated Clitofis." "Gentlemen, (ſaid he) God preſerve me from carrying off your beautiful Miſſouf; ſhe is too capricious for me: and with regard to Clitofis, I did not aſſaſſinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, becauſe I humbly interceded for the beautiful Miſſouf, whom he beat moſt unmercifully. I am a ſtranger, come to ſeek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I ſhould begin by carrying off a woman, and aſſaſſinating a man."

The Egyptians were then juſt and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-houſe. They firſt of all ordered his wound to be dreſſed, and then examined him and his ſervant apart, in order to diſcover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an aſſaſſin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a ſlave. His two camels were ſold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was diſtributed among the inhabitants; and his perſon, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was expoſed to ſale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchaſe; but as the ſervant was fitter for labour than the maſter, he was ſold at a higher price. There was no compariſon between the two men. Thus Zadig became a ſlave ſubordinate to his own ſervant. They were linked together by a chain faſtened to their feet, and in this condition they followed

followed the Arabian merchant to his houſe. By the way Zadig comforted his ſervant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his uſual cuſtom, ſome reflections on human life. "I ſee (ſaid he) that the unhappineſs of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto every thing has turned out to me in a moſt unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having ſeen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I ſhould once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been ſent to execution for having made ſome verſes in praiſe of the king. I have been upon the point of being ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had yellow ribbands; and now I am a ſlave with thee, becauſe a brutal wretch beat his miſtreſs. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchants muſt neceſſarily have ſlaves; and why not me as well as another, ſince, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he muſt treat his ſlaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he ſpoke thus, his heart was entirely engroſſed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc ſet out for Arabia Deſerta, with his ſlaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the deſart of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc ſet a much greater value on the ſervant than the maſter, becauſe the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of diſtinction were ſhewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the ſervants; and Zadig had his ſhare among the reſt. Setoc laughed to ſee all his ſlaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the

the liberty to explain to him the cauſe, and inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was aſtoniſhed, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raiſed his curioſity, encreaſed it ſtill further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the ſpecific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of ſeveral uſeful animals; and the means of rendering thoſe uſeful that are not naturally ſo. At laſt Setoc began to conſider Zadig as a ſage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly ſo much eſteemed. He treated him well, and had no cauſe to repent of his kindneſs.

As ſoon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe, he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he had lent to a Jew in preſence of two witneſſes; but as the witneſſes were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himſelf, and piouſly thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian. Setoc imparted this troubleſome affair to Zadig, who was now become his counſel. "In what place (ſaid Zadig) didſt thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?" "Upon a large ſtone, (replied the merchant) that lies near mount Oreb." "What is the character of thy debtor?" ſaid Zadig. "That of a knave," returned Setoc. "But I aſk thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic; cautious or imprudent?" "He is, of all bad prayers, (ſaid Setoc) the moſt lively fellow I ever knew." "Well, (reſumed Zadig) allow me to plead thy cauſe." In effect, Zadig having ſummoned the Jew to the tribunal, addreſſed the judge in the following terms: "Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in

in the name of my maſter, five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he refuſes to repay." "Haſt thou any witneſſes?" ſaid the judge. "No, they are dead; but there remains a large ſtone upon which the money was counted; and if it pleaſe thy grandeur to order the ſtone to be ſought for, I hope that it will bear witneſs. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the ſtone arrives: I will ſend for it at my maſter's expence." "With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himſelf to the diſcuſſion of other affairs.

When the court was going to break up, the judge ſaid to Zadig, "Well, friend, is not thy ſtone come yet?" The Hebrew replied with a ſmile, "Thy grandeur may ſtay here till the morrow, and after all not ſee the ſtone. It is more than ſix miles from hence; and it would require fifteen men to move it." "Well, (cried Zadig) did not I ſay that the ſtone would bear witneſs? ſince this man knows where it is, he thereby confeſſes that it was upon it that the money was counted." The Hebrew was diſconcerted, and was ſoon after obliged to confeſs the truth. The judge ordered him to be faſtened to the ſtone, without meat or drink, till he ſhould reſtore the five hundred ounces, which were ſoon after paid.

The ſlave Zadig and the ſtone were held in great repute in Arabia.

The FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC, charmed with the happy iſſue of this affair, made his ſlave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an eſteem for him as ever

ever the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He diſcovered in his maſter a good natural diſpoſition, much probity of heart, and a great ſhare of good ſenſe; but he was ſorry to ſee, that, according to the ancient cuſtom of Arabia, he adored the hoſt of heaven; that is, the ſun, moon, and ſtars. He ſometimes ſpoke to him on this ſubject with great prudence and diſcretion. At laſt he told him that theſe bodies were like all other bodies in the univerſe, and no more deſerving of our homage than a tree or a rock. "But (ſaid Setoc,) they are eternal beings; and it is from them we derive all we enjoy. They animate nature; they regulate the ſeaſons; and, beſides, are removed at ſuch an immenſe diſtance from us, that we cannot help revering them."—"Thou receiveſt more advantage (replied Zadig,) from the waters of the Red Sea, which carry thy merchandize to the Indies. Why may not it be as ancient as the ſtars? and if thou adoreſt what is placed at a diſtance from thee, thou oughteſt to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity of the earth." "No (ſaid Setoc,) the brightneſs of the ſtars commands my adoration."

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to ſup with Setoc; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before theſe lighted tapers, and ſaid, "Eternal and ſhining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me." Having thus ſaid, he ſat down at the table, without taking the leaſt notice of Setoc. "What art thou doing?" ſaid Setoc to him in amaze. "I act like thee (replied Zadig,) I adore theſe candles, and neglect their maſter and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound ſenſe of this apologue. The wiſdom of his ſlave ſunk

deep into his ſoul; he no longer offered incenſe to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a ſhocking cuſtom, ſprung originally from Scythia, and which, being eſtabliſhed in the Indies by the credit of the Brachmans, threatened to over-run all the Eaſt. When a married man died, and his beloved wife aſpired to the character of a ſaint, ſhe burned herſelf publickly on the body of her huſband. This was a ſolemn feaſt, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood; and that tribe in which moſt women had been burned was the moſt reſpected.—An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whoſe name was Almona, and who was very devout, publiſhed the day and hour when ſhe intended to throw herſelf into the fire, amidſt the ſound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonſtrated againſt this horrible cuſtom; he ſhewed Setoc how inconſiſtent it was with the happineſs of mankind to ſuffer young widows to burn themſelves every other day, widows who were capable of giving children to the ſtate, or at leaſt of educating thoſe they already had; and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to aboliſh ſuch a barbarous practice. "The women (ſaid Setoc,) have poſſeſſed the right of burning themſelves for more than a thouſand years; and who ſhall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered ſacred? Is there any thing more reſpectable than ancient abuſes?" "Reaſon is more ancient (replied Zadig;) meanwhile, ſpeak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow."

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having inſinuated himſelf into her good graces by

by ſome compliments on her beauty, and told her what a pity it was to commit ſo many charms to the flames, he at laſt praiſed her for her conſtancy and courage. "Thou muſt ſurely have loved thy huſband (ſaid he to her,) with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs." "Who, I? (replied the lady,) I loved him not at all. He was a brutal, jealous, inſupportable wretch; but I am firmly reſolved to throw myſelf on his funeral pile." "It would appear then (ſaid Zadig,) that there muſt be a very delicious pleaſure in being burnt alive." "Oh! it makes nature ſhudder (replied the lady,) but that muſt be overlooked. I am a devotee; I ſhould loſe my reputation; and all the world would deſpiſe me, if I did not burn myſelf." Zadig having made her acknowledge that ſhe burned herſelf to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long diſcourſe, calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went ſo far as to inſpire her with ſome degree of good will for the perſon who ſpoke to her.---- "And what wilt thou do at laſt (ſaid he,) if the vanity of burning thyſelf ſhould not continue?" "Alas! (ſaid the lady,) I believe I ſhould deſire thee to marry me."

Zadig's mind was too much engroſſed with the idea of Aſtarte not to elude this declaration; but he inſtantly went to the chiefs of the tribes, told them what had paſſed, and adviſed them to make a law, by which a widow ſhould not be permitted to burn herſelf, till ſhe had converſed privately with a young man for the ſpace of an hour. Since that time not a ſingle woman hath burned herſelf in Arabia. They were indebted to Zadig alone for deſtroying in one day a cruel cuſtom, that had

lasted for so many ages; and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia.

The SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not separate himself from this man, in whom dwelt wisdom, carried him to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants in the earth resorted. Zadig was highly pleased to see so many men of different countries united in the same place. He considered the whole universe as one large family assembled at Balzora. The second day he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and several other strangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian gulph, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themselves understood.—— The Egyptian seemed to be in a violent passion. "What an abominable country is Balzora! (said he,) they refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world." "How! (said Setoc,) on what security have they refused thee this sum?" "On the body of my aunt (replied the Egyptian,) she was the most notable woman in Egypt; she always accompanied me in my journies; she died on the road! I have converted her into one of the finest mummies in the world; and, in my own country, I could have as much as I please, by giving her as a pledge. It is very strange that they will not here lend me so much as a thousand ounces of gold on such a solid security." Angry as he was, he was going to help himself to a bit of excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! what

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art thou going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy. "Take care that thou doeſt not, (replied the Indian.) It is poſſible that the ſoul of the deceaſed may have paſſed into this fowl, and thou wouldſt not, ſurely, expoſe thyſelf to the danger of eating thy aunt*? To boil fowls is a manifeſt outrage on nature."---- "What doſt thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian.) We adore a bull, and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it poſſible?" ſaid the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more poſſible, (returned the other;) we have done ſo for theſe hundred and thirty-five thouſand years; and no body amongſt us has ever found fault with it." A hundred and thirty-five thouſand years! (ſaid the Indian.) This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thouſand years ſince India was firſt peopled, and we are ſurely more ancient than you: Brama† prohibited our eating of ox-fleſh before you thought of putting it on your ſpits or altars." "This Brama of your's (ſaid the Egyptian,) is a pleaſant ſort of an animal truly to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin,) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of cheſs." "Thou art miſtaken (ſaid a Chaldean who ſat near him,) it is to the fiſh

* Many caſts or tribes of Indians, eſpecially the Bramins, believe in the metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls.

† Brama, or Brahma, is one of the principal deities of the Tonquineſe.

fiſh Oannes* that we owe theſe great advantages; and it is juſt that we ſhould render homage to none but him. All the world will tell thee, that he is a divine being, with a golden tail and a beautiful human head, and that for three hours every day he left the water to preach on dry land. He had ſeveral children who were kings, as every one knows. I have a picture of him at home, which I worſhip with becoming reverence. We may eat as much beef as we pleaſe; but it is ſurely a great ſin to dreſs fiſh for the table. Beſides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to diſpute with me. The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty-five thouſand years, and the Indians but eighty thouſand, while we have almanacks of four thouſand ages. Believe me; renounce your follies; and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes."

The man of Cathay took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid; "I have a great reſpect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celtics, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fiſh Oannes; but I could think that Li, or Tien†, as he is commonly

* Beroſus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, ſays, that in the beginning of the Chaldean empire, an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fiſh, with the head and feet of a man. He converſed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts, and ſciences. He taught them to form ſocieties, build cities, erect temples, meaſure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilized the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at ſun-ſet always retired into the ſea. The fable probably alludes to ſome ſtrangers who arrived on the coaſt in a ſhip, and took ſome pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants.

† Chineſe words. The firſt properly ſignifies Natural Light, or Reaſon; and the laſt Heaven, or God.

ly called, is superior to all the bulls in the earth, and all the fish in the sea. I shall say nothing of my native country; it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, put together. Neither shall I dispute about the antiquity of our nation; because it is of little consequence whether we are ancient or not; it is enough if we are happy; but, were it necessary to speak of almanacks, I could say that all Asia takes ours, and that we had very good ones before Arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are, (said the Greek;) do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its present condition?" The Greek spoke for a long time, but was at last interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and said with an oath, that there were none but Teutat * and the mistletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a dispute; that, for his own part, he had always some mistletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was true they had sometimes ate human flesh, but that, notwithstanding that circumstance, his nation deserved to be held in great esteem; and that, in fine, if any one spoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners. The quarrel was now become warm; and

* Teutat is the same with Mercury. *Teut*, in the Celtic language, signifies People, and *tat* a Father. The word Mercury, according to Pezron, comes from the Gaulish words *merces* and *ur*, the first importing Merchandize; the other signifying a Man; very little different from the Latin words *merx* and *vir*.

and Setoc saw the table ready to be stained with blood. Zadig, who had been silent during the whole dispute, arose at last. He first addressed himself to the Celtic, as the most furious of all the disputants; he told him that he had reason on his side, and begged a few mistletoes. He then praised the Greek for his eloquence; and softened all their exasperated spirits. He said but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. At last he said; "You were going, my friends, to quarrel about nothing; for you are all of one mind." At this word they all cried out together. "Is it not true (said he to the Celtic) that you adore not this mistletoe, but him that made both the mistletoe and the oak?" "Most undoubtedly," replied the Celtic. "And thou, Mr Egyptian, dost not thou revere, in a certain bull, him who gave the bulls?" "Yes," said the Egyptian. "The fish Oannes (continued he,) must yield to him who made the sea and the fishes. The Indian and the Cathaian (added he,) acknowledge, like you, a first principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were said by the Greek; but I am sure he will admit a superior being, on whom form and matter depend." The Greek, whom they all admired, said that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning. "You are all then (replied Zadig,) of one opinion, and have no cause to quarrel." All the company embraced him. Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig; who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his absence, and was now going to be burned by a slow fire.

The RENDEZVOUS.

DURING his journey to Balzora, the prieſts of the ſtars had reſolved to puniſh him. The precious ſtones and ornaments of the young widows whom they ſent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right; and the leaſt they could now do, was to burn Zadig for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accuſed him of entertaining erroneous ſentiments of the heavenly hoſt. They depoſed againſt him, and ſwore, that they had heard him ſay that the ſtars did not ſet in the ſea. This horrid blaſphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing theſe impious words; and they would certainly have tore them, had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the exceſs of their zeal and indignation, they contented themſelves with condemning him to be burnt by a ſlow fire. Setoc, filled with deſpair at this unhappy event, employed all his intereſt to ſave his friend, but in vain; he was ſoon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow Almona, who had now conceived a great fondneſs for life, for which ſhe was obliged to Zadig, reſolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuſe of which he had fully convinced her. She revolved the ſcheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any perſon whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if ſhe could ſave him at all, ſhe muſt do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herſelf; ſhe heightened her beauty by the richeſt and gayeſt apparel, and went to demand a private audience of the chief prieſt of the

ſtars. As ſoon as ſhe was introduced to the venerable old man, ſhe addreſſed him in theſe terms: "Eldeſt ſon of the great bear; brother of the bull; and couſin of the great dog, (ſuch were the titles of this pontiff,) I come to acquaint thee with my ſcruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myſelf on the funeral pile of my dear huſband; for, indeed, what had I worth preſerving? periſhable fleſh, thou ſeeſt, that is already entirely withered." So ſaying, ſhe drew up her long ſleeves of ſilk, and ſhewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant ſhape and a dazzling whiteneſs. "Thou ſeeſt (ſaid ſhe,) that theſe are little worth." The prieſt found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes ſaid ſo, and his mouth confirmed it: he ſwore that he had never in his life ſeen ſuch beautiful arms. "Alas! (ſaid the widow,) my arms, perhaps, are not ſo bad as the reſt; but thou wilt confeſs that my neck is not worthy of the leaſt regard." She then diſcovered the moſt charming boſom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a roſe-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteneſs of new-waſhed lambs would have ſeemed of a duſky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languiſhing with the gentle luſtre of a tender fire; her cheeks animated with the fineſt purple, mixed with the whiteneſs of the pureſt milk; her noſe, which had no reſemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, like two borders of coral, incloſing the fineſt pearls in the Arabian Sea; all conſpired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, ſeeing him enflamed, entreated him to pardon Zadig. "Alas! (ſaid he,) my charming lady, ſhould I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no ſervice,

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as it must necessarily be signed by three others, my brethren." "Sign it, however," said Almona. "With all my heart (said the priest,) on condition that thy favours shall be the price of my ready compliance." "Thou doest me too much honour (said Almona;) be pleased only to come to my chamber after sun-set, and when the bright star of Sheat shall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a rose-coloured sopha; and thou mayest then use thy servant as thou art able." So saying, she departed with the signature, and left the old man full of love and distrust of his own abilities. He employed the rest of the day in bathing; he drank a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with impatience till the star Sheat should make its appearance.

Meanwhile, Almona went to the second pontiff. He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven, were but glimmering meteors in comparison of her charms. She asked the same favour of him; and he proposed to grant it on the same terms. She suffered herself to be overcome; and appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she went to the third and fourth priest, always taking their signatures, and making an assignation from star to star. She then sent a message to the judges, entreating them to come to her house, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her summons. She shewed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was surprised at finding his brethren there, but still more at seeing the judges, before whom their shame was now mani-

teſt. Zadig was ſaved; and Setoc was ſo charmed with the ingenuity and addreſs of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himſelf at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, ſwearing an eternal friendſhip, and promiſing, that the firſt of them that ſhould acquire a large fortune ſhould ſhare it with the other.

Zadig directed his courſe along the frontiers of Aſſyria, ſtill muſing on the unhappy Aſtarte, and reflecting on the ſeverity of fortune, which ſeemed determined to make him the ſport of her cruelty, and the object of her perſecution. "What! (ſaid he to himſelf,) four hundred ounces of gold for having ſeen a bitch! condemned to loſe my head for four bad verſes in praiſe of the king! ready to be ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had ſhoes of the colour of my bonnet! reduced to ſlavery for having ſuccoured a woman who was beat! and on the point of being burnt for having ſaved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"

The ROBBER.

ARRIVING on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, he paſſed by a pretty ſtrong caſtle, from which a party of armed Arabians ſallied forth. They inſtantly ſurrounded him, and cried, "All thou haſt belongs to us, and thy perſon is the property of our maſter." Zadig replied by drawing his ſword; his ſervant, who was a man of courage, did the ſame. They killed the firſt Arabians that preſumed to lay hands on them; and, though the number was redoubled, they were

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not dismayed, but resolved to perish in the conflict. Two men defended themselves against a multitude; and such a combat could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having observed from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high esteem for this heroic stranger. He descended in haste, and went in person to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that passes over my lands (said he,) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou seemest to be a man of such undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law. He then conducted him to his castle, ordering his men to treat him well; and in the evening Arbogad supped with Zadig. The lord of the castle was one of those Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed some good actions amidst a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generosity; intrepid in action; affable in company; a debauchee at table, but gay in his debauchery; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleased with Zadig, whose lively conversation lengthened the repast. At last Arbogad said to him; "I advise thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue; thou canst not do better; this is not a bad trade; and thou mayest one day become what I am at present." "May I take the liberty of asking thee (said Zadig,) how long thou hast followed this noble profession?" "From my most tender youth (replied the lord.) I was servant to a pretty good-natured Arabian, but could not endure the hardships of my situation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no share of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I

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imparted the cauſe of my uneaſineſs to an old Arabian, who ſaid to me; 'My ſon, do not deſpair; 'there was once a grain of ſand that lamented that 'it was no more than a neglected atom in the 'deſerts; at the end of a few years it became a 'diamond; and it is now the brighteſt ornament 'in the crown of the king of the Indies.' This diſcourſe made a deep impreſſion on my mind; I was the grain of ſand, and I reſolved to become the diamond. I began by ſtealing two horſes; I ſoon got a party of companions; I put myſelf in a condition to rob ſmall caravans; and thus, by degrees, I deſtroyed the difference which had formerly ſubſiſted between me and other men. I had my ſhare of the good things of this world; and was even recompenſed with uſury for the hardſhips I had ſuffered. I was greatly reſpected, and became the captain of a band of robbers. I ſeized this caſtle by force. The ſatrape of Syria had a mind to diſpoſſeſs me of it; but I was too rich to have any thing to fear. I gave the ſatrape a handſome preſent, by which means I preſerved my caſtle, and increaſed my poſſeſſions. He even appointed me treaſurer of the tributes which Arabia Petræa pays to the king of kings. I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality; but take the freedom to diſpenſe with that of paymaſter.

The grand Deſterham of Babylon ſent hither a petty ſatrape in the name of king Moabdar, to have me ſtrangled. This man arrived with his orders: I was appriſed of all; I cauſed to be ſtrangled in his preſence the four perſons he had brought with him to draw the nooſe; after which I aſked him how much his commiſſion of ſtrangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to above three hundred pieces of gold. I

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then convinced him that he might gain more by ſtaying with me. I made him an inferior robber; and he is now one of my beſt and richeſt officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy ſucceſs may be equal to his; never was there a better ſeaſon for plunder, ſince king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confuſion.

"Moabdar killed! (ſaid Zadig,) and what is become of queen Aſtarte?" "I know not (replied Arbogad.) All I know is, that Moabdar loſt his ſenſes, and was killed; that Babylon is a ſcene of diſorder and bloodſhed; that all the empire is deſolated; that there are ſome fine ſtrokes to be ſtruck yet; and that, for my own part, I have ſtruck ſome that are admirable." "But the queen (ſaid Zadig;) for heaven's ſake, knoweſt thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "Yes (replied he,) I have heard ſomething of a prince of Hircania; if ſhe was not killed in the tumult, ſhe is probably one of his concubines; but I am much fonder of booty than news. I have taken ſeveral women in my excurſions; but I keep none of them: I ſell them at a high price, when they are beautiful, without enquiring who they are. In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant. Perhaps I may have ſold queen Aſtarte; perhaps ſhe is dead; but, be it as it will, it is of little conſequence to me, and I ſhould imagine of as little to thee." So ſaying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into ſuch confuſion, that Zadig could obtain no farther information.

Zadig remained for ſome time without ſpeech, ſenſe, or motion. Arbogad continued drinking; told ſtories; conſtantly repeated that he was the happieſt man in the world; and exhorted Zadig

to put himſelf in the ſame condition. At laſt the ſoporiferous fumes of the wine lulled him into a gentle repoſe. Zadig paſſed the night in the moſt violent perturbation. "What! (ſaid he,) did the king loſe his ſenſes? and is he killed? I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces: and this robber is happy. O fortune! O deſtiny! A robber is happy, and the moſt beautiful of nature's works hath perhaps periſhed in a barbarous manner, or lives in a ſtate worſe than death. O Aſtarte! what is become of thee?"

At day break, he queſtioned all thoſe he met in the caſtle; but they were all buſy, and he received no anſwer. During the night they had made a new capture, and they were now employed in dividing the ſpoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confuſion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the moſt gloomy and mournful reflections.

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of diſquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Aſtarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had ſeized on the frontiers of Egypt; in a word, on all the misfortunes and diſappointments he had hitherto ſuffered.

The FISHERMAN.

AT a few leagues diſtance from Arbogad's caſtle, he came to the banks of a ſmall river, ſtill deploring his fate, and conſidering himſelf

ſelf as the moſt wretched of mankind. He ſaw a fiſherman lying on the brink of the river, ſcarcely holding, in his weak and feeble hand, a net which he ſeemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"I am certainly (ſaid the fiſherman,) the moſt unhappy man in the world. I was univerſally allowed to be the moſt famous dealer in cream-cheeſe in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the moſt handſome wife that any man in my ſtation could have; and by her I have been betrayed. I had ſtill left a paltry houſe, and that I have ſeen pillaged and deſtroyed. At laſt I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other reſource than fiſhing, and yet I cannot catch a ſingle fiſh. Oh, my net! no more will I throw thee into the water; I will throw myſelf in thy place." So ſaying, he aroſe and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himſelf into the river, and thus to finiſh his life.

"What! ſaid Zadig to himſelf, are there men as wretched as I?" His eagerneſs to ſave the fiſherman's life was as ſudden as this reflection. He runs to him, ſtops him, and ſpeaks to him with a tender and compaſſionate air. It is commonly ſuppoſed that we are leſs miſerable when we have companions in our miſery. This, according to Zoroaſter, does not proceed from malice, but neceſſity. We feel ourſelves inſenſibly drawn to an unhappy perſon as to one like ourſelves. The joy of the happy would be an inſult; but two men in diſtreſs are like two ſlender trees, which mutually ſupporting each other, fortify themſelves againſt the ſtorm. "Why, ſaid Zadig to the fiſherman, doſt thou ſink under thy misfortunes?" "Becauſe (replied he,) I ſee no means of relief. I was the

moſt conſiderable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the aſſiſtance of my wife I made the beſt cream-cheeſe in the empire. Queen Aſtarte, and the famous miniſter Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had ſent them ſix hundred cheeſes, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had diſappeared. I ran to the houſe of lord Zadig, whom I had never ſeen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Deſterham, who being furniſhed with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, ſome of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead; ſome ſaid ſhe was in priſon; and others pretended that ſhe had made her eſcape; but they all agreed in aſſuring me that I would not be paid for my cheeſe. I went with my wife to the houſe of lord Orcan, who was one of my cuſtomers, and begged his protection in my preſent diſtreſs. He granted it to my wife, but refuſed it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheeſes that began my misfortune; and the luſtre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteneſs. For this reaſon Orcan detained her, and drove me from his houſe. In my deſpair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She ſaid to the bearer, 'Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little; I have heard his name mentioned; they ſay he makes excellent cream-cheeſe; deſire him to ſend me ſome, and he ſhall be paid.'

"In my diſtreſs I reſolved to apply to juſtice. I had ſtill ſix ounces of gold remaining: I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I conſulted, two to the procurator who undertook my cauſe, and

and two to the ſecretary of the firſt judge. When all this was done, my buſineſs was not begun; and I had already expended more money than my cheeſe and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to ſell my houſe, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

"My houſe was well worth ſixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbours ſaw that I was poor, and obliged to ſell it, the firſt to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces, the ſecond twenty, and the third ten. Bad as theſe offers were, I was ſo blind that I was going to ſtrike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My houſe was firſt ſacked and then burnt.

"Having thus loſt my money, my wife, and my houſe, I retired into this country, where thou now ſeeſt me. I have endeavoured to gain a ſubſiſtence by fiſhing; but the fiſh make a mock of me as well as the men. I catch none; I die with hunger; and had it not been for thee, auguſt comforter, I ſhould have periſhed in the river."

The fiſherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption; at every moment, Zadig, moved and tranſported, ſaid, "What! knoweſt thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "No, my Lord, replied the fiſherman; but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeſes; that I have loſt my wife, and am now reduced to deſpair." "I flatter myſelf, ſaid Zadig, that thou wilt not loſe all thy money. I have heard of this Zadig; he is an honeſt man; and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee: but with regard to thy wife, who is not ſo honeſt, I adviſe thee not to ſeek to recover her. Believe me, go to Babylon; I ſhall be there before thee, becauſe I am

on horſeback, and thou art on foot. Apply to the illuſtrious Cador; tell him thou haſt met his friend; wait for me at his houſe: go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy.

"O powerful Oromazes! continued he, thou employeſt me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me conſolation?" So ſaying, he gave the fiſherman half the money he had brought from Arabia. The fiſherman, ſtruck with ſurpriſe, and raviſhed with joy, kiſſed the feet of the friend of Cador, and ſaid, "Thou art ſurely an angel ſent from heaven to ſave me!"

Mean while Zadig continued to make freſh inquiries, and to ſhed tears. "What! my lord, cried the fiſherman, art thou then ſo unhappy, thou who beſtoweſt favours?" "An hundred times more unhappy than thee, replied Zadig." "But how is it poſſible, ſaid the good man, that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?" "Becauſe, replied Zadig, thy greateſt miſery aroſe from poverty, and mine is ſeated in the heart." "Did Orcan take thy wife from thee?" ſaid the fiſherman. This word recalled to Zadig's mind the whole of his adventures. He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, and ending with his arrival at the caſtle of the robber Arbogad. "Ah! ſaid he to the fiſherman, Orcan deſerves to be puniſhed; but it is commonly ſuch men as thoſe that are the favourites of fortune. However, go thou to the houſe of lord Cador, and there wait my arrival." They then parted: the fiſherman walked, thanking heaven for the happineſs of his condition; and Zadig rode, accuſing fortune for the hardneſs of his lot.

The BASILISK.

ARriving in a beautiful meadow, he there ſaw ſeveral women, who were ſearching for ſomething with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to aſk if he might have the honour to aſſiſt them in their ſearch. "Take care that thou doſt not, replied the Syrian; what we are ſearching for can be touched only by women." "Strange, ſaid Zadig, may I preſume to aſk thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch." "It is a baſiliſk, ſaid ſhe." "A baſiliſk, madam! and for what purpoſe, pray, doſt thou ſeek for a baſiliſk?" "It is for our lord and maſter Ogul, whoſe caſtle thou ſeeſt on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his moſt humble ſlaves. The lord Ogul is ſick. His phyſician hath ordered him to eat a baſiliſk, ſtewed in roſe-water; and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promiſed to chooſe for his well beloved wife the woman that ſhall bring him a baſiliſk; let me go on in my ſearch; for thou ſeeſt what I ſhall loſe if I am prevented by my companions.

Zadig left her and the other Aſſyrians to ſearch for their baſiliſk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a ſmall rivulet, he found another lady lying on the graſs, and who was not ſearching for any thing. Her perſon ſeemed to be majeſtic; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound ſighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand ſhe held a ſmall rod with which ſhe was tracing characters on the fine ſand that lay between the turf and the brook.

Zadig

Zadig had the curiosity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he saw the letter Z, then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a D; he started. But never was surprise equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He stood for some time immoveable. At last breaking silence with a faultering voice, "O generous lady! pardon a stranger, an unfor- "tunate man, for presuming to ask thee by what "surprising adventure I here find the name of Za- "dig traced out by thy divine hand." At this voice, and these words, the lady lifted up the veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and sinking under the various emotions which at once assaulted her soul, fell speechless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses, when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness: "O ye immortal powers! cried he, who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me! at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?" He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow afresh: she twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted: she asked by

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what ſtrange accident they were brought together; and ſuddenly prevented his anſwers by other queſtions: ſhe waved the account of her own misfortunes, and deſired to be informed of thoſe of Zadig. At laſt, both of them having a little compoſed the tumult of their ſouls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. "But, O unhappy and reſpectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, clothed in the habit of a ſlave, and accompanied by other female ſlaves, who are ſearching for a baſiliſk, which, by order of the phyſician, is to be ſtewed in roſe-water?"

"While they are ſearching for their baſiliſk, ſaid the fair Aſtarte, I will inform thee of all I have ſuffered, for which heaven has ſufficiently recompenſed me, by reſtoring thee to my ſight. Thou knoweſt that the king, my huſband, was vexed to ſee thee the moſt amiable of mankind; and that for this reaſon he one night reſolved to ſtrangle thee and poiſon me. Thou knoweſt how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the orders of his ſublime majeſty. Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a ſecret paſſage. He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi his brother ſhut me up in that huge ſtatue, whoſe baſe reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whoſe top riſes to the ſummit of the dome. I was there buried in a manner; but was ſerved by the magi, and ſupplied with all the neceſſaries of life. At break of day his Majeſty's apothecary entered my chamber with a potion compoſed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black-hellebore, and aconite; and another

ther officer went to thine with a bowſtring of blue ſilk. Neither of us were to be found. Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuſe us both. He ſaid that thou hadſt taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis; on which the king's guards were immediately diſpatched in purſuit of us both.

"The couriers who purſued me did not know me. I had hardly ever ſhewn my face to any but thee, and to thee only in the preſence, and by the order of my huſband. They conducted themſelves in the purſuit by the deſcription that had been given them of my perſon. On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the ſame ſtature with me, and poſſeſſed perhaps of greater charms. She was weeping and wandering. They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar: Their miſtake at firſt threw the king into a violent paſſion; but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handſome, and was comforted. She was called Miſſouf. I have ſince been informed, that this name in the Egyptian language ſignifies the capricious fair one. She was ſo in reality; but ſhe had as much cunning as caprice. She pleaſed Moabdar, and gained ſuch an aſcendency over him as to make him chuſe her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colours. She gave herſelf up, without ſcruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and on his refuſal, ſhe perſecuted him with the moſt unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her maſter of the horſe to make her a pye of ſweetmeats. In vain did he repreſent that he was not a paſtry-cook; he was

obliged

obliged to make it, and loſt his place, becauſe it was baked a little too hard. The poſt of maſter of the horſe ſhe gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did ſhe govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loſs of me. The king, who till the moment of his reſolving to poiſon me and ſtrangle thee, had been a tolerably good kind of man, ſeemed now to have drowned all his virtues in his immoderate fondneſs for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feaſt held in honour of the ſacred fire. I ſaw him implore the gods in behalf of Miſſouf, at the feet of the ſtatue in which I was incloſed. I raiſed my voice, I cried out, "The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reaſonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance." "At theſe words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became diſordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Miſſouf, conſpired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reaſon entirely forſook him.

"His madneſs, which ſeemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the ſignal to a revolt. The people roſe, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been ſo long immerſed in idleneſs and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody civil war. I was taken from the heart of my ſtatue, and placed at the head of a party. Cador flew to Memphis to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of theſe fatal events, returned with his army, and made a third party in Chaldæa. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Miſſouf fell into the hands of the con-

queror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Missouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtless be pleased to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian; but thou wilt be sorry to be informed that he designed me for his seraglio. He told me, with a blunt and resolute air, that as soon as he had finished a military expedition, which he was just going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great must have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already dissolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I answered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble sentiment could inspire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven stamped on persons of my condition a mark of grandeur, which, with a single word or glance, could reduce to the lowliness of the most profound respect, those rash and forward persons who presume to deviate from the rules of politeness. I spoke like a queen, but was treated like a maid-servant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to speak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handsome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that so my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he should be at leisure to honour me with them. I told him, that, rather than submit to his desires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a smile, that women, he believed, were not so blood-thirsty, and that he was accustomed to such violent expressions; and then left me with the air of a man who had just put another parrot into his avi-

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ary. What a ſtate for the firſt queen of the univerſe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At theſe words Zadig threw himſelf at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Aſtarte raiſed him with great tenderneſs, and thus continued her ſtory. "I now ſaw myſelf in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the fooliſh woman with whom I was confined. She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt. From the deſcription ſhe gave of your perſon, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumſtance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had fought for her. I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore reſolved to repair thither. Beautiful Miſſouf, ſaid I, thou art more handſome than I, and will pleaſe the prince of Hircania much better. Aſſiſt me in contriving the means of my eſcape; thou wilt then reign alone; thou wilt at once make me happy, and rid thyſelf of a rival. Miſſouf concerted with me the means of my flight; and I departed ſecretly with a female Egyptian ſlave.

"As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, ſeized me, and ſold me to ſome merchants, who brought me to this caſtle, where lord Ogul reſides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God ſent him into the world for no other purpoſe than to ſit at table. He is ſo extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of ſuffocation. His phyſician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digeſtion, governs him with a deſpotic ſway when he has ate too much. He has perſuaded him that a baſiliſk ſtewed in roſe-

water will effect a complete cure. The lord Ogul hath promiſed his hand to the female ſlave that brings him a baſiliſk. Thou ſeeſt that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour; and never was I leſs deſirous of finding the baſiliſk than ſince heaven hath reſtored thee to my ſight."

This account was ſucceeded by a long converſation between Aſtarte and Zadig, conſiſting of every thing that their long ſuppreſſed ſentiments, their great ſufferings, and their mutual love, could inſpire into hearts the moſt noble and tender; and the genii who preſide over love carried their words to the ſphere of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul without having found the baſiliſk. Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and ſpoke to him in the following terms: "May immortal health deſcend from heaven to bleſs all thy days! I am a phyſician: at the firſt report of thy indiſpoſition I flew to thy caſtle, and have now brought thee a baſiliſk ſtewed in roſe-water. Not that I pretend to marry thee. All I aſk is the liberty of a Babylonian ſlave, who hath been in thy poſſeſſion for a few days; and, if I ſhould not be ſo happy as to cure thee, magnificent lord Ogul, I conſent to remain a ſlave in her place."

The propoſal was accepted. Aſtarte ſet out for Babylon with Zadig's ſervant, promiſing, immediately upon her arrival, to ſend a courier to inform him of all that had happened. Their parting was as tender as their meeting. The moment of meeting, and that of parting are the two greateſt epochas of life, as ſayeth the great book of Zend. Zadig loved the queen with as much ardour as he profeſſed; and the queen loved Zadig more than ſhe thought proper to acknowledge.

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Meanwhile Zadig ſpoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my baſiliſk is not to be eaten; all its virtue muſt enter through thy pores. I have incloſed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine ſkin. Thou muſt ſtrike this ball with all thy might, and I muſt ſtrike it back for a conſiderable time; and by obſerving this regimen for a few days, thou wilt ſee the effects of my art." The firſt day Ogul was out of breath, and thought he ſhould have died with fatigue. The ſecond, he was leſs fatigued, ſlept better. In eight days he recovered all the ſtrength, all the health, all the agility and cheerfulneſs of his moſt agreeable years. "Thou haſt played at ball, and haſt been temperate, ſaid Zadig, know that there is no ſuch thing in nature as a baſiliſk; that temperance and exerciſe are the two great preſervatives of health; and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philoſopher's ſtone, judicial aſtrology, or the theology of the magi."

Ogul's firſt phyſician obſerving how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a deſign, in conjunction with the apothecary, to ſend Zadig to ſearch for a baſiliſk in the other world. Thus, after having ſuffered ſuch a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of loſing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner, and was to have been poiſoned in the ſecond courſe; but, during the firſt, he happily received a courier from the fair Aſtarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, ſays the great Zoroaſter, he hath always the good fortune to extricate himſelf out of every kind of difficulty and danger."

The COMBATS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all thoſe tranſports of joy which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princeſs who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared that the queen ſhould marry the man whom they ſhould chuſe for their ſovereign. They were reſolved that the firſt place in the world, that of being huſband to Aſtarte and king of Babylon, ſhould not depend on cabals and intrigues. They ſwore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, ſhould be found to be poſſeſſed of the greateſt valour and the greateſt wiſdom. Accordingly, at the diſtance of a few leagues from the city, a ſpacious place was marked out for the liſt, ſurrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a ſeparate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be ſeen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and thoſe that were ſo happy as to conquer four, were then to engage with one another; ſo that he who remained the laſt maſter of the field, would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the ſame arms, and to explain the ænigmas propoſed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afreſh, till a man ſhould be found who was conqueror in both theſe combats; for they were abſolutely determined to have a king poſſeſſed of the greateſt wiſdom and the moſt invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be ſtrictly guarded:

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she was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favour, nor suffer injustice.

These particulars Astarte communicated to her lover, hoping, that, in order to obtain her, he would shew himself possessed of greater courage and wisdom than any other person. Zadig set out on his journey, beseeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his understanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained; and then went to repose himself in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend Cador, who, after the fruitless search he had made for him in Egypt, was now returned to Babylon, sent to his tent a complete suit of armour, which was a present from the queen; as also from himself, one of the finest horses in Persia. Zadig presently perceived that these presents were sent by Astarte; and from thence his courage derived fresh strength, and his love the most animating hopes.

Next day, the queen being seated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but possessed of little courage, of less address, and hardly of any judgment at all. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king; he had said in reply, "Such a man as

as I ought to reign;" and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was inſtantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horſe, that it was not for ſuch a man as him that heaven reſerved the ſcepter of Babylon. The firſt knight that ran againſt him threw him out of his ſaddle; the ſecond laid him flat on his horſe's buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himſelf, but with ſo bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burſt out a-laughing. The third knight diſdained to make uſe of his lance; but, making a paſs at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half-round, laid him proſtrate on the ſand. The ſquires of the games ran to him laughing, and replaced him in his ſaddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other ſide. He was conducted back with ſcornful ſhouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to paſs the night; and as he limped along, with great difficulty, he ſaid; "What an adventure for ſuch a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themſelves with greater ability and ſucceſs. Some of them conquered two combatants; a few of them vanquiſhed three; but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At laſt Zadig fought in his turn. He ſucceſſively threw four knights off their ſaddles, with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be ſeen who ſhould be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the firſt were gold and blue, with a plume of the ſame colour; thoſe of the laſt were white. The wiſhes of all the ſpectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white.

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The queen, whose heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the success of the white colour.

The two champions made their passes and vaults with so much agility, they mutually gave and received such dexterous blows with their lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every body but the queen wished there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horses being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem: He passes behind the blue prince; springs upon the buttocks of his horse; seizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himself in the saddle; and wheels around Otamus as he lay extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus rises in a violent passion, and draws his sword; Zadig leaps from his horse with his sabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their bracelets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great distance by the violence of a thousand furious blows. They strike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breast; they retreat; they advance; they measure swords; they close; they seize each other; they bend like serpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flashes from their blows. At last Zadig, having recovered his spirits, stops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and disarms him; and Otamus cries out; "It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughtest to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The

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knight, in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to serve them at table. It may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themſelves, to enjoy the ſweets of repoſe till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himſelf known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was ſo much fatigued that he could not help ſleeping. Itobad, who lay near him, never cloſed his eyes. He aroſe in the night, entered his apartment, took the white arms and the device of Zadig, and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that ſo great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected; however, he was proclaimed while Zadig was ſtill aſleep. Aſtarte, ſurpriſed and filled with deſpair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almoſt empty, when Zadig awoke; he ſought for his arms, but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himſelf, having nothing elſe near him. Aſtoniſhed and enraged, he put it on in a furious paſſion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that ſtill remained in the amphitheatre and the circus received him with hoots and hiſſes. They ſurrounded him, and inſulted him to his face. Never did man ſuffer ſuch cruel mortifications. He loſt his patience; with his ſabre he diſperſed ſuch of the populace as dared to affront him; but he knew not what courſe to take. He could not ſee the queen; he could not claim the white

armour

armour she had sent him, without exposing her; and thus, while she was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and distraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery; and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armour; "This (said he,) is the consequence of my having slept too long. Had I slept less, I should now have been king of Babylon, and in possession of Astarte. Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto served only to make me miserable." He then let fall some secret murmurings against Providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and prospered knights in green armour. One of his greatest mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armour which had exposed him to such contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to pass by, he sold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing Providence, which thus continued to persecute him with unremitting severity.

The HERMIT.

WHILE he was thus sauntering, he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig stopt, and made him a profound obeisance. The hermit returned the compliment with such a noble

and engaging air, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book it was that he had been reading? "It is the book of destinies (said the hermit;) wouldst thou choose to look into it?" He put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly versed as he was in several languages, could not decypher a single character of it. This only redoubled his curiosity. "Thou seemest (said this good father,) to be in great distress." "Alas! (replied Zadig,) I have but too much reason." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee (resumed the old man,) perhaps I may be of some service to thee. I have often poured the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy." Zadig felt himself inspired with respect for the air, the beard, and the book of the hermit. He found, in the course of the conversation, that he was possessed of superior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of justice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakness, and of virtue and vice, with such a spirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly entreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I ask the same favour of thee (said the old man;) swear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do, thou wilt not leave me for some days." Zadig swore, and they set out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a a superb castle. The hermit entreated a hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have easily mistaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful civility. He presented them to a principal domestic, who shewed

them

them his maſter's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower end of the table, without being honoured with the leaſt mark of regard by the lord of the caſtle; but they were ſerved, like the reſt, with delicacy and profuſion. They were then preſented with water to waſh their hands, in a golden baſon adorned with emeralds and rubies. At laſt they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domeſtic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

"The maſter of the houſe (ſaid Zadig, as they were proceeding on the journey,) appears to be a generous man, though ſomewhat too proud: he nobly performs the duties of hoſpitality." At that inſtant he obſerved, that a kind of large pocket, which the hermit had, was filled and diſtended: and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden baſon adorned with precious ſtones, which the hermit had ſtolen. He durſt not then take any notice of it; but he was filled with a ſtrange ſurpriſe.

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a paultry houſe, inhabited by a rich miſer, and begged the favour of an hoſpitable reception for a few hours. An old ſervant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the ſtable, where he gave them ſome rotten olives, mouldy bread, and ſour beer. The hermit ate and drank with as much ſeeming ſatisfaction as he had done the evening before; and then addreſſing himſelf to the old ſervant, who watched them both, to prevent their ſtealing any thing, and rudely preſſed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility:

"Pray

"Pray (added he,) allow me to ſpeak to thy maſter." The ſervant, filled with aſtoniſhment, introduced the two travellers. "Magnificent lord! (ſaid the hermit,) I cannot but return thee my moſt humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou haſt entertained us. Be pleaſed to accept of this golden baſon as a ſmall mark of my gratitude." The miſer ſtarted, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his ſurpriſe, inſtantly departed with his young fellow-traveller. "Father (ſaid Zadig,) what is the meaning of all this? thou ſeemeſt to me to be entirely different from other men; thou ſtealeſt a golden baſon adorned with precious ſtones, from a lord who received thee magnificently, and giveſt it to a miſer who treats thee with indignity." "Son (replied the old man.) this magnificent lord, who receives ſtrangers only from vanity and oſtentation, will hereby be rendered more wiſe; and the miſer will learn to practiſe the duties of hoſpitality. Be ſurpriſed at nothing, but follow me." Zadig knew not as yet whether he was in company with the moſt fooliſh or the moſt prudent of mankind; but the hermit ſpoke with ſuch an aſcendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuſe to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a houſe built with equal elegance and ſimplicity, where nothing favoured either of prodigality or avarice. The maſter of it was a philoſopher, who had retired from the world, and who cultivated in peace the ſtudy of virtue and wiſdom, without any of that rigid and moroſe ſeverity, ſo commonly to be found in men of his character. He had choſen to build this country-houſe in which he received ſtrangers with a generoſity free from oſtentation. He

went

went himself to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he desired them to repose themselves a little. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repast, during which he spoke with great judgment of the last revolutions in Babylon. He seemed to be strongly attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown: "But the people (added he,) do not deserve to have such a king as Zadig." Zadig blushed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the course of the conversation, that the things of this world did not always answer the wishes of the wise. The hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence were inscrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they understood but the smallest part.

They talked of the passions; "Ah (said Zadig,) how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds (replied the hermit,) that swell the sails of the ship: it is true, they sometimes sink her, but without them she could not sail at all. The bile makes us sick and cholerick; but without the bile we could not live. Every thing in this world is dangerous, and yet every thing in it is necessary."

The conversation turned on pleasure; and the hermit proved that it was a present bestowed by the deity: "For (said he,) man cannot give himself either sensations or ideas: he receives all; and pain and pleasure proceed from a foreign cause as well as his being."

Zadig was surprised to see a man, who had been guilty of such extravagant actions, capable of reasoning with so much judgment and propriety. At last, after a conversation equally entertaining and instructive, the host led back his two guests to their

their apartment, bleſſing heaven for having ſent him two men poſſeſſed of ſo much wiſdom and virtue. He offered them money, with ſuch an eaſy and noble air as could not poſſibly give any offence. The hermit refuſed it, and ſaid that he muſt now take his leave of him, as he propoſed to ſet out for Babylon before it was light. Their parting was tender; Zadig eſpecially felt himſelf filled with eſteem and affection for a man of ſuch an amiable character.

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they ſpent a long time in praiſing their hoſt. At break of day, the old man awakened his companion. "We muſt now depart (ſaid he;) but while all the family are ſtill aſleep, I will leave this man a mark of my eſteem and affection." So ſaying, he took a candle and ſet fire to the houſe. Zadig, ſtruck with horror, cried aloud, and endeavoured to hinder him from committing ſuch a barbarous action; but the hermit drew him away by a ſuperior force, and the houſe was ſoon in flames. The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a conſiderable diſtance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquillity. "Thanks be to God (ſaid he,) the houſe of my dear hoſt is entirely deſtroyed! Happy man!" At theſe words Zadig was at once tempted to burſt out a-laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away. But he did none of all theſe; for ſtill ſubdued by the powerful aſcendency of the hermit, he followed him, in ſpite of himſelf, to the next ſtage.

This was at the houſe of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handſome and promiſing youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her houſe as well as ſhe could. Next day, ſhe ordered her nephew

nephew to accompany the ſtrangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in paſſing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As they were croſſing the bridge, "Come, (ſaid the hermit to the youth,) I muſt ſhew my gratitude to thy aunt." He then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river. The boy ſunk, appeared again on the ſurface of the water, and was ſwallowed up by the current. "O monſter! O thou moſt wicked of mankind!" cried Zadig. "Thou promiſedſt to behave with greater patience (ſaid the hermit, interrupting him.) Know, that under the ruins of that houſe which Providence hath ſet on fire, the maſter hath found an immenſe treaſure: know, that this young man, whoſe life Providence hath ſhortened, would have aſſaſſinated his aunt in the ſpace of a year, and thee in that of two." "Who told thee ſo, barbarian? (cried Zadig;) and tho' thou hadſt read this event in thy book of deſtinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never did thee any harm?"

While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he obſerved that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his countenance aſſumed the features and complexion of youth. The hermit's habit diſappeared, and four beautiful wings covered a majeſtic body reſplendent with light. "O ſent of heaven! O divine angel! (cried Zadig, humbly proſtrating himſelf on the ground,) haſt thou then deſcended from the Empyrean, to teach a weak mortal to ſubmit to the eternal decrees of Providence?" "Men, (ſaid the angel Jeſrad,) judge of all without knowing any thing; and, of all men, thou beſt deſerveſt to be enlightened." Zadig begged to be permitted to ſpeak: "I diſtruſt myſelf (ſaid he,)

but may I presume to ask the favour of thee to clear up one doubt that still remains in my mind; would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him?" Had he been virtuous (replied Jesrad,) and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to be assassinated himself, together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her." "But why (said Zadig,) is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that these misfortunes should fall on the good?" "The wicked (replied Jesrad,) are always unhappy: they serve to prove and try the small number of the just that are scattered thro' the earth; and there is no evil that is not productive of some good." "But (said Zadig,) suppose there were nothing but good and no evil at all." "Then (replied Jesrad,) this earth would be another earth: the chain of events would be ranged in another order and directed by wisdom; but this other order, which would be perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach. The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that resembles another. This immense variety is the effect of his immense power. There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanse of heaven, that are exactly similar; and all that thou seest on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all. Men think that this child who hath just perished is fallen into the water by chance; and that it is by the same chance that this house is burnt: but there is no such thing as chance; all is either a trial, or a punishment,

niſhment, or a reward, or a foreſight. Remember the fiſherman, who thought himſelf the moſt wretched of mankind. Oromazes ſent thee to change his fate. Ceaſe then, frail mortal, to diſpute againſt what thou oughteſt to adore." "But," (ſaid Zadig) ——— As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth ſphere. Zadig on his knees adored Providence, and ſubmitted. The angel cried to him from on high, "Direct thy courſe towards Babylon."

The AENIGMAS.

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whoſe head the thunder had burſt, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when thoſe who had fought at the tournaments were aſſembled in the grand veſtibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to anſwer the queſtions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As ſoon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded round him; every eye was fixed on him, every mouth bleſſed him, and every heart wiſhed him the empire. The envious man ſaw him paſs; he frowned and turned aſide; the people conducted him to the place where the aſſembly was held. The queen, who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the moſt violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehenſion. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confuſed murmur aroſe at the ſight of Zadig. They were equally ſur-

prised and charmed to see him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the assembly.

"I have fought as well as the other knights (said Zadig,) but another here wears my arms; and while I wait for the honour of proving the truth of my assertion, I demand the liberty of presenting myself to explain the ænigmas." The question was put to the vote, and his reputation for probity was still so deeply impressed in their minds, that they admitted him without scruple.

The first question proposed by the grand magi was, "What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest, and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to speak. He replied, that so great a man as he did not understand ænigmas; and that it was sufficient for him to have conquered by his strength and valour. Some said that the meaning of the ænigma was Fortune; some, the Earth; and others, the Light. Zadig said that it was Time: "Nothing (added he) is longer, since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of our projects; nothing more slow to him that expects, nothing more rapid to him that enjoys; in greatness it extends to infinity, in smallness it is infinitely divisible; all men neglect it, all regret the loss of it; nothing can be done without it; it consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity, and it immortalizes such actions as are truly great." The assembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

The

The next queſtion was: "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others when we know not where we are, and which we loſe without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone gueſſed that it was Life, and explained all the other ænigmas with the ſame facility. Itobad always ſaid that nothing was more eaſy, and that he could have anſwered them with the ſame readineſs, had he choſen to have given himſelf the trouble. Queſtions were then propoſed on juſtice, on the ſovereign good, and on the art of government.—Zadig's anſwers were judged to be the moſt ſolid. "What a pity is it (ſaid they,) that ſuch a great genius ſhould be ſo bad a knight!"

"Illuſtrious lords (ſaid Zadig,) I have had the honour of conquering in the tournaments. It is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Itobad took poſſeſſion of it during my ſleep. He probably thought that it would fit him better than the green. I am now ready to prove in your preſence, with my gown and ſword, againſt all that beautiful white armour which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greateſt confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuiraſs, and braſſarts, he would obtain an eaſy victory over a champion in a cap and a night-gown. Zadig drew his ſword, ſaluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his without ſaluting any one. He ruſhed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear; he was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows,

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by oppoſing the ſtrongeſt part of his ſword to the weakeſt of that of his adverſary, in ſuch a manner that Itobad's ſword was broken. Upon which Zadig, ſeizing his enemy by the waiſt, threw him on the ground; and fixing the point of his ſword at the extremity of his breaſt-plate; "Suffer thyſelf to be diſarmed, (ſaid he,) or thou art a dead man." Itobad, always ſurpriſed at the diſgraces that happened to ſuch a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great compoſure, his magnificent helmet, his ſuperb cuiraſs, his fine braſſarts, his ſhining cuiſhes; cloathed himſelf with them, and in this dreſs ran to throw himſelf at the feet of Aſtarte. Cador eaſily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous conſent of the whole nation, and eſpecially by that of Aſtarte, who, after ſo many calamities, now taſted the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her huſband. Itobad went home to be called lord in his own houſe.—Zadig was king, and was happy; he recollected what the angel Jeſrad had ſaid to him; he even remembered the grain of ſand that became a diamond. The queen and Zadig adored Providence. He left the capricious beauty Miſſouf to run thro' the world. He ſent in ſearch of the robber Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable poſt in his army, promiſing to advance him to the firſt dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profeſſion of a robber.

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was preferred and diſtinguiſhed according to his great ſervices. He

was

was the friend of the king; and the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman; and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum of money, and to restore him his wife; but the fisherman, who was now become wise, took only the money.

But neither could the beautiful Semira be comforted, for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; nor did Azora cease to lament her having attempted to cut off his nose: their griefs, however, he softened by his presents. The envious man died of rage and shame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and plenty. This was the happiest age of the earth; it was governed by love and justice. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven.

The

The WORLD as it GOES,

The Vision of BABOUC*.

Written by himself.

AMONG the genii, who preside over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the first ranks, and had the department of Upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him; "Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our indignation; yesterday was held an assembly of the genii of Upper Asia, to consider whether we would chastise Persepolis, or destroy it entirely. Go to that city; examine every thing; return and give me a faithful account; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants." "But, my lord, (said Babouc with great humility,) I have never been in Persia, nor do I know a single person in that country." "So much the better (said the angel,) thou wilt be the more impartial; thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, to which I now add the power of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear,

* This appears to be a satire on the city of Paris.

hear, observe, and fear nothing; thou shalt every where meet with a favourable reception.

Babouc mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After having travelled some days, he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a soldier, whom he found at a distance from the main army; and asked him what was the occasion of the war. "By all the gods, (said the soldier,) I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my business; my trade is to kill and be killed, to get a livelihood. It is of no consequence to me whom I serve. To morrow, perhaps, I may go over to the Indian camp; for it is said that they give their soldiers nearly half a copper drachma a day more than we have in this cursed service of Persia: if thou desirest to know why we fight, speak to my captain."

Babouc, having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp. He soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the subject of the war. "How canst thou imagine that I should know it? (said the captain,) or of what importance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Persepolis; I hear that war is declared; I instantly leave my family, and, having nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to raise my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death." "But are not thy companions (said Babouc,) a little better informed than thee?" "No, (said the officer,) there are none but our principal satrapes that know the true cause of our cutting one another's throats."

Babouc, struck with astonishment, introduced himself to the generals, and soon became familiarly acquainted with them. At last one of them said;

" The cauſe of this war, which for twenty years paſt hath deſolated Aſia, ſprang originally from a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the concubines of the great king of Perſia, and the clerk of a factory belonging to the great king of India. The diſpute was about a claim, which amounted nearly to the thirtieth part of a daric. Our firſt miniſter and that of India maintained the rights of their maſters with becoming dignity: the diſpute grew warm: both parties ſent into the field an army of a million of ſoldiers. This army muſt be every year recruited with upwards of four hundred thouſand men. Maſſacres, burning of houſes, ruin and devaſtation, are daily multiplied; the univerſe ſuffers; and their mutual animoſity ſtill continues. The firſt miniſters of the two nations frequently proteſt, that they have nothing in view but the happineſs of mankind; and every proteſtation is attended with the deſtruction of a town, or the deſolation of a province*.

Next day, on a report being ſpread that peace was going to be concluded, the Perſian and Indian generals made haſte to come to an engagment. The battle was long and bloody. Babouc beheld every crime, and every abomination: he was witneſs to the arts and ſtratagems of the principal ſatrapes, who did all that lay in their power to expoſe their general to the diſgrace of a defeat. He ſaw officers killed by their own troops, and ſoldiers ſtabbing their already expiring comrades, in order to ſtrip them of a few bloody garments, torn and co-

* Such indeed are the trifling cauſes, which often produce horror, miſery, and devaſtation.

covered with dirt. He entered the hospitals, to which they were conveying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those who were well paid by the king of Persia to assist these unhappy men. "Are these men, (cried Babouc,) or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persepolis will be destroyed."

Full of this thought, he went over to the camp of the Indians, where, according to the prediction of the genii, he was as well received as in that of the Persians; but he saw there the very same crimes which had already filled him with horror. "Oh! (said he to himself,) if the angel Ithuriel should exterminate the Persians, the angel of India must certainly destroy the Indians." But being afterwards more particularly informed of all that passed in both armies, he heard of such acts of generosity, humanity, and greatness of soul, as at once surprised and charmed him: "Unaccountable mortals! as ye are, (cried he,) how can you thus unite so much baseness and so much grandeur, so many virtues and so many vices!"

Meanwhile the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had gained a complete victory, but who, for their own private interest, had shed the blood of so many of their fellow-creatures, went to solicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in public writings, which announced the return of virtue and happiness to the earth. "God be praised, (said Babouc,) Persepolis will now be the abode of spotless innocence, and will not be destroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haste without delay to this capital of Asia."

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He entered that immenſe city by the ancient gate, which was entirely barbarous, and offended the eye by its diſagreeable ruſticity. All that part of the town ſavoured of the time when it was built; for, notwithſtanding the obſtinacy of men, in praiſing ancient at the expence of modern times, it muſt be owned that the firſt eſſays in every art are rude and unfiniſhed.

Babouc mingled in a crowd of people, compoſed of the moſt naſty and deformed of both ſexes, who were thronging with a ſtupid air into a large and gloomy incloſure. By the conſtant hum; by the geſtures of the people; by the money which ſome perſons gave to others for the liberty of ſitting down, he imagined that he was in a market, where chairs were ſold: but obſerving ſeveral women fall down on their knees, with an appearance of looking directly before them, while in reality they were leering at the men by their ſides, he was ſoon convinced that he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarſe, ſavage, and diſcordant voices, made the vault re-echo with ill-articulated ſounds, that produced the ſame effect as the braying of wild aſſes, when, in the plains of Pictavia, they anſwer the cornet that calls them together. He ſtopped his ears; but he was ready to ſhut his eyes and hold his noſe, when he ſaw ſeveral labourers enter into the temple with crows and ſpades, who removed a large ſtone, and threw up the earth on both ſides, from whence exhaled a peſtilential vapour: at laſt ſome others approached, depoſited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the ſtone upon it. "What! (cried Babouc,) do theſe people bury their dead in the place where they adore the Deity? What! are their temples

temples paved with carcafes? I am no longer furprifed at thofe peftilential difeafes * that frequently depopulate Perfepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breath of fuch numbers of the living, aflembled and crowded together in the fame place, are fufficient to poifon the whole terreftrial globe. Oh! what an abominable city is Perfepolis! The angels probably intend to deftroy it, in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous and better fingers. Providence may have its reafons for fo doing; to its difpofal let us leave all future events."

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Meanwhile the fun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, for whom her hufband, an officer in the army, had given him fome letters: but he firft took feveral turns in Perfepolis; where he faw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and refounding with harmonious mufic; he beheld public fountains, which, tho' ill-placed, ftruck the eye by their beauty; fquares where the beft kings that had governed

* Indeed one would imagine that the European churches, efpecially in this kingdom, had been contrived in order to difguft the people, and deter them from public worfhip. The chilling dampnefs which reigns in every church, efpecially in the winter, is not more pernicious to the health, than the earthy cadaverous fmell is to the fenfe; and the eye is entertained with a variety of funeral epitaphs and ornaments, which cannot fail to excite fuperftitious horror in minds naturally fufceptible of gloomy impreffions.

ed Perſia ſeemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out; "When ſhall we ſee our beloved maſter?" He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the ſuperb and commodious quays; the palaces raiſed on both ſides; and an immenſe houſe, where thouſands of old ſoldiers, covered with ſcars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praiſes to the god of armies*. At laſt he entered the houſe of the lady, who, with a ſet of faſhionable people, waited his company to dinner. The houſe was neat and elegant; the repaſt delicious; the lady young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment ſaid to himſelf, "The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of deſtroying ſuch a charming city."

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In the mean time he obſerved that the lady, who had begun by tenderly aſking news about her huſband, ſpoke ſtill more tenderly to a young magi, towards the concluſion of the repaſt. He ſaw a magiſtrate, who, in preſence of his wife, paid his court with great vivacity to a widow, while that indulgent widow had one arm around the magiſtrate's neck, and held out her other hand to a young citizen, remarkable for his modeſty and graceful appearance. The magiſtrate's wife roſe firſt from table, to go to converſe

* We perceive our author has an eye to the celebrated fountain on the *Pont Neuf*, the Place des Victoires, the two great bridges over the Seine, with the ſtone quays on each ſide, the palace of the Louvre, and the hoſpital for invalids.

converſe in an adjoining cloſet with her director, who came too late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, a man of great eloquence, ſpoke to her with ſuch vehemency and holy zeal, that when ſhe returned, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her gait irregular, and her voice trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the genius Ithuriel had but too much reaſon. The talent he poſſeſſed of gaining confidence let him that ſame day into all the ſecrets of the lady. She confeſſed to him her affection for the young magi, aſſured him that in all the houſes in Perſepolis, he would meet with much the ſame behaviour as he had found in her's. Babouc concluded that ſuch a ſociety could not poſſibly ſubſiſt; that jealouſy, diſcord, and vengeance, muſt deſolate every houſe; that tears and blood muſt be daily ſhed; that the huſbands muſt certainly kill the gallants of the wives, or be killed by them; and, in fine, that Ithuriel would do well to deſtroy immediately a city abandoned to continual diſaſters.

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Such were the gloomy ideas that poſſeſſed his mind, when a grave man in a black gown appeared at the gate, and humbly begged to ſpeak to the young magiſtrate. This ſtripling, without riſing or taking the leaſt notice of the old gentleman, gave him ſome papers, with a haughty and careleſs air, and then diſmiſſed him. Babouc aſked who this man was. The miſtreſs of the houſe ſaid to him in a low voice, "He is one of the beſt advocates in the city, and hath ſtudied the law theſe fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a ſatrape of the law for two days, hath

hath ordered him to make an extract of a process he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it." "This giddy youth acts wisely, said Babouc, in asking counsel of an old man. But why is not the old man himself the judge?" "Thou art surely in jest, said they; those who have grown old in laborious and inferior posts are never raised to places of dignity. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich; and the right of dispensing justice is purchased here like a farm." "O manners! O unhappy city! cried Babouc, this is the height of anarchy and confusion. Those who have thus purchased the right of judging will doubtless sell their judgments; nothing do I see here but an abyss of iniquity."

While he was thus expressing his grief and surprise, a young warrior, who that very day had returned from the army, said to him why wouldest thou not have seats in the courts of justice to be purchased? I myself purchased the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men, who are under my command: it has this year cost me forty thousand darics of gold to lie on the earth thirty nights successively in a red dress, and at last to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the emperor of Persia, whom I never saw, the satrape of the law may well pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to pleaders." Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help condemning a country, where the highest posts in the army and the law were exposed to sale. He at once concluded, that the inhabitants must be entirely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that though Ithuriel should not destroy them, they must

must soon be ruined by their detestable administration.

He was still further confirmed in his bad opinion by the arrival of a fat man, who, after saluting all the company with great familiarity, went up to the young officer, and said, "I can only lend thee fifty thousand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in but three hundred thousand." Babouc enquired into the character of this man, who complained of having gained so little, and was informed, that in Persepolis there were forty plebeian kings, who held the empire of Persia by lease, and paid a small tribute to the monarch *.

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After dinner he went into one of the most superb temples in the city, and seated himself amidst a crowd of men and women, who were come thither to pass away the time. A magi appeared in a machine elevated above the heads of the people, and talked a long time of vice and virtue. He divided into several parts what needed no division at all; he proved methodically what was sufficently clear, and he taught what every body knew; he threw himself into a passion with great composure, and went away sweating, and out of breath. The assembly then awoke, and imagined they had been present at a very instructive discourse. Babouc said, "This man has done his best to tire two or

* These are the farmers-general of France, who were suffered to amass vast fortunes by fleecing the people, in consideration of supplying the government.

three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good; and there is nothing in this that ſhould occaſion the deſtruction of Perſepolis."

Upon leaving the aſſembly, he was conducted to a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the year. It was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The moſt beautiful women in Perſepolis, and the moſt conſiderable ſatrapes were ranged in order, and formed ſo fine a ſpectacle, that Babouc at firſt believed that this was all the entertainment. Two or three perſons, who ſeemed to be kings and queens, ſoon appeared in the veſtibule of their palace. Their language was very different from that of the people; it was meaſured, harmonious, and ſublime. No body ſlept. The audience kept a profound ſilence which was only interrupted by expreſſions of ſenſibility and admiration. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers ariſing from unbridled paſſions, were all deſcribed by ſuch lively and affecting ſtrokes, that Babouc ſhed tears. He doubted not but that theſe heroes and heroines, theſe kings and queens whom he had juſt heard, were the preachers of the empire: he even purpoſed to engage Ithuriel to come and hear them; confident that ſuch a ſpectacle would for ever reconcile him to the city *.

As ſoon as the entertainment was finiſhed, he reſolved to viſit the principal queen, who had recommended ſuch pure and noble morals in the palace. He deſired to be introduced to her majeſty, and was led up a narrow ſtaircaſe to an ill-furniſhed apartment in the ſecond ſtory, where he found a woman in a mean dreſs, who ſaid to him with a noble and pathetic air, "This employment does not afford

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me a sufficient maintenance; one of the princes whom thou saweſt has got me with child; I shall soon be brought to bed; I want money, and without money there is no lying in." Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, saying, "Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so much offended."

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of sense, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleased his fancy; and the toyman with great politness sold him every thing for more than it was worth. On his return home his friend shewed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc set down the name of the tradesman in his pocket-book, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as the object of peculiar vengeance on the day when the city should be punished. As he was writing, he heard somebody knock at the door: this was the toyman himself, who came to restore him his purse, which he had left by mistake on the counter. "How canst thou, cried Babouc, be so generous and faithful, when thou hast had the assurance to sell me these trifles for four times their value?" "There is not a tradesman, replied the merchant, of ever so little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purse; but whoever said that I sold thee these trifles for four times their value, is greatly mistaken: I sold them for ten times their value; and this is so true, that wert thou to sell them again in a month hence, thou wouldst not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more just, it is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles; it is this fancy that

maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ; it is this that gives me a fine houſe and a handſome chariot and horſes; it is this, in fine, that excites induſtry, encourages taſte, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

"I ſell the ſame trifles to the neigbouring nation at a much higher rate than I have ſold them to thee, and by theſe means I am uſeful to the empire." Babouc, after having reflected a moment, eraſed the tradeſman's name from his tablets.

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Babouc, not knowing as yet what to think of Perſepolis, reſolved to viſit the magi and the men of letters; for, as the one ſtudied wiſdom, and the other religion, he hoped that they in conjunction would obtain mercy for the reſt of the people. Accordingly, he went next morning into a college of magi. The archimandrite confeſſed to him, that he had an hundred thouſand crowns a-year for having taken the vow of poverty, and that he enjoyed a very extenſive empire in virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left him with an inferior brother, who did him the honours of the place.

While the brother was ſhewing him the magnificence of this houſe of penitence, a report was ſpread abroad that Babouc was come to reform all theſe houſes. He immediately received petitions from each of them, the ſubſtance of which was, "Preſerve us and deſtroy all the reſt." On hearing their apologies all theſe ſocieties were abſolutely neceſſary: on hearing their mutual accuſations they all deſerved to be aboliſhed. He was ſupriſed to find that all the members of theſe ſocieties were ſo extremely

extremely desirous of edifying the world, that they wished to have it entirely under their dominion.

Soon after appeared a little man, who was a demimagi, and who said to him, "I plainly see that the work is going to be accomplished: for Zerdust is returned to earth; and the little girls prophecy, pinching themselves before, and whipping themselves behind. We therefore implore thy protection against the great lama." "What! said Babouc, against the royal pontiff, who resides at Tibet?" "Yes, against him himself." "What! you are then making war upon him, and raising armies!" "No, but he says that man is a free agent, and we deny it. We have wrote several pamphlets against him, which he never read; hardly has he heard our name mentioned; he hath only condemned us in the same manner as a man orders the trees in his garden to be cleared from caterpillars." Babouc was incensed at the folly of these men who made profession of wisdom; and at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world; and at the ambition, pride, and avarice of such as taught humility and a disinterested spirit; from all which he concluded that Ithuriel had good reason to destroy the whole race.

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On his return home, he sent for some new books to alleviate his grief, and, in order to exhilerate his spirits, invited some men of letters to dine with him; when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he desired. These parasites were equally eager to eat and to speak; they praised two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves; but none of their co-temporaries, except

cept the maſter of the houſe. If any of them happened to drop a ſmart and witty expreſſion, the reſt caſt down their eyes and bit their lips, out of mere vexation that it had not been ſaid by themſelves. They had leſs diſſimulation than the magi, becauſe they had not ſuch grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanneſs of a valet, and all the dignity of a great man. They ſaid to each other's face the moſt inſulting things, which they took for ſtrokes of wit. They had ſome knowledge of the deſign of Babouc's commiſſion; one of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praiſed him ſufficiently about five years before; another requeſted the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and a third demanded the deſtruction of the academy, becauſe he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repaſt being ended, each of them departed by himſelf; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or converſation of each other, except at the houſes of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loſs to the public if all theſe vermin were deſtroyed in the general cataſtrophe.

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Having now got rid of theſe men of letters, he began to read ſome new books, where he diſcovered the true ſpirit by which his gueſts had been actuated. He obſerved with particular indignation thoſe ſlanderous gazettes, thoſe archives of bad taſte, dictated by envy, baſeneſs, and hunger; thoſe ungenerous ſatires, where the vulture is treated with lenity, and the dove torn in pieces; and thoſe

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dry and inſipid romances, filled with characters of women to whom the author was an utter ſtranger.

All theſe deteſtable writings he committed to the flames, and went to paſs the evening in walking. In this excurſion he was introduced to an old man poſſeſſed of great learning, who had not come to increaſe the number of his paraſites. This man of letters always fled from crowds; he underſtood human nature, availed himſelf of his knowledge, and imparted it to others with great diſcretion.---- Babouc told him how much he was grieved at what he had ſeen and read.

"Thou haſt read very deſpicable performances, ſaid the man of letters; but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad ſwarm and the good are rare. Thou haſt received into thy houſe the very dregs of pedantry; for, in all profeſſions, thoſe who are leaſt worthy of appearing, are always ſure to preſent themſelves with the greateſt impudence. The truly wiſe live among themſelves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have ſtill ſome men and ſome books worthy of thy attention." While he was thus ſpeaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the converſation became ſo entertaining and inſtructive, ſo elevated above vulgar prejudices, and ſo conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like. "Theſe are men, ſaid he to himſelf, whom the angel Ithuriel will not preſume to touch, or he muſt be a mercileſs being indeed.

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was ſtill enraged againſt the reſt of the nation. "Thou art a ſtranger, ſaid the judicious perſon who was talking to him; abuſes preſent themſelves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies conceal-

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ed, and which is even ſometimes the reſult of theſe very abuſes, eſcapes thy obſervation." He then learned, that among men of letters there were ſome who were free from envy; and that even among the magi themſelves there were ſome men of virtue. In fine, he concluded that theſe great bodies, which, by their mutual ſhocks, ſeemed to threaten their common ruin, were at bottom very ſalutary inſtitutions; that each ſociety of magi was a check upon its rivals; and that though theſe rivals might differ in ſome ſpeculative points, they all taught the ſame morals, inſtructed the people, and lived in ſubjection to the laws, not unlike to thoſe preceptors who watch over the heir of a family, while the maſter of the houſe watches over them. He converſed with ſeveral of theſe magi, and found them poſſeſſed of exalted ſouls. He likewiſe learned that even among the fools who pretended to make war on the great lama, there had been ſome men of diſtinguiſhed merit; and, from all theſe particulars, he conjectured that it might be with the manners of Perſepolis as it was with the buildings; ſome of which moved his pity, while others filled him with admiration.

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He ſaid to the man of letters, "I plainly ſee that theſe magi, whom I at firſt imagined to be ſo dangerous, are, in reality, extremely uſeful; eſpecially when a wiſe government hinders them from rendering themſelves too neceſſary; but thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge, that your young magiſtrates who purchaſe the office of a judge as ſoon as they can mount a horſe, muſt diſplay in their tribunals the moſt ridiculous impertinence, and the moſt

most iniquitous perverseness. It would doubtless be better to give these places gratuitously to those old civilians who have spent their lives in the study of the law."

The man of letters replied, "Thou hast seen our army before thy arrival at Persepolis; thou knowest that our young officers fight with great bravery, though they buy their posts; perhaps thou wilt find that our young magistrates do not give wrong decisions, though they purchase the right of dispensing justice."

He led him next day to the grand tribunal, where an affair of great importance was to be decided. The cause was known to all the world. All the old advocates that spoke on the subject were wavering and unsettled in their opinions: they quoted an hundred laws, none of which were applicable to the question. They considered the matter in a hundred different lights, but never in its true point of view. The judges were more quick in their decision than the advocates in raising doubts. They were unanimous in their sentiments; they decided justly, because they followed the light of reason. The others reasoned falsely, because they only consulted their books.

Babouc concluded that the best things frequently arose from abuses. He saw the same day, that the riches of the receivers of the public revenue, at which he had been so much offended, were capable of producing an excellent effect; for the emperor having occasion for money, he found in an hour by their means what he could not have procured in six months by the ordinary methods. He saw that those great clouds, swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in plentiful showers what they had thence derived. Besides, the children of these

new gentlemen, who were frequently better educated than thoſe of the moſt ancient families, were ſometimes more uſeful members of ſociety; for he whoſe father hath been a good accomptant may eaſily become a good judge, a brave warrior, and an able ſtateſman.

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Babouc was inſenſibly brought to excuſe the avarice of the farmer of the revenues, who in reality was not more avaricious than other men, and beſides was extremely neceſſary. He overlooked the folly of thoſe who ruined themſelves, in order to obtain a poſt in the law or army; a folly that produces great magiſtrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, among whom there were ſome that enlightened the world; and he was reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, who were poſſeſſed of more great virtues than little vices. But he had ſtill many cauſes of complaint. The gallantries of the ladies eſpecially, and the fatal effects which theſe muſt neceſſarily produce, filled him with fear and terror.

As he was deſirous of prying into the characters of men of every condition, he went to wait on a miniſter of ſtate; but trembled all the way, leſt ſome wife ſhould be aſſaſſinated by her huſband in his preſence. Having arrived at the ſtateſman's, he was obliged to remain two hours in the anti-chamber before his name was ſent in, and two hours more after that was done. In this interval, he reſolved to recommend to the angel Ithuriel both the miniſter and his inſolent porters. The anti-chamber was filled with ladies of every rank, magi of all colours, judges, merchants,

chants, officers, and pedants; and all of them complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said, "Doubtless this man plunders the provinces." The capricious reproached him with fickleness; the voluptuary said, "He thinks of nothing but his pleasure." The factious hoped to see him soon ruined by a cabal; and the women flattered themselves that they should soon have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their conversation, and could not help saying, "This is surely a happy man; he hath all his enemies in his anti-chamber; he crushes with his power those that envy his grandeur; he beholds those who detest him grovelling at his feet." At length he was admitted into the presence-chamber, where he saw a little old man bending under the weight of years and business, but still lively and full of spirits.

The minister was pleased with Babouc, and to Babouc he appeared to be a man of great merit. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he passed for rich, while in reality he was poor; that he was believed to be all-powerful, and yet was constantly contradicted; that he had obliged none but a parcel of ungrateful wretches; and that, in the course of forty years labour, he had hardly enjoyed a moment's rest. Babouc was moved with his misfortunes; and thought that if this man had been guilty of some faults, and Ithuriel had a mind to punish him, he ought not to cut him off, but to leave him in possession of his place.

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While Babouc was talking to the minister, the

beautiful lady with whom he had dined, entered haſtily, her eyes and her forehead diſcovering the ſymptoms of grief and indignation. She burſt into reproaches againſt the ſtateſman; ſhe ſhed tears; ſhe complained bitterly that her huſband had been refuſed a place to which his birth allowed him to aſpire, and which he had fully merited by his wounds and his ſervice; ſhe expreſſed herſelf with ſuch force; ſhe uttered her complaints with ſuch a graceful air; ſhe overthrew objections with ſo much addreſs, and enforced her arguments with ſo much eloquence, that ſhe did not leave the chamber till ſhe had made her huſband's fortune.

Babouc gave her his hand, and ſaid, "Is it poſſible, madam, that thou canſt take ſo much pains to ſerve a man whom thou doſt not love, and from whom thou haſt every thing to fear?" "A man whom I do not love! cried ſhe; know, Sir, that my huſband is the beſt friend I have in the world; that there is nothing I would not ſacrifice for him, except my lover; and that he would do any thing for me, except that of leaving his miſtreſs. I muſt introduce you to her acquaintance; ſhe is a charming woman, ſprightly, and ſweet-tempered; we ſup together this very night, with my huſband and my little magi; come and ſhare our joy.

The lady conducted Babouc to her own houſe. The huſband, who was at laſt arrived, overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with tranſports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his miſtreſs, the little magi, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, cheerfulneſs, and all the graces, embelliſhed the repaſt. "Know, ſaid the lady with whom he ſupped, that thoſe who are ſometimes called diſhoneſt women have almoſt always the merit of very honeſt men; and to convince thee

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of this, I invite thee to dine with me to-morrow at the beautiful Theona's. There are some old vestals that tear her character in pieces; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit the least act of injustice to gain the greatest advantage; she gives the most generous advice to her lover; she consults only his glory; and he would blush before her, should he let slip any opportunity of doing good; for nothing can more effectually excite a man to the performance of virtuous actions, than to have for the witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose esteem he wishes to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures seemed to reign, with Theona at the head of them, who well knew how to preserve the most perfect order. Her easy wit made all around her happy; she pleased almost without intending to do so; she was as amiable as beneficent; and, what enhanced the merit of all her good qualities, she was a beauty.

Babouc, though a Scythian, and sent by a genii, found, that should he continue much longer in Persepolis, he would forget Ithuriel for Theona. He began to grow fond of a city, the inhabitants of which were polite, affable, and beneficent, tho' fickle, slanderous, and vain. He was much afraid that Persepolis would be condemned. He was even afraid to give in his account.

This, however, he did in the following manner: he caused a little statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth, and stones the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel. "Wilt thou break, said he, this pretty statue, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds?" Ithuriel

thuriel immediately underſtood his meaning, and reſolved to think no more of puniſhing Perſepolis, but to leave "The world as it goes." "For, ſaid he, if all is not well, all is paſſable." Thus Perſepolis was ſuffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonas, who was ſo highly incenſed at the preſervation of Nineveh. But when a man has been three days in a whale's belly, he cannot be ſuppoſed to be in ſo good a humour as when he has been at an opera or a comedy, and hath ſupped with good company.

MICROMEGAS.

MICROMEGAS:

A

COMIC ROMANCE.

BEING

A SEVERE SATIRE

UPON THE

PHILOSOPHY, IGNORANCE, and SELF-CONCEIT of MANKIND.

MICROMEGAS*.

CHAP. I.

A Voyage to the Planet SATURN, by an Inhabitant of the Star SIRIUS.

IN one of the planets that revolve round the ſtar known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promiſing parts, whom I had the honour to be acquainted with, in his laſt voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably ſuited to all great men, and his ſtature amounted to eight leagues in height, that is, four and twenty thouſand geometrical paces, five feet in each.

Some of your mathematicians, a ſet of people always uſeful to the public, will, perhaps, inſtantly ſeize the pen, and calculate, that Mr Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, being from head to foot four and twenty thouſand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thouſand royal feet; that we, denizens of this earth, being at a medium little more than five feet high, and

* A name compounded of two Greek words, ſignifying *little* and *great*.

our globe nine thouſand leagues in circumference: theſe things being premiſed, I ſay, they will conclude, that the periphery of the globe which produced him, muſt be exactly one and twenty millions ſix hundred thouſand times greater than that of this our tiny ball. Nothing in nature is more ſimple and common. The dominions of ſome ſovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compaſſed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Muſcovy, or China, are no other than faint inſtances of the prodigious difference which nature hath made in the ſcale of beings. The ſtature of his excellency being of theſe extraordinary dimenſions, all our painters and ſtatuaries will eaſily agree, that the round of his belly might amount to fifty thouſand royal feet; a very agreeable and juſt proportion.

His noſe being equal in length to one third of his face, and his jolly countenance engroſſing one ſeventh part of his height, it muſt be owned that the noſe of this ſame Sirian, was ſix thouſand three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair; which was to be demonſtrated.—With regard to his underſtanding, it is one of the beſt cultivated I have known; he is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, ſome of which are of his own invention: for, when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he, according to the cuſtom of his country, ſtudied at the moſt celebrated univerſity of the whole planet, and by the force of his genius, found out upwards of fifty propoſitions of Euclid, having the advantage by more than eighteen, of Blaiſe Paſchal, who (as we are told by his own ſiſter) demonſtrated two and thirty for his amuſement, and then left off, chooſing rather to be an indifferent philoſopher, than a great mathematician.

tician.—About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or latter end of his childhood, he diſſected a great number of ſmall inſects not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microſcopes, of which he compoſed a very curious treatiſe, which involved him in ſome trouble; the muſti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made ſhift to diſcover in his book certain lemmas that were ſuſpicious, unſeemly, raſh, heretick and unſound; and proſecuted him with great animoſity; for, the ſubject of the author's inquiry was, whether in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the ſubſtantial forms of a flea and a ſnail.

Micromegas defended his philoſophy with ſuch ſpirit as made all the female ſex his proſelytes; and the proceſs laſted two hundred and twenty years; at the end of which, in conſequence of the muſti's intereſt, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author expelled from court, for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much afflicted at his baniſhment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humurous ſong upon the muſti, who gave himſelf no trouble about the matter, and ſet out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the ſaying is) to improve his mind and finiſh his education. Thoſe who never travel but in a poſt chaiſe or berlin, will, doubtleſs, be aſtoniſhed at the equipages uſed above: for we that ſtrut upon this little mole-hill, are at a loſs to conceive any thing that ſurpaſſes our own cuſtoms. But our traveller was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulſion; and made ſuch ſeaſonable uſe of his knowledge, that ſometimes, by the help

of a sun-beam, and sometimes by the convenience of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as a bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time, posted through the milky way; and I am obliged to own, he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious doctor Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it will, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and, accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress that supercilious and conceited smile which often escapes the wisest philosopher, when he perceived the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants: for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country mere dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Italian fidler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris: but as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the academy of Saturn, a man of good understanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed, in peace, the reputation of a little poet and great calculator.

And

And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very ſingular converſation that one day paſſed between Mr. ſecretary and Micromegas.

CHAP. II.

The converſation between MICROMEGAS and the inhabitant of SATURN.

HIS excellency having laid himſelf down, and the ſecretary approached his noſe, "It muſt be confeſſed," ſaid Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety."—"Yes," replied the Saturnian, na- "ture is like a parterre whoſe flowers—" "Pſhaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parter- res."--"It is," reſumed the ſecretary, "like an aſſembly of fair and brown women whoſe dreſſes--" "What a plague have I to do with your bru- nettes?" ſaid our traveller. "Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the ſtrokes of which---" "Not at all." anſwered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and compariſons are odious." "Well, to pleaſe you," ſaid the ſecre- tary--"I won't be pleaſed," replied the Sirian, "I want to be inſtructed: begin therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many ſenſes the people of this world enjoy."--We have ſeventy and two," ſaid the academician, "but, we are daily complaining of the ſmall number; as our imagina- nation tranſcends our wants; for, with theſe ſeventy two ſenſes, our five moons and ring, we find our- ſelves very much reſtricted; and notwithſtanding our curioſity, and the no ſmall number of thoſe paſ- ſions that reſult from theſe few ſenſes, we have ſtill time enough to be tired of idleneſs." "I ſincere-

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ly believe what you say," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude incessantly advertising us of our own unimportance, and giving us to understand, that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have travelled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being: but I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity and more want than gratification; perhaps, I shall one day arrive in some country, where nought is wanting; but, hitherto I have had no certain information of such an happy land." The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, being fain to return to matter of fact, "To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian. "Lack-a-day! a mere trifle," replied the little gentleman. "It is the very same case with us," resumed the other, "the shortness of life is our daily complaint, so that this must be an universal law in nature." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe, outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun; (these, according to our way of reckoning, amount to about fifteen thousand years.) So, you see, we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born: our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes, before we can profit by experience: for my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes, when I consider myself as a single drop in the midst of an immense ocean. I am particularly

asham-

aſhamed, in your preſence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philoſopher, I ſhould be afraid of mortifying your pride, by telling you that the term of our lives, is ſeven hundred times longer than the date of your exiſtence: but, you are very ſenſible, that when the texture of the body is reſolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the conſequence of what we call death: when that moment of change arrives, there is not the leaſt difference betwixt having lived a whole eternity, or a ſingle day. I have been in ſome countries where the people live a thouſand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the ſhortneſs of their time: but one will find every where, ſome few perſons of good ſenſe, who know how to make the beſt of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profuſion of variety ſcattered through the univerſe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs thro the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themſelves, though at bottom they reſemble one another, in the powers and paſſions of the ſoul: matter, though interminable, hath different properties in every ſphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?" "If you mean thoſe properties," ſaid the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not ſubſiſt, we reckon in all three hundred, ſuch as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, diviſibility, et cætera."—"That ſmall number," replied the traveller, "probably anſwers the views of the creator, on this your narrow ſphere. I adore his wiſdom in all his works. I ſee infinite variety,

variety, but every where proportion. Your globe is ſmall; ſo are the inhabitants: you have few ſenſations; becauſe your matter is endued with few properties: theſe are the works of unerring providence. Of what colour does your ſun appear when accurately examined?" "Of a yellowiſh white," anſwered the Saturnian; "and in ſeparating one of his rays, we find it contains ſeven colours." "Our ſun," ſaith the Sirian, "is of a reddiſh hue, and we have no leſs than thirty-nine original colours. Among all the ſuns I have ſeen, there is no ſort of reſemblance; and in this ſphere of your's, there is not one face like another."

After divers queſtions of this nature, he aſked how many ſubſtances, eſſentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn; and underſtood that they numbered but thirty; ſuch as God; ſpace; matter; beings endued with ſenſe and extenſion; beings that have extenſion, ſenſe, and reflection; thinking beings who have no extenſion; thoſe that are penetrable; thoſe that are impenetrable, and the reſt. But this Saturnian philoſopher was prodigiouſly aſtoniſhed, when the Sirian told him, they had no leſs then three hundred, and that he himſelf had diſcovered three thouſand more in the courſe of his travels. In ſhort, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the ſun, they reſolved to ſet out together on a ſmall philoſophical tour.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Voyage of thoſe Two INHABITANTS of the other World.

OUR two philoſophers were juſt ready to embark for the atmoſphere of Saturn, with a jolly proviſion of mathematical inſtruments, when the Saturnian's miſtreſs, having got an inkling of their deſign, came all in tears to make her remonſtrances. She was a little handſome brunette, not above ſix hundred and threeſcore fathom high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the ſmallneſs of her ſtature. "Ah! cruel man," cried ſhe, "after a reſiſtance of fifteen hundred years, when at length I ſurrendered, and ſcarce have paſſed two hundred more in thy embrace, to leave me thus, before the honey moon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! go, go, thou art a mere virtuoſo, devoid of tenderneſs and love! if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldſt be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going? what is thy deſign? our five moons are not ſo inconſtant, nor our ring ſo changeable as thee! but take this along with you, henceforth I ne'er ſhall love another man." The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithſtanding his philoſophy; and the lady, after having ſwooned with great decency, went to conſole herſelf with the converſation of a certain beau.

Meanwhile, our two virtuoſi ſet out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious gueſs of an illuſtrious inhabitant of this our little earth: from thence they eaſily ſlipped from moon to moon; and a co-

met chancing to pass, they sprung upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty million of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion. Nevertheless, I have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious archbishop of.... who has granted me permission to peruse his books with that generosity and goodness which can never be enough commended: wherefore I promise he shall have a long article in the next edition of Moreri, where I shall not forget the young gentlemen his sons, who give us such pleasing hopes of seeing perpetuated the race of their illustrious father. But to return to our travellers. When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they descryed two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know father Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy: those worthy philosophers are very sensible that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons: be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so that they pursued their journey like two travellers who despise the

paultry

paultry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market-town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for, they journeyed a long time, without finding a resting place, till at length they discerned a small speck, which was the Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved towards the tail of the comet, where, finding an Aurora Borealis ready to set sail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic on the fifth day of July, new stile, in the year 1737.

CHAP. IV.

What befel them upon this our GLOBE.

HAVING taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitring the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south. Every step of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thousand royal feet: whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself, (if we are allowed to make such comparisons,) a very little rough spaniel dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun, it is true, or rather the earth, describes the same

ſpace in the courſe of one day; but it muſt be obſerved that it is much more eaſy to turn upon an axis than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the ſpot from whence they had ſet out, after having diſcovered that almoſt imperceptible ſea, which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that ſurrounds this mole-hill, under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which, the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other ſcarce moiſtened his heel. In going and coming through both hemiſpheres, they did all that lay in their power to diſcover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They ſtooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the ſmall beings that crawl upon this earth; and, therefore, they could not find the ſmalleſt reaſon to ſuſpect that we and our fellow citizens of this globe had the honour to exiſt.

The dwarf, who ſometimes judged too haſtily, concluded at once that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reaſon was, that he had ſeen nobody. But, Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him ſenſible of the unjuſt concluſion; "For, (ſaid he,) with your diminutive eyes you cannot ſee certain ſtars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I diſtinctly perceive; and do you take it for granted that no ſuch ſtars exiſt?" "But I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf. "Then your ſenſe of feeling muſt be bad," reſumed the other. "But this globe, (ſaid the dwarf,) is ill contrived; and ſo irregular in its form as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but obſerve theſe little rivulets; not one of them runs in a ſtrait line: and theſe ponds which are neither round, ſquare, nor oval,

nor

nor indeed of any regular figure; together with those little sharp pebbles, (meaning the mountains,) that roughen the whole surface of the globe, and have tore all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place." "What then? (said Micromegas,) perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, in all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Every thing here seems to you irregular; because you fetch all your comparisons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason of the seeming confusion which you condemn; have not I told you, that in the course of my travels I have always met with variety?" The Saturnian replied to all these arguments; and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas in the heat of the contest had not luckily broke the string of his diamond necklace; so that the jewels fell to the ground, consisting of pretty small unequal karats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived, as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye, while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred; though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so that they were altered and adjusted;

juſted: at length, the inhabitant of Saturn diſcerned ſomething almoſt imperceptible moving between two waves in the Baltic: this was no other than a whale, which, in a dexterous manner, he caught with his little finger, and, placing it on the nail of his thumb, ſhewed it to the Syrian, who laughed heartily at the exceſſive ſmallneſs peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales; and being a mighty arguer, he forthwith ſet about inveſtigating the origin and motion of this ſmall atom, curious to know whether or not it was furniſhed with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this ſubject, he examined the animal with the moſt patient attention, and the reſult of his inquiry was, that he could ſee no reaſon to believe a ſoul was lodged in ſuch a body. The two travellers were actually inclined to think there was no ſuch thing as mind in this our habitation, when, by the help of their microſcope, they perceived ſomething as large as a whale floating upon the ſurface of the ſea. It is well known, that at this period a flight of philoſophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making obſervations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiſer *. The ga-

* Caſſini, who had meaſured a degree of the meridian in France, publiſhed in 1718 his book upon the ſize and figure of the earth, in which he concludes it is lengthened at the poles, in contradiction to the theory of Newton and Huygens; the French king ordered a company of academicians to meaſure a degree of the equator, and another to take the dimenſions of a degree at the polar circle, in order to determine this diſpute. Meſſrs. Goden, Bouguer, and de la Condamine, were ſent to Peru; while

gazettes record, that their veſſel ran aſhore on the coaſt of Bothnia, and that they with great difficulty ſaved their lives; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things: for my own part, I will ingenuouſly recount the tranſaction juſt as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no ſmall effort in a modern hiſtorian.

CHAP. V.

MIcromegas ſtretched out his hand gently towards the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he inſtantly pulled back, for fear of being diſappointed, then opening ſoftly and ſhutting them all at once, he very dexterouſly ſeized the ſhip that contained thoſe gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much preſſure, which might have cruſhed the whole in pieces. "This," ſaid the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former:" upon which, the Sirian placing the ſuppoſed animal in the hollow of his hand, the paſſengers and crew, who believed themſelves thrown by a hurricane upon ſome rock, began to put themſelves in motion. The ſailors having hoiſted out ſome caſks of wine, jump-

while Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Monnier, and Outhier, ſet out for Lapland. The obſervations of both companies, reinforced by thoſe of Don Jorge Juan, and Antonio d'Ulloa, two Spaniſh philoſophers employed by his Catholick Majeſty, confirmed the theory of Sir Iſaac Newton, that the earth was an oblate ſpheroid, flattened at the poles. A curious account of the voyage to Lapland, and of the obſervations there made, is to be found in the works of Maupertuis, publiſhed at Lyons in the year 1756.

jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland mistresses, went over-board at a different place, and made such a bustle in their descent, that the Sirian at length felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron crow chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his fore finger; and from this prick he concluded that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for the microscope, that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man.---I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance, to consider, that supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is endued with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will easily conceive that there must be a great variety of created substances;——and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel? I do not at all doubt, but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least to the caps of his company: but I assure him his labour will be in vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable. What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of

which

which we have been ſpeaking. When Leuwenhoek and Hartſoecker obſerved the firſt rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make ſuch an aſtoniſhing diſcovery. What pleaſure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in obſerving the motion of thoſe little machines, in examining all their pranks, and purſuing them in all their operations! with what joy did he put his microſcope into his companion's hand; and with what tranſport did they both at once exclaim, "I ſee them diſtinctly,—don't you perceive them carrying burdens, lying down and riſing up again?" So ſaying, their hands ſhook with eagerneſs to ſee, and apprehenſion to loſe ſuch uncommon objects.—The Saturnian making a ſudden tranſition, from the moſt cautious diſtruſt, to the moſt exceſſive credulity, imagined he ſaw them in the very work of propagation, and cried aloud, "I have ſurpriſed nature in the very fact." Nevertheleſs, he was deceived by appearances: a caſe too common, whether we do or do not make uſe of microſcopes.

CHAP. VI.

What happened in their intercourſe with Men.

MICROMEGAS being a much better obſerver than his dwarf, perceived diſtinctly that thoſe atoms ſpoke; and made the remark to his companion, who was ſo much aſhamed of being miſtaken in the article of generation, that he would not believe ſuch a puny ſpecies could poſſibly communicate their ideas: for, though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear thoſe particles ſpeak; and therefore ſuppoſed they had no language: beſides, how ſhould ſuch

imperceptible beings have the organs of ſpeech? and what in the name of God can they ſay to one another? in order to ſpeak, they muſt have ſomething like thought, and if they think, they muſt ſurely have ſomething equivalent to a ſoul: now, to attribute any thing like a ſoul to ſuch an inſect ſpecies, appears a mere abſurdity.—"But juſt now," replied the Sirian, "you believed they made love to each other; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without uſing ſome ſort of language, or at leaſt ſome way of making themſelves underſtood? or do you ſuppoſe it is more difficult to advance an argument than to produce a child? for my own part, I look upon both theſe faculties as alike myſterious." "I will no longer venture to believe or deny," anſwered the dwarf: "in ſhort I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavour to examine theſe inſects, and we will reaſon upon them afterwards.—" "With all my heart," ſaid Micromegas, who taking out a pair of ſciſſars, which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of ſpeaking trumpet, like a vaſt tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear: as the circumference of this machine included the ſhip and all the crew, the moſt feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; ſo that, thanks to his induſtry, the philoſopher could diſtinctly hear the buzzing of our inſects that were below; in a few hours he diſtinguiſhed articulate ſounds, and at laſt plainly underſtood the French language. The dwarf heard the ſame, though with more difficulty.

The aſtoniſhment of our travellers increaſed every inſtant. They heard a neſt of mites talk in a pretty ſenſible ſtrain: and that Luſus Naturæ ſeemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the

Sirian

Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into converſation with ſuch atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being underſtood by them, ſaw the neceſſity of diminiſhing the ſound; each, therefore, put into his mouth a ſort of ſmall tooth-pick, the ſlender end of which reached to the veſſel. The Sirian ſetting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ſhip and crew upon his nail, held down his head and ſpoke ſoftly.——In fine, having taken theſe and a great many more precautions, he addreſſed himſelf to them in theſe words.

"O ye inviſible inſects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyſs of infinite littleneſs, I give praiſe to his goodneſs, in that he hath been pleaſed to diſcloſe unto me thoſe ſecrets that ſeemed to be impenetrable; perhaps the court of Sirius will not diſdain to behold you with admiration: for my own part, I deſpiſe no creature, and therefore offer you my protection."

If ever there was ſuch a thing as aſtoniſhment, it ſeized upon the people who heard this addreſs, and who could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ſhip repeated exorciſms, the ſailors ſwore, and the philoſophers formed a ſyſtem: but, notwithſtanding all their ſyſtems, they could not divine who the perſon was that ſpoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whoſe voice was ſofter than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to underſtand what ſpecies of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of Monſieur Micromegas; and after having pitied their ſmallneſs, aſked if they had always been in that miſerable ſtate, ſo near a-kin to annihilation; and what their buſineſs was upon

that globe which seemed to be the property of whales; he also desired to know if they were happy in their situation, if they propagated their species, if they were inspired with souls? and put a hundred questions of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, more courageous than the rest, and shocked to hear his soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, "You believe then, Mr. what d'ye callum," said he, "that because you measure from head to foot a thousand fathoms"——"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heaven! how should he know the height of my stature? a thousand fathoms! my very dimensions to an hair. What, measured by a mite! this atom, forsooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can scarce perceive him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!" "Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion." The proposal was embraced; his excellency laid himself along: for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree in a certain part of him which doctor Swift would have mentioned without hesitation, but which I forbear to call by its name, out of my inviolable respect for the ladies; then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered, that the object of their observation was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length.

In consequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered these words: "I am now more than ever convinced that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God! who hast bestowed

ſtowed underſtanding upon ſuch ſeemingly contemptible ſubſtances, thou canſt with equal eaſe produce that which is infinitely ſmall, as that which is incredibly great: and if it be poſſible, that among thy works there are beings ſtill more diminutive than theſe, they may nevertheleſs, be endued with underſtanding ſuperior to the intelligence of thoſe ſtupendous animals I have ſeen in heaven, a ſingle foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted." One of the philoſophers bid him be aſſured, that there were intelligent beings much ſmaller than man, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but alſo deſcribed all that Swammerdam hath diſcovered, and Reaumur diſſected. In a word, he informed him that there are animals which bear the ſame proportion to bees, which bees bear to man; the ſame as the Sirian himſelf was to thoſe vaſt beings whom he had mentioned; and as thoſe huge animals were to other ſubſtances, before whom they would appear like ſo many particles of duſt. Here the converſation became very intereſting, and Micromegas proceeded in theſe words.

CHAP. VII.

A converſation that paſſed between our travellers and the men they had encountered.

"YE intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleaſed to manifeſt his omniſcience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth muſt be pure and exquiſite: for being unincumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little elſe than ſoul, you muſt ſpend your lives

lives in the delights of love and reflection, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect ſpirit. True happineſs I have no where found; but certainly here it dwells." At this harangue, all the philoſophers ſhook their heads, and one among the reſt, more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that, excepting a very ſmall number of inhabitants, who were very little eſteemed by their fellows, all the reſt were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miſerable wretches. "We have matter enough," ſaid he, "to do abundance of miſchief, if miſchief comes of matter; and too much underſtanding, if evil flows from underſtanding; you muſt know, for example, that this very moment, while I am ſpeaking, there are one hundred thouſand animals of our own ſpecies, covered with hats, ſlaying an equal number of fellow-creatures who wear turbans; at leaſt, they are either ſlaying or ſlain; and this hath been nearly the caſe all over the earth from time immemorial." The Sirian ſhuddering at this information, begged to know the cauſe of thoſe horrible quarrels among ſuch a puny race; and was given to underſtand, that the ſubject of the diſpute was ſome pitiful mole-hill no bigger than his heel: not that any one of thoſe millions who cut one another's throats pretends to have the leaſt claim to the ſmalleſt particle of that clod; the queſtion is to know, whether it ſhall belong to a certain perſon who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reaſon I know not) they dignify with the appellation of Cæſar. Neither one nor t'other has ever ſeen, or ever will ſee, the pitiful corner in queſtion; and ſcarce one of thoſe wretches who ſacrifice one another hath ever beheld the animal on whoſe account they are mutually ſacrificed!

"Ah

"Ah miſcreants! (cried the indignant Sirian) ſuch exceſs of deſperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three ſteps, and trample the whole neſt of ſuch ridiculous aſſaſſins under my feet." "Don't give yourſelf the trouble, (replied the philoſopher) they are induſtrious enough in procuring their own deſtruction; at the end of ten years the hundredth part of thoſe wretches will be no more: for, you muſt know, that though they ſhould not draw a ſword in the cauſe they have eſpouſed, famine, fatigue, and intemperance, would ſweep almoſt all of them from the face of the earth. Beſides, the puniſhment ſhould not be inflicted upon them, but upon thoſe ſedentary and ſlothful barbarians, who, from their cloſe-ſtools, give orders for murthering a million of men, and then ſolemnly thank God for their ſucceſs."

Our traveller, moved with compaſſion for the little human race, in which he diſcovered ſuch aſtoniſhing contraſts, "Since you are of the ſmall number of the wiſe, (ſaid he) and in all likelihood do not engage yourſelves in the trade of murder for hire, be ſo good as to tell me your occupation." "We anatomize flies, (replied the philoſopher) we meaſure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we underſtand, and diſpute upon two or three thouſand that are beyond our comprehenſion." Then the ſtrangers being ſeized with the whim of interrogating thoſe thinking atoms, upon the ſubjects about which they were agreed, "How far (ſaid the Sirian) do you reckon the diſtance between the great ſtar of the conſtellation Gemini, and that called Caniculus?" To this queſtion all of them anſwered with one voice, "Thirty-two degrees and

and an half." "And what is the diſtance from hence to the moon?" "Sixty ſemidiameters of the earth." He then thought to puzzle them by aſking the weight of the air; but they anſwered diſtinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times ſpecifically lighter than an equal column of the lighteſt water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, aſtoniſhed at their anſwers, was now tempted to believe thoſe very people ſorcerers, whom, but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow to be inſpired with ſouls.

"Well, (ſaid Micromegas,) ſince you know ſo well what is without you, doubtleſs you are ſtill more perfectly acquainted with that which is within; tell me what is the ſoul, and how your ideas are framed?" Here the philoſophers ſpoke all together as before; but each was of a different opinion: the eldeſt quoted Ariſtotle; another pronounced the name of Deſcartes; a third mentioned Mallebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke: an old peripatician lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The ſoul is perfection and reaſon, having power to be ſuch as it is:" as Ariſtotle expreſsly declares, page 633, of the Louvre edition.

Εντελεχια τις ἐστι, καὶ λόγος τὴν δυνάμιν ἐχοντος τοιὸνδε εἶναι.

"I am not very well verſed in Greek," ſaid the giant: "Nor I neither," replied the philoſophical mite. "Why then do you quote that ſame Ariſtotle in Greek?" reſumed the Sirian: "Becauſe, (anſwered the other,) it is but reaſonable we ſhould quote what we do not comprehend in a language we do not underſtand."

Here the Carteſian interpoſing, "The ſoul (ſaid he,)

he,) is a pure ſpirit or intelligence, which hath received in the mother's womb all the metaphyſical ideas; but, upon leaving that priſon, is obliged to go to ſchool, and learn anew that knowledge which it hath loſt, and will never more attain." "So it was neceſſary (replied the animal of eight leagues,) that thy ſoul ſhould be learned in thy mother's womb, in order to be ſo ignorant when thou haſt got a beard upon thy chin: but, what doſt thou underſtand by ſpirit?" "To what purpoſe do you aſk me that queſtion? (ſaid the philoſopher,) I have no idea of it: indeed it is ſuppoſed to be immaterial." "At leaſt, thou knoweſt what matter is?" reſumed the Sirian. "Perfectly well, (anſwered the other.) For example, that ſtone is grey, is of a certain figure, has three dimenſions, ſpecifick weight, and diviſibility." "Right, (ſaid the giant,) I want to know what that object is, which, according to thy obſervation, hath a grey colour, weight, and diviſibility." "Thou ſeeſt a few qualities, but doſt thou know the nature of the thing itſelf?" "Not I truly," anſwered the Carteſian. Upon which the other told him he did not know what matter was. Then addreſſing himſelf to another ſage who ſtood upon his thumb, he aſked what is the ſoul? and what are her functions? "Nothing at all, (replied this diſciple of Mallebranche;) God hath made every thing for my convenience; in him I ſee every thing, by him I act; he is the univerſal Agent, and I never meddle in his work." "That is being a non-entity indeed," ſaid the Sirian ſage; who, turning to a follower of Leibnitz, "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the ſoul?" "In my opinion, anſwered this metaphyſician, the ſoul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of a clock; or, if you pleaſe, the ſoul is the

clock; and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirrour of the universe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible.

A little partizan of Locke, who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, "I do not know (said he) by what power I think; but well I know, that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses: that there are immaterial and intelligent substances, I do not at all doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal Power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds: I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe that many more things are possible than are usually thought so." The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company: and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their different sizes. But unluckily there was another animalcule in a square cap, who, taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed that he knew the whole secret which was contained in the abridgement of St Thomas: he surveyed the two celestial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion our two travellers let themselves tumble topsy turvy, seized with a fit of that inextinguishable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods; their bellies quivered, their shoulders rose and fell, and, during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail into

the

the Saturnian's pocket, where theſe worthy people ſearched for it a long time with great diligence.— At length, having found the ſhip, and ſet every thing to rights again, the Sirian reſuming the diſcourſe with thoſe diminutive mites, promiſed to compoſe for them a choice book of philoſophy, which would teach them abundance of admirable ſciences, and demonſtrate the very eſſence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a preſent of the book, which was brought to the academy of ſciences at Paris; but when the old ſecretary came to open it, he ſaw nothing but blank paper, upon which "Ay, ay, (ſaid he) this is juſt what I ſuſpected."

LE TAUREAU BLANC:

OR,

THE WHITE BULL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Tranſlated from the SYRIAC,

By M. DE VOLTAIRE.

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THE

WHITE BULL.

CHAP. I.

How the Princeſs Amaſidia meets a Bull.

THE young Princeſs Amaſidia, daughter of Amaſi, King of Tanis in Egypt, took a walk upon the high-way of Peluſium with the ladies of her train. She was ſunk in a deep melancholy; the tears guſhed from her beautiful eyes. The cauſe of her grief is known, as well as the fears ſhe entertained, leſt that grief ſhould diſpleaſe the king her father. The old man Mambres, ancient magician and eunuch of the Pharaohs, was beſide her, and ſeldom left her. He was preſent at her birth; he had educated her, and taught her all that a fair princeſs was allowed to know of the ſciences of Egypt. The mind of Amaſidia equalled her beauty; her ſenſibility and tenderneſs did not yield to the charms of her perſon; and it was this ſenſibility which coſt her ſo many tears.

The Princeſs was four and twenty years old; the magician Mambres about thirteen hundred. It was he, as every one knows, who had that famous

diſpute

dispute with Moses, in which the victory was so long doubtful betwixt these two profound philosophers. If Mambres yielded, it was owing to the visible protection of the celestial powers who favoured his rival: it required gods to overcome Mambres.

Amasis made him superintendant of his daughter's household, and he acquitted himself in this office with his usual prudence. His compassion was excited by the sighs of the beautiful Amasidia.

"O my lover," cried she sometimes to herself, "my young, my dear lover, O greatest of conquerors, most accomplished, most beautiful of men! Almost seven years hast thou disappeared from the world: What god has snatched thee from thy tender Amasidia? Thou art not dead. The wise Egyptian prophets confess this. But thou art dead to me, I am alone in the world; to me it is a desart. By what extraordinary prodigy hast thou abandoned thy throne and thy mistress? Thy throne, which was the first in the world;---however, that is a matter of small consequence:---but to abandon me who adores thee, O! my dear Na---."

She was going on---"Tremble to pronounce that fatal name," said Mambres, the ancient eunuch and magician of the Pharaohs,) "you would perhaps be discovered by some of the ladies of your court; they are all very much devoted to you, and all fair ladies certainly make it a merit to serve the noble passions of fair princesses. But there may be one amongst them indiscreet, and even treacherous. You know that your father, although he loves you, has sworn to put you to death, should you pronounce the terrible name always ready to escape your

your lips. This law is ſevere; but you have not been educated in Egyptian wiſdom to be ignorant of the government of the tongue: remember that Harpocrates, one of our greateſt gods, has always his finger upon his mouth."

The beautiful Amaſidia wept, and was ſilent.

As ſhe penſively advanced towards the banks of the Nile, ſhe perceived at a diſtance under a thicket, watered by the river, an old woman in a tattered grey garment, ſeated on a hillock; ſhe had beſide her a ſhe-aſs, a dog, a he-goat: oppoſite to her was a ſerpent, which was not like the common ſerpents; for its eyes were mild, its phyſiognomy noble and engaging, its ſkin ſhone with the livelieſt and ſweeteſt colours. A huge fiſh, half immerſed in the river, was not the leaſt aſtoniſhing figure in the groupe. And on a neighbouring tree were perched a raven and a pigeon. All theſe creatures ſeemed to carry on a very animated converſation.

"Alas!" ſaid the princeſs in a low tone, theſe animals undoubtedly ſpeak of their loves, and it is not ſo much as allowed me to mention the name of mine."

The old woman held in her hand a ſlender ſteel chain, a hundred fathoms long, to which was made faſt a bull who fed in the meadow. This bull was white, perfectly well made, plump, and at the ſame time agile, which is a thing ſeldom to be found. He was the moſt beautiful that was ever ſeen of his kind. Neither the bull of Paſiphae, nor that in whoſe ſhape Jupiter appeared when he carried off Europa, could be compared to this noble animal. The charming young heifer into which Iſis was changed would have ſcarce been worthy of him.

As soon as he saw the princess, he ran towards her with the swiftness of a young Arabian horse, who flies over the plains and rivers of the ancient Saana, to approach the lovely mare who reigns in his heart, and makes him prick up his ears. The old woman used her utmost efforts to restrain him. The serpent wanted to terrify him by its hissing. The dog followed him, and bit his beautiful limbs. The she-ass crossed his way, and kicked him to make him return. The great fish remounted the Nile, and darting himself out of the water, threatened to devour him: The he-goat remained immoveable, and struck with fear. The raven fluttered round his head as if he wanted to tear out his eyes. The pigeon alone accompanied him from curiosity, and applauded him by a sweet murmur.

So extraordinary a sight threw Mambres into serious reflections. In the meanwhile, the white bull, dragging after him his chain and the old woman, had already reached the princess, who was struck with astonishment and fear. He throws himself at her feet, he kisses them, he sheds tears, he looks upon her with eyes, in which there was an uncommon mixture of grief and joy. He dared not to low, lest he should terrify the beautiful Amasidia. He could not speak. A weak use of the voice, granted by Heaven to certain animals, was denied him; but all his actions were eloquent. The princess was delighted with him; she found that a trifling amusement could suspend for some moments even the most pungent grief. "Here, said she, is a most amiable animal; I could wish much to have him in my stable."

At these words the bull bent himself on his four knees

knees and kiſſed the ground. "He underſtands me, cried the princeſs; he ſhews me that he wants to be mine. Ah, heavenly magician; ah, divine eunuch, give me this conſolation. Purchaſe this beautiful cherubim *. Settle the price with the old woman, to whom he no doubt belongs. This animal muſt be mine: do not refuſe me this innocent comfort." All the ladies joined their requeſts to the entreaties of the princeſs. Mambres yielded to them, and went to ſpeak to the old woman.

CHAP. II.

How the wiſe Mambres, formerly Magician of Pharaoh, knew again the old Woman, and was known by her.

"MADAM," ſaid he to her, "you know that ladies, and particularly princeſſes, have need of amuſement. The daughter of the king is diſtractedly fond of your bull, I beg that you will ſell him to us; you ſhall be paid in ready money."

"Sir," anſwered the old woman, "this precious animal does not belong to me. I am charged, together with all the beaſts which you ſee, to keep him with care, to watch all his motions, and to give an exact account of them. God forbid that I ſhould ever have any inclination to ſell this invaluable animal."

Mambres, upon this diſcourſe, began to have a

* Cherubim ſignifies, in Chaldean, a Bull.

confuſed remembrance of ſomething which he could not yet properly diſtinguiſh. He eyed the old woman in the grey cloak with greater attention.—"Reſpectable lady," ſaid he to her, "I either miſtake, or I have ſeen you formerly."—"I make no miſtake," replied the old woman, "I have ſeen you ſeven hundred years ago, in a journey which I made from Syria into Egypt ſome months after the deſtruction of Troy, when Hiram the ſecond reigned at Tyre, and Nephel-Keres in ancient Egypt."—"Ah! madam," cried the old man, "you are the remarkable witch of Endor."—"And you, Sir," ſaid the ſorcereſs, embracing him, "are the great Mambres of Egypt."—

"O unforeſeen meeting! memorable day! eternal decrees! ſaid Mambres; it certainly is not without permiſſion of the univerſal providence that we meet again in this meadow upon the banks of the Nile, near the noble city of Tanis. What, is it you who are ſo famous upon the banks of your little Jordan, and the firſt perſon in the world for raiſing apparitions?"

"What, is it you, Sir, who are ſo famous for changing rods into a ſerpent, the day into darkneſs, and rivers into blood?" "Yes, madam, but my great age has, in part, deprived me of my knowledge and power. I am ignorant from whence you have this beautiful bull, and who theſe animals are, that, together with you, watch around him." The old woman recollecting herſelf, raiſed her eyes to heaven, then replied:

"My dear Mambres, we are of the ſame profeſſion, but it is expreſsly forbidden me to tell you who this bull is. I can ſatisfy you with regard to the other animals. You will eaſily know them by the

the marks which characterise them. The serpent is that which persuaded Eve to eat an apple, and to make her husband partake of it. The ass, that which spoke to your cotemporary Balaam in a hollow way. The fish, which always carries its head above water, is that which swallowed Jonas a few years ago. The dog is he who followed the angel Raphael and the young Tobit in their journey to Raguſa in Media, in the time of the great Salmanazar. This goat is he who expiates all the sins of your nation. The raven and the pigeon, those which were in the ark of Noah:---great event! universal cataſtrophe! of which almoſt all the world is ſtill ignorant. You are now informed;---but of the bull you can know nothing."

Mambres, having liſtened with reſpect, ſaid, "The Eternal, O illuſtrious witch! reveals and conceals what he thinks proper. All the animals, who, together with you, are entruſted with the cuſtody of the white bull, are only known to your generous and agreeable nation, which is itſelf unknown to almoſt all the world. The miracles which you and your's, I and mine, have performed, ſhall one day be a great ſubject of doubt and ſcandal to falſe philoſophers. But happily theſe miracles ſhall find belief with the real ſages who ſhall prove ſubmiſſive to the enlightened in one corner of the world; and this is all that is neceſſary."

As he ſpoke theſe words, the princeſs pulled him by the ſleeve, and ſaid to him, "Mambres, will you not buy my bull?" The magician, plunged into a deep reverie, made no reply, and Amaſidia poured forth her tears.

She then addreſſed herſelf to the old woman,

"My

"My good woman," ſaid ſhe, "I conjure you, by all you hold moſt dear in the world, by your father, by your mother, by your nurſe, who are certainly ſtill alive, to ſell me not only your bull, but likewiſe your pigeon, which ſeems very much attached to him.

"As for the other animals, I do not want them; but I ſhall catch the vapours if you do not ſell me this charming bull, who will be all the happineſs of my life."

The old woman reſpectfully kiſſed the fringe of her gauze robe, and replied, "Princeſs, my bull is not to be ſold; your illuſtrious magician is acquainted with this. All that I can do for your ſervice is, to permit him to feed every day near your palace. You may careſs him, give him biſcuits, and make him dance about at your pleaſure; but he muſt always be under the eyes of all theſe animals who accompany me, and who are charged with the keeping of him. If he does not endeavour to eſcape from them, they will prove peaceable; but if he attempts once more to break his chain, as he did upon ſeeing you, woe be unto him, for I would not anſwer for his life: this large fiſh, which you ſee, will certainly ſwallow him, and keep him longer than *three* days in his belly; or this ſerpent, who appears to you ſo mild, will give him a mortal ſting."

The white bull, who underſtood perfectly the old woman's converſation, but was unable to ſpeak, humbly accepted all the propoſals; he laid himſelf down at her feet; he lowed ſoftly; and looking tenderly at Amaſidia, ſeemed to ſay to her, "Come and ſee me ſometimes upon the graſs." The ſerpent now took up the converſation: "Princeſs,"

ceſs," ſaid he, "I adviſe you to act implicitly as mademoiſelle of Endor has told you." The ſheaſs likewiſe put in her word, and was of the opinion of the ſerpent.

Amaſidia was afflicted that this ſerpent and this aſs ſhould ſpeak ſo well; while a beautiful bull, who had ſuch noble and tender ſentiments, was unable to expreſs them. "Alas," ſaid ſhe in a low voice, "nothing is more common at court: one ſees there every day fine lords who cannot converſe, and contemptible wretches who ſpeak with aſſurance."

"This ſerpent," ſaid Mambres, "is not a contemptible wretch; he is perhaps the perſonage of the greateſt importance."

The day now declined, and the princeſs was obliged to return home, after having promiſed to come back next day at the ſame hour. Her ladies of the palace were aſtoniſhed, and underſtood nothing of what they had ſeen or heard. Mambres made reflections. The princeſs recollecting that the ſerpent called the old woman Miſs, concluded at random that ſhe was a virgin, and felt ſome affliction that ſhe was ſtill one herſelf; reſpectable affliction! which ſhe concealed with as much care as the name of her lover.

CHAP. III.

How the beautiful Amaſidia had a ſecret Converſation with a beautiful Serpent.

THE beautiful princeſs recommended ſecrecy to her ladies with regard to what they had ſeen.

ſeen. They all promiſed it, and kept it for a whole day.

We may believe that Amaſidia ſlept little this night; an inexplicable charm continually recalled the idea of her beautiful bull. As ſoon therefore as ſhe was at freedom with her wife Mambres, ſhe ſaid to him: "O, ſage! this animal turns my head."----"He employs mine very much," ſaid Mambres. "I ſee plainly that this cherubim is very much ſuperior to thoſe of his ſpecies. I ſee that there is a great myſtery, and I ſuſpect a fatal event. Your father Amaſis is ſuſpicious and violent; and this affair requires that you conduct yourſelf with the greateſt precaution."

"Ah!" ſaid the princeſs, "I have too much curioſity to be prudent. It is the only ſentiment which can unite in my heart with that which preys upon me on account of the lover I have loſt. Can I not know who this white bull is that gives me ſuch ſtrange diſquiet?"

Mambres replied, "I have already confeſſed to you, madam, that my knowledge declines in proportion as my age advances; but I miſtake much if the ſerpent is not informed of what you are ſo very deſirous of knowing. He does not want ſenſe; he expreſſes himſelf with propriety; he has been long accuſtomed to interfere in the affairs of the ladies." "Ah! undoubtedly," ſaid Amaſidia, "this is the beautiful ſerpent of Egypt, who, by fixing his tail into his mouth, is the emblem of eternity; who enlightens the world when he opens his eyes, and darkens it when he ſhuts them."—"No, madam."----"It is then the ſerpent of Eſculapius.----"Still leſs."---It is perhaps Jupiter under the figure of a ſerpent."----"Not at all."----"Ah, now I ſee, I ſee; it is the rod which you----formerly

merly changed into a ſerpent."---" No, madam, it is not, but all theſe ſerpents are of the ſame family; the preſent has a very high character in his own country; he paſſes there for the moſt extraordinary ſerpent that was ever ſeen. Addreſs yourſelf to him. However, I warn you it is a dangerous undertaking. Were I in your place, I would hardly trouble myſelf either with the bull, the ſhe-aſs, the ſerpent, the fiſh, the raven, or the pigeon,---but paſſion hurries you on; and all I can do is to pity you, and tremble."

The princeſs conjured him to procure her a tete a tete with the ſerpent. Mambres, who was obliging, conſented, and making profound reflections, he went and communicated to the witch in ſo inſinuating a manner the whim of the princeſs, that the old woman told him Amaſidia might lay her commands upon her; that the ſerpent was perfectly well bred, and ſo polite to the ladies, that he wiſhed for nothing more than to oblige them, and would not fail the princeſs's aſſignation.

The ancient magician returned to inform the princeſs of this good news; but he ſtill dreaded ſome misfortune, and made reflections.---" You deſire to ſpeak with the ſerpent, madam; this you may accompliſh whenever your highneſs thinks proper. But remember you muſt flatter him; for every animal has a great deal of ſelf-love, and he in particular. It is ſaid he was formerly driven out of heaven for exceſſive pride."---" I have never heard of it," replied the princeſs.---" I believe it," ſaid the old man. He then informed her of all the reports which had been ſpread about this famous ſerpent. " But, madam, whatever ſingular adventures may have happened to him, you never can extort theſe ſecrets from him but by flattery: hav-

ing formerly deceived women, it is reasonable that a woman in her turn should deceive him."—"I will do my utmost," said the princess; and departed with her maids of honour. The old woman was feeding the bull at a considerable distance.

Mambres left Amasidia to herself, and went and discoursed with the witch. One lady of honour chatted with the she-asses, the others amused themselves with the goat, the dog, the raven, and the pigeon. As for the large fish that frightened every body, he plunged himself into the Nile by order of the old woman.

The serpent then attended the beautiful Amasidia into the grove, where they had the following conversation.

Serpent.

"You cannot imagine, madam, how much I am flattered with the honour which your highness deigns to confer upon me."

Princess.

"Your great reputation, Sir, the beauty of your countenance, and the brilliancy of your eyes, have readily determined me to seek for this conversation; I know by public report (if it is not false) that you were formerly a very great lord in the empyrean heaven."

Serpent.

"It is true, madam, I had there a very distinguished place. It is pretended I am a disgraced favourite. This is a report which at once went abroad in India*. The Brachmans were the first who

* The Brachmans were in fact the first who imagined a revo-

who gave a hiſtory of my adventures. And I doubt not but one day or other the poets of the north will make them the ſubject of an extravagant epick poem; for in truth it is all that can be made of them. Yet I am not ſo much fallen, but that I have left in this globe a very extenſive dominion. I might venture to aſſert that the whole earth belongs to me."

Princeſs.

"I believe it; for they tell me that your powers of perſuaſion are irreſiſtible, and to pleaſe is to reign."

Serpent.

"I feel, madam, while I behold and liſten to you, that you have over me the ſame power which you aſcribe to me over ſo many others."

Princeſs.

"You are, and I believe it, an amiable conqueror: it is ſaid that your conqueſts among the fair-ſex have been numerous, and that you began with our common mother, whoſe name I have forgot."

Serpent.

"They do me injuſtice. She honoured me with her confidence, and I gave her the beſt advice. I deſired that ſhe and her huſband ſhould eat heartily of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. I imagined in doing this that I ſhould pleaſe the Ruler of all things. It ſeemed to me, that a tree ſo neceſſary to the human race was not planted to be entirely uſeleſs. Would the ſupreme Being have

volt in heaven, and this fable long after ſerved as the groundwork for the hiſtory of the wars of the giants, and ſome other hiſtories.

wiſhed to have been ſerved by fools and idiots? Is not the mind formed for the acquiſition of knowledge and for improvement? Is not the knowledge of good and evil neceſſary for doing the one and avoiding the other? I certainly merited their thanks."

Princeſs.

"Yet, they tell me that you have ſuffered for it. Probably it is ſince this period that ſo many miniſters have been puniſhed for giving good advice, and ſo many real philoſophers and men of genius perſecuted for their writings that were uſeful to mankind."

Serpent.

"It is my enemies who have told you theſe ſtories: they cry that I am out of favour at court.—But a proof that my influence there has not declined, is their own confeſſion that I entered into the council when it was in agitation to try the good man Job: and I was again called upon when the reſolution was taken to deceive a certain petty king called Ahab*. I alone was charged with this honourable commiſſion."

Princeſs.

"Ah, Sir! I do not believe that you are formed to deceive. But ſince you are always in the miniſtry,

* Firſt book of Kings, chap. xxii. ver. 20, 21, 22.—"And the Lord ſaid, Who ſhall perſuade Ahab king of Iſrael, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead?—And there came forth a ſpirit and ſtood before the Lord, and ſaid, I will perſuade him: and the Lord ſaid unto him, How? and he ſaid, I will go forth and be a lying ſpirit in the mouths of all his prophets. And he ſaid, Thou ſhalt perſuade him, and prevail alſo: go forth, and do ſo."

niſtry, may I beg a favour of you? I hope ſo amiable a lord will not deny me."

Serpent.

"Madam, your requeſts are laws; name your commands."

Princeſs.

"I intreat you will tell me who this white bull is, for whom I feel ſuch extraordinary ſentiments, that they both affect and alarm me. I am told that you would deign to inform me."

Serpent.

"Madam, curioſity is neceſſary to human nature, and eſpecially to your amiable ſex. Without it they would live in the moſt ſhameful ignorance. I have always ſatisfied, as far as lay in my power, the curioſity of the ladies. I am accuſed indeed of uſing this complaiſance only to vex the Ruler of the world. I ſwear to you, that I could propoſe nothing more agreeable to myſelf than to obey you; but the old woman muſt have informed you that the revealing of this ſecret will be attended with ſome danger to you."

Princeſs.

"Ah! it is that which makes me ſtill more curious."

Serpent.

"In this I diſcover the ſex to whom I have formerly done ſervice."

Princeſs.

"If you poſſeſs any feeling, if rational beings ſhould mutually aſſiſt each other; if you have compaſſion for an unfortunate creature, do not refuſe my requeſt."

Serpent.

Serpent.

" You affect me, I muſt ſatisfy you, but do not interrupt me."

Princeſs.

" I promiſe you I will not."

Serpent.

" There was a young king, beautiful, charming, in love, beloved. . . .

Princeſs.

" A young king! beautiful, charming, in love, beloved! and by whom? and who was this king? How old was he? what is become of him? where is his kingdom? what is his name?"

Serpent.

" See, I have ſcarce begun, and you have already interrupted me: take care; if you have not more command over yourſelf, you are undone."

Princeſs.

Ah, pardon me, Sir; I will not repeat my indiſcretion: go on, I beſeech you."

Serpent.

" This great king, the moſt valiant of men, victorious wherever he carried his arms, often dreamed when aſleep, and forgot his dreams when awake; he wanted his magicians to remember and inform him what he had dreamed, otherwiſe he declared he would hang them, for that nothing was more equitable. It is now near ſeven years ſince he dreamed a fine dream, which he entirely forgot when he awoke; and a young Jew, full of experience, having revealed it to him, this amiable

able king was immediately changed into an ox for . . . ."

Princeſs.

" Ah! it is my dear Nabu . . . ." She could not finiſh, ſhe fainted away. Mambres, who liſtened at a diſtance, ſaw her fall, and believed her dead.

CHAP. IV.

How they wanted to ſacrifice the Bull, and exorciſe the Princeſs.

MAMBRES runs to her weeping. The ſerpent is affected; he, alas, cannot weep; but he hiſſes in a mournful tone, he cries out " *She is dead.*" The aſs repeats, " *She is dead:*" the raven tells it over again. All the other animals appeared afflicted, except the fiſh of Jonas, which has always been mercileſs. The lady of honour, the ladies of the court, arrive and tear their hair. The white bull, who fed at a diſtance, and heard their cries, runs to the grove, dragging the old woman after him, while his loud bellowings made the neighbouring echoes reſound. To no purpoſe did the ladies pour upon the expiring Amaſidia their bottles of roſe-water, of pink, of myrtle, of benjamin, of balm of Gilead, of amomum, of gilly flower, of nutmeg, of ambergreaſe. She had not as yet given the ſmalleſt ſigns of life.---But as ſoon as ſhe perceived that the beautiful white bull was beſide her, ſhe came to herſelf, more blooming, more beautiful and lively than ever. A thouſand times did ſhe kiſs this charming animal, who languiſhingly leaned his head on her ſnowy boſom. She called

called him "My master, my king, my dear, my life." She throws her fair arms around his neck, which was whiter than the snow; the light straw does not adhere more closely to the amber, the vine to the elm, nor the ivy to the oak. The sweet murmur of her sighs was heard, her eyes were seen now sparkling with a tender flame, and now obscured by those precious tears which love makes us shed.

We may easily judge into what astonishment the lady of honour and ladies of her train were thrown. As soon as they entered the palace, they related to their lovers this extraordinary adventure, and every one with different circumstances, which increased its singularity, and which always contributes to the variety of all histories.

No sooner was Amasis, king of Tanis, informed of these events, than his royal breast was inflamed with just indignation. Such was the wrath of Minos, when he understood that his daughter Pasiphae lavished her tender favours upon the father of the Minotaur. Thus raged Juno, when she beheld Jupiter caressing the beautiful cow Io, daughter of the river Inachus. Amasis shut up the fair Amasidia in her chamber, and placed upon her a guard of black eunuchs; then he assembled his privy council.

The grand magician presided there, but had no longer the same influence as formerly. All the ministers of state concluded that this white bull was a sorcerer. It was quite the contrary; he was bewitched: but in delicate affairs they are always mistaken at court.

It was carried by a great majority that the princess should be exorcised, and the old woman and the bull sacrificed.

The

The wise Mambres contradicted not the opinion of the king and council. The right of exorcising belonged to him; he could delay it under some plausible pretence. The god Apis was lately dead at Memphis. A god ox dies just like another ox. And it was not allowed to exorcise any person in Egypt till a new ox was found to replace the deceased.

It was decreed in the council, to wait the nomination which should be made of a new god at Memphis.

The good old man, Mambres, perceived to what danger his dear princess was exposed. He knew who her lover was. The syllables NABU .... which had escaped her, laid open the whole mystery to the eyes of this sage.

The dynasty of Memphis belonged at that time to the Babylonians; they preserved this remainder of the conquests they had gained under the greatest king of the world, to whom Amasis was a mortal enemy. Mambres had occasion for all his wisdom to conduct himself properly in the midst of so many difficulties. If the king Amasis should discover the lover of his daughter, her death was inevitable, he had sworn it. The great, the young, the beautiful king of whom she was enamoured, had dethroned the king her father, and Amasis had only recovered his kingdom about seven years. From that time it was not known what was become of the adorable monarch, the conqueror and idol of the nations, the tender and generous lover of the charming Amasidia; but sacrificing the bull would infallibly occasion the death of the beautiful Amasidia.

What could Mambres do in such critical circum-

ſtances? He went after the council broke up to find his dear foſter daughter; "My dear child," he ſays, "I will ſerve you; but I repeat it, they will behead you if ever you pronounce the name of your lover."

"Ah! what ſignifies *my neck*," replied the beautiful Amaſidia, "if I cannot embrace that of Nabuco... My father is a cruel man; he not only refuſes to give me a charming prince whom I adore, but he declared war againſt him; and when he was conquered by my lover, he has found the ſecret of changing him into an ox. Did one ever ſee more frightful malice? If my father was not my father, I do not know what I ſhould do to him."

"It was not your father who played him this cruel trick," ſaid the wiſe Mambres; it was a native of Paleſtine, one of our ancient enemies, an inhabitant of a little country, comprehended in that crowd of kingdoms which your lover ſubdued, in order to poliſh and refine them.

"Such metamorphoſes muſt not ſurpriſe you; you know that formerly I performed more extraordinary. Nothing was at that time more common than thoſe changes which at preſent aſtoniſh philoſophers. True hiſtory, which we have read together, informs us, that Lycaon, king of Arcadia, was changed into a wolf; the beautiful Caliſta, his daughter, into a bear; Io, the daughter of Inachus, our venerable Iſis, into a cow; Daphnis into a laurel; Sirinx into a flute; the fair Edith, wife of Lot, the beſt and moſt affectionate father that ever was in the world, is ſhe not become, in our neighbourhood, a pillar of ſalt very ſharp taſted, which has preſerved all the marks of her ſex and periodi-

cal

cal returns*, as the great men atteſt who have ſeen it: I was witneſs to this change in my youth. I ſaw ſeven powerful cities in the moſt dry and parched ſituation in the world, all at once tranſformed into a beautiful lake. In the early part of my life the whole world was full of metamorphoſes.

"In fine, madam, if examples can ſooth your grief, remember that Venus changed Ceraſtes into an ox." "I do not know," ſaid the princeſs, "that examples comfort us: If my lover was dead, could I comfort myſelf by the idea that all men die?" "Your pain may at leaſt be alleviated," replied the ſage; "and ſince your lover has become an ox, it is poſſible from an ox he may become a man. As for me, I deſerve to be changed into a tyger or a crocodile, if I did not employ the little power I have in the ſervice of a princeſs worthy of the adoration of the world, for the beautiful Amaſidia whom I have nurſed upon my knees, and whom fatal deſtiny expoſes to ſuch rude trials."

CHAP. V.

How the wiſe Mambres conducted himſelf wiſely.

THE divine Mambres having ſaid every thing he could to comfort the princeſs, but without having comforted her, ran to the old woman---

* Tertullian, in his poem of Sodom, ſays, "Dicitur et vivens alio ſub corpore ſexus, munificos, ſolito diſpungere ſanguine menſes." St. Ireneus, book 4th, per naturalia quæ ſunt conſuetudine fœminæ oſtendens."

" My companion," faid he to her, " ours is a charming profeſſion, but it is very dangerous. You run the riſk of being hanged, and your ox of being burnt, drowned, or devoured. I don't know what they will do with your other animals; for prophet as I am, I know very little; but do you carefully conceal the ſerpent and the fiſh. Let not the one ſhew his head above water, nor the other go out of his hole. I will place the ox in one of my ſtables in the country; you ſhall be there with him, ſince you ſay that it is not allowed you to abandon him. The good ſcape-goat may upon the occaſion ſerve as an expiation; we will ſend him into the deſart loaded with the ſins of all the reſt; he is accuſtomed to this ceremony, which does him no harm; and every one knows that all is expiated by means of a he-goat who walks about for his amuſement. I only beg of you to lend me immediately Tobit's dog, who is a very ſwift grey-hound; Balaam's aſs, who runs better than a dromedary; the raven and the pigeon of the ark, who fly with amazing ſwiftneſs. I want to ſend them on an embaſſy to Memphis, in an affair of great conſequence."

The old woman replied to the magician, " You may diſpoſe as you pleaſe of Tobit's dog, of Balaam's aſs, of the raven and the pigeon of the ark, and of the ſcape-goat; but my ox cannot enter into a ſtable. It is ſaid, Daniel, chap. v. That he muſt be always made faſt to an iron chain, be always wet with the dew of heaven, and eat the graſs of the field, and his portion be with the wild beaſts.

" He is truſted to me, and I muſt obey. What would Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, think of me, if I truſted my ox to any other than to myſelf? I ſee you know the ſecret of this extraordinary animal,

mal, but I have not to reproach myself with having revealed it to you. I am going to conduct him far from this polluted land, towards the lake Sirbon, where he will be sheltered from the cruelties of the king of Tanis. My fish and my serpent will defend me; I fear nobody when I serve my master."

"My good woman," answered the wise Mambres, "let the will of God be done! provided I can find your white bull again, the lake Sirbon, the lake Maris, or the lake of Sodom, are to me perfectly indifferent. I want to do nothing but good to him and to you. But why have you spoken to me of Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah?" "Ah! Sir," answered the old woman, "you know as well as I what concern they have in this important affair. But I have no time to lose. I don't desire to be hanged; I want not that my bull should be burned, drowned, or devoured; I go to the lake Sirbon by Canepus, with my serpent and my fish. Adieu."

The bull followed her pensively, after having testified his gratitude to the beneficent Mambres.

The wise Mambres was greatly troubled; he saw that Amasis king of Tanis, distracted by the foolish passion of his daughter for this animal, and believing her bewitched, would pursue every where the unfortunate bull; who would infallibly be burnt as a sorcerer in the public place of Tanis, or given to the fish of Jonas, or be roasted and served up to table.—Mambres wanted at all events to save the princess from this cruel disaster.

He wrote a letter to the high priest of Memphis, his friend, in sacred characters, upon the paper of Egypt, which was not yet in use. Here are the identical words of his letter:

"Light

"Light of the world, lieutenant of Iſis, Oſiris, and Horus, chief of the circumciſed, you whoſe altar is juſtly raiſed above all thrones! I am informed that your god the ox Apis is dead. I have one at your ſervice. Come quickly with your prieſts to acknowledge, to worſhip him, and to conduct him into the ſtable of your temple. May Iſis, Oſiris, and Horus, keep you in their holy and worthy protection, and likewiſe you the prieſts of Memphis in their holy care.

Your affectionate friend,

Mambres."

He made four copies of this letter for fear of accidents, and encloſed them in caſes of the hardeſt ebony. Then calling to him his four couriers, whom he had deſtined for this employment, (theſe were the aſs, the dog, the raven, and the pigeon,) he ſaid to the aſs, "I know with what fidelity you ſerved Balaam my brother, ſerve me with the ſame. There is not an unicorn who equals you in ſwiftneſs. Go, my dear friend, and deliver this letter to the perſon himſelf to whom it is directed, and return."

The aſs anſwered, "Sir, as I ſerved Balaam, I will ſerve you; I will go, and I will return." The ſage put the box of ebony into her mouth, and ſhe departed, ſwift as lightning.

Then he called Tobit's dog. "Faithful dog," ſaid Mambres, "more ſpeedy in thy courſe than the nimble-footed Achilles, I know what you performed for Tobit ſon of Tobit, when you and the angel Raphael accompanied him from Nineveh to Raguſa in Media, and from Raguſa to Nineveh, and that he brought back to his father ten* talents, which the

* About 20 thouſand crowns of France, preſent currency.

the ſlave Tobit the father had lent to the ſlave Gabellus; for the ſlaves at that time were very rich. Carry this letter as it is directed, which is much more valuable than ten talents of ſilver." The dog then replied, "Sir, if I formerly followed the meſſenger Raphael, I can with equal eaſe execute your commiſſion." Mambres put the letter into his mouth.

He next ſpoke in the ſame manner to the pigeon, who replied, "Sir, if I brought back a bough into the ark, I will likewiſe bring you back an anſwer." She took the letter in her bill, and the three meſſengers were out of ſight in a moment.

Then Mambres addreſſed the raven: "I know that you fed the great prophet Elias * when he was concealed near the torrent of Carith, ſo much celebrated in the world. You brought him every day good bread and fat pullets; I only aſk of you to carry this letter to Memphis."

The raven anſwered in theſe words: "It is true, Sir, that I carried every day a dinner to the great prophet Elias the Thiſbite; I ſaw him mount in a chariot of fire drawn by fiery horſes; altho' this is not the uſual method of travelling: but I always took care to eat half the dinner myſelf. I am very well pleaſed to carry your letter, provided you make me certain of two good meals every day, and that I am paid money in advance for my commiſſion."

Mambres, angry, replied, "Gluttonous and malicious creature, I am not aſtoniſhed that Apollo has made you black as a mole, from being white as a ſwan, as you was formerly, before you betrayed in the plains of Theſſaly the beautiful Coronis, the

* IIId. book of Kings, chap. 17.

the unfortunate mother of Eſculapius. Tell me, did you eat ribs of beef and pullets every day when you was ten whole months in the ark?"—"Sir," ſaid the raven, "we had there very good cheer; they ſerved up roaſt meat twice a-day to all the fowls of my ſpecies who live upon nothing but fleſh, ſuch as the vultures, kites, eagles, buzzards, ſparrow-hawks, owls, tarſels, falcons, great owls, and an innumerable crowd of birds of prey. They furniſhed with the moſt plentiful profuſion the tables of the lions, leopards, tigers, panthers, hyænas, wolves, bears, foxes, polecats, and all ſorts of carnivorous quadrupeds. There were in the ark eight perſons of diſtinction, (and the only ones who were then in the world,) continually employed in the care of our table and our wardrobe; Noah and his wife, who were about ſix hundred years old, their three ſons, and their three wives. It was charming to ſee with what care, what dexterity, what cleanlineſs, our eight domeſtics ſerved four thouſand of the moſt ravenous gueſts, without reckoning the amazing trouble which about ten or twelve thouſand other animals required, from the elephant and the gyraffe to the ſilk-worm and fly. What aſtoniſhes me is, that our purveyor Noah is unknown to all the nations of whom he is the ſtem, but I don't much mind it. I had already been preſent at a ſimilar * entertainment with Xeſuſtres king of Thrace; ſuch things as theſe happen from time to time for the inſtruction of the ravens. In a word,

* Beroſus, a Chaldean author, relates an affair that the ſame adventure happened to Xeſuſtres king of Thrace: it was ſtill more wonderful, for his ark was about 5 ſtadii long, and 2 broad. There is a great diſpute amongſt the learned, whether king Xeſuſtres or Noah was the moſt ancient.

word, I want to have good cheer, and to be paid in ready money."

The wife Mambres took care not to give his letter to such a discontented and babbling animal; and they separated very much dissatisfied with each other.

But it is necessary to know what became of the white bull, and not to lose the traces of the old woman and the serpent. Mambres ordered his intelligent and faithful domestics to follow them; and as for himself, he advanced in a litter by the side of the Nile, always making reflections.

"How is it possible," said he to himself, "that a serpent should be master of almost all the world, as he boasts, and as so many learned men acknowledge, and that he nevertheless obeys an old woman? How is it, that he is sometimes called to the council of the Most High while he creeps upon earth? In what manner can he enter by his power alone into the bodies of men, and that so many men pretend to dislodge him by means of words? In short, why does he pass with a small neighbouring people for having ruined the human race? and how is it that the human race are entirely ignorant of this? I am old, I have studied all my life, but I see a crowd of inconsistencies which I cannot reconcile; I cannot account for what has happened to myself, neither for the great things which I long ago performed, nor those of which I have been witness. Every thing well considered, I begin to think that this world subsists by contradictions, *rerum concordia discors*, as my master Zoroaster formerly said in his language."

While he was plunged in this obscure metaphysical reasoning, such are all metaphysics, a boat-

man ſinging a jovial ſong, made faſt a ſmall boat by the ſide of the river, and three grave perſonages, half clothed in dirty tattered garments, landed from it, but preſerved, under the garb of poverty, the moſt majeſtic and auguſt air. Theſe were *Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah.*

CHAP. VI.

How Mambres met three Prophets, and gave them a good Dinner.

THESE three great men who had the prophetic light in their countenance, knew the wiſe Mambres to be one of their brethren, by ſome marks of the ſame light which he had ſtill remaining, and proſtrated themſelves before his litter. Mambres likewiſe knew them to be prophets, more by their dreſs, than by thoſe gleams of fire which proceeded from their auguſt heads; he conjectured that they came to learn news of the white bull; and conducting himſelf with his uſual propriety, he alighted from his carriage, and advanced a few ſteps towards them, with a politeneſs mixed with dignity. He raiſed them up, cauſed tents to be erected, and prepared a dinner, of which he judged that the prophets had very great need.

He invited the old woman to it, who was only about five hundred paces from them, who accepted the invitation, and arrived, leading her white bull.

Two ſoups were ſerved up, one *de Biſque*, and the other *a la Reine.* The firſt courſe conſiſted of a carp's tongue pye, livers of eel-pouts, and pikes; fowls dreſſed with piſtachios, pigeons with truffles and

and olives; two young turkeys with gravy of cray fish, mushrooms, and morels; and a chipotata. The second course was composed of pheasants, partridges, quails, and ortolans, with four sallads; the epargne was in the highest taste; nothing could be more delicious than the side dishes; nothing more brilliant and more ingenious than the desert. But the wise Mambres took great care to have no boiled beef, nor short ribs, nor tongue, nor palate of an ox, nor cows udder, lest the unfortunate monarch near at hand should think that they insulted him.

This great and unfortunate prince was feeding near the tent; and never did he feel in a more cruel manner the fatal revolution which had deprived him of his throne for seven long years. "Alas!" said he to himself, "this Daniel who has changed me into a bull, and this sorceress my keeper, make the best cheer in the world; while I, the sovereign of Asia, am reduced to the necessity of eating grass, and drinking water."

When they had drank heartily of the wine of Engaddi, of Tadmor, and of Schiras, the prophets and witch conversed with more frankness than at the first course. "I must acknowledge," said Daniel, "that I did not live so well in the lion's den." "What, Sir," said Mambres, "did they put you into a den of lions? how came you not to be devoured?"

"Sir," said Daniel, "you know that lions never eat prophets."—"As for me," said Jeremiah, "I have passed my whole life starving of hunger. This is the only day I have ever ate a good meal; and were I to spend my life over again, and had it in my power to choose my condition, I must own

I would much rather be comptroller-general or biſhop of Babylon, than prophet at Jeruſalem."

Ezekiel cried (chap. iv.) "I was once ordered to ſleep three hundred four ſcore and ten days upon my left ſide, and to eat all that time bread of barley, millet, vetches, beans, and wheat, covered in the moſt delicious manner. All that I was able to obtain was to cover it with cows dung. I muſt own that the cookery of Seigneur Mambres is much more delicate; however the prophetic trade has its advantages, and the proof is, that there are thouſands who follow it."

After they had ſpoken thus freely, Mambres entered upon buſineſs; he aſked the three pilgrims the reaſon of their journey into the dominions of the king of Tanis. Daniel replied, "That the kingdom of Babylon had been all in a flame ſince Nabucodnoſer had diſappeared; that according to the cuſtom of the court, they had perſecuted all the prophets, who paſſed their lives in ſometimes ſeeing kings humbled at their feet, and ſometimes receiving a hundred laſhes from them; that at length they had been obliged to take refuge in Egypt for fear of being ſtarved.—Ezekiel and Jeremiah likewiſe ſpoke a long time in ſo very fine terms that it was almoſt impoſſible to underſtand them. As for the witch, ſhe had always a ſtrict eye over her charge: the fiſh of Jonas continued in the Nile oppoſite to the tent, and the ſerpent ſported upon the graſs. After drinking coffee, they took a walk by the ſide of the Nile; and the white bull, perceiving the three prophets, his enemies, bellowed moſt dreadfully, ran furiouſly at them, gored them with his horns; and as prophets never have any thing but ſkin upon their bones, he would certainly have run them through; but the Ruler

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of the world who sees all and remedies all, changed them immediately into magpies; and they continued to chatter as before. The same thing happened since to the Pierides; so much has fable always imitated history.

This incident promoted new reflections in the mind of the wise Mambres. "Here," said he, "are three great prophets changed into magpies; this ought to teach us never to speak too much, and always to observe a suitable discretion:" he concluded that wisdom was better than eloquence, and thought profoundly as usual, when a great and terrible spectacle presented itself to his eyes.

CHAP. VII.

How King Amasis wanted to give the White Bull to be devoured by the Fish of Jonas, and did not do it.

CLOUDS of dust floated from south to north; the noise of drums, fifes, psalteries, harps, and sackbuts was heard, several squadrons and battalions advanced, and Amasis king of Tanis was at their head upon an Arabian horse, caparisoned with scarlet trappings embroidered with gold, while the heralds proclaimed that they should seize the white bull, bind him, and throw him into the Nile, to be devoured by the fish of Jonas; "for the king our lord, who is just, wants to revenge himself upon the white bull, who has bewitched his daughter."

The good old man Mambres made more reflections than ever. He saw very plainly that the malicious

licious raven had told all to the king, and that the princeſs ran a great riſk of being beheaded. "My dear friend," ſaid he to the ſerpent, "go quickly and comfort the fair Amaſidia, my foſter daughter; bid her fear nothing whatever may happen, and tell her ſtories to alleviate her inquietude; for ſtories always amuſe the ladies, and it is only by them that one can ſucceed in the world."

Mambres next proſtrated himſelf before Amaſis king of Tanis, and thus addreſſed him; "O king, live for ever, the white bull ſhould certainly be ſacrificed, for your majeſty is always in the right; but the Ruler of the world has ſaid, this bull muſt not be ſwallowed up by the fiſh of Jonas till Memphis ſhall have found a god to ſupply the place of him who is dead; then thou ſhalt be revenged, and thy daughter exorciſed, for ſhe is poſſeſſed. Your piety is too great not to obey the commands of the Ruler of the univerſe."

Amaſis king of Tanis remained ſome time penſive. "The god Apis," ſaid he at laſt, "is dead! God reſt his ſoul! when do you think another ox will be found to reign over the fruitful Egypt?"

"Sire," replied Mambres, "I aſk but eight days." "I grant them to you," replied the king, who was very religious, "and I will remain here the eight days; after which I will ſacrifice the ſeducer of my daughter." Amaſis immediately ordered his tents, his cooks, his muſicians, and remained here eight days, as it is related in Manethon.

The old woman was in deſpair that the bull ſhe had in charge had but eight days to live. She raiſed phantoms every night, in order to diſſuade the king from his cruel reſolution; but Amaſis forgot in the morning the phantoms he had ſeen in

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the night; similar to Nebuchadnezar, who had always forgot his dreams.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Serpent told Stories to the Princeſs to comfort her.

MEAN while the ſerpent told ſtories to the fair Amaſidia to ſooth her. He related to her, how he had formerly cured a whole nation of the bite of certain little ſerpents, only by ſhewing himſelf at the end of a ſtaff. He informed her of the conqueſts of a hero who made a charming contraſt with Amphion, architect of Thebes in Bœotia. Amphion aſſembled hewn ſtones by the ſound of his violin; to build a city he had only to play a rigodoon and a minuet; but the other hero deſtroyed them by the ſound of rams horns; he cauſed to hang thirty-one powerful kings in a country of four leagues in length and four in breadth; he made ſtones rain down from heaven upon a battalion of routed Amorites; and having thus exterminated them, he ſtopped the ſun and moon at noon day between Gibeon and Aſkalon, in the road to Bethoron, to exterminate them ſtill more, after the example of Bacchus, who had ſtopt the ſun and the moon in his journey to the Indies.

The prudence which every ſerpent ought to have, did not allow him to tell the fair Amaſidia of the powerful Jepthah, ſon of ——, who beheaded his daughter, becauſe he had gained a battle. This would have ſtruck too much terror into the mind of the fair princeſs; but he related to her the adventures of the great Sampſon, who killed a thouſand

ſand Philiſtines with the jaw-bone of an aſs, who tied together three hundred foxes by the tail, and who fell into the ſnares of a lady, leſs beautiful, leſs tender, and leſs faithful than the charming Amaſidia.

He related to her the unfortunate loves of Sechem and the lovely Dinah, who was ſix years old; and the more fortunate amours of Ruth and Boaz; thoſe of Judah with his daughter-in-law Thamar; thoſe even of Lott, with his two daughters, who did not chuſe that the human race ſhould be extinguiſhed; thoſe of Abraham and Jacob with their ſervant maids; thoſe of Ruben with his mother; thoſe of David and Bathſheba; thoſe of the great king Solomon; in ſhort, every thing which could diſſipate the grief of a fair princeſs.

CHAP. IX.

How the Serpent did not comfort the Princeſs.

"ALL theſe ſtories tire me," ſaid Amaſidia, for ſhe had underſtanding and taſte, "they are good for nothing but to be commented upon amongſt the Iriſh by that madman Abbadie, or amongſt the Welſh* by that prattler d'Houteville. Stories which might have amuſed the great, great, great grandmother of the great, great, great grandmother of my grandmother, appear inſipid to me who have been educated by the wiſe Mambres, and who have read *human underſtanding* by the Egyptian philoſopher named Locke, and the *Matron of Epheſus;* I chuſe that a ſtory

* The French.

a ſtory ſhould be founded on probability, and not always reſembling a dream; I deſire to find nothing in it trivial or extravagant; and I want, above all, that under the appearance of fable there may appear ſome latent truth, obvious to the diſcerning eye, though it eſcape the obſervation of the vulgar.

"I am weary of a ſun and of a moon, which an old beldame diſpoſes at her pleaſure, of mountains which dance, of rivers which return to their ſources, and of dead men who riſe again; but I am above meaſure diſguſted when ſuch inſipid ſtories are written in a bombaſt and unintelligible manner. A lady who expects to ſee her lover ſwallowed up by a great fiſh, and who is apprehenſive of being beheaded by her own father, has need of amuſement; but ſuit my amuſement to my taſte."

"You impoſe a very difficult taſk upon me," replied the ſerpent. "I could have formerly made you paſs a few hours agreeably enough, but for ſome time paſt I have loſt both my imagination and memory. Alas! what is become of that time when I amuſed the ladies? Let me try, however, if I can recollect one moral tale for your entertainment.

"Five and twenty thouſand years ago king Gnaof and queen Patra reigned in Thebes with its hundred gates. King Gnaof was very handſome, and queen Patra ſtill more beautiful; but his attempts to have children were unſucceſsful. The king Gnaof propoſed a reward for the perſon who ſhould diſcover the beſt method of perpetuating the royal race.

"The faculty of medicine, and the academy of ſurgery, wrote excellent treatiſes upon this queſtion.

Not one of them ſucceeded. The queen was ſent to drink mineral waters; ſhe faſted and prayed; ſhe made magnificent preſents to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, from whence comes the ſal armoniac; but all was to no purpoſe. At length a young prieſt of five and twenty, preſented himſelf to the king: "Sire, ſaid he, I imagine that I am in poſſeſſion of the charm which will produce the effect your majeſty ſo earneſtly deſires. I muſt whiſper ſomething in private to madam, your ſpouſe, and if ſhe does not become fruitful, I conſent to be hanged." "I accept the propoſal," ſaid king Gnaof. "They left the queen and the prieſt but a quarter of an hour together; the queen became pregnant, and the king wanted to hang the prieſt."

"My God!" ſaid the princeſs, "but I ſee where this leads: this ſtory is too common, and I muſt likewiſe tell you that it offends my modeſty. Relate ſome very true and moral ſtory, which I have never yet heard, to complete the improvement of my underſtanding and my heart, as the Egyptian profeſſor Lenro ſays."

"Here then, madam," ſaid the beautiful ſerpent, "is one moſt inconteſtibly authentic.

"There were three prophets all equally ambitious and diſcontented with their condition they had in common the folly to wiſh to be kings for there is only one ſtep from the rank of a prophet to that of a monarch, and man always aſpires to the higheſt ſtep in the ladder of fortune In other reſpects, their inclinations and their pleaſures were totally different. The firſt preached admirably to his aſſembled brethren, who applauded him by clapping their hands; the ſecond was diſtrac-

diſtractedly fond of muſic; and the third was a paſſionate lover of the fair ſex.

" The angel Ithuriel preſented himſelf one day to them when they were at table diſcourſing on the ſweets of royalty. " The Ruler of the world, ſaid the angel to them, ſends me to you to reward your virtue; not only ſhall you be kings, but you ſhall conſtantly ſatisfy your ruling paſſions. You, firſt prophet, I make king of Egypt, and you ſhall continually preſide in your council, who ſhall applaud your eloquence and your wiſdom; and you, ſecond prophet, I make king over Perſia, and you ſhall continually hear moſt heavenly muſic; and you, third prophet, I make king of India, and I give you a charming miſtreſs who ſhall never forſake you.

" He, to whoſe lot Egypt fell, began his reign by aſſembling his council, which was compoſed only of two hundred ſages. He made them a long and eloquent ſpeech, which was very much applauded, and the monarch enjoyed the pleaſing ſatisfaction of intoxicating himſelf with praiſes uncorrupted by flattery.

" The council for foreign affairs ſucceeded to the privy council; this was much more numerous. And a new ſpeech received ſtill greater encomiums; and it was the ſame in the other councils. There was not a moment of intermiſſion in the pleaſures and glory of the prophet king of Egypt. The fame of his eloquence filled the world.

" The prophet king of Perſia began his reign by an Italian opera, whoſe choruſes were ſung by fifteen hundred eunuchs; their voices penetrated his ſoul even to the very marrow of the bones, where it reſides. To this opera ſucceeded another, and to the ſecond a third without interruption.

"The king of India ſhut himſelf up with his miſtreſs, and enjoyed perfect pleaſure with her. He conſidered the neceſſity of always careſſing her as the higheſt felicity, and pitied the wretched ſituation of his two brethren, of whom one was obliged always to convene his council, and the other to be continually at an opera.

"It happened at the end of a few days, that each of theſe kings beheld from his window wood-cutters who came from an ale-houſe, and were going to work in a neighbouring foreſt; they walked arm in arm with their ſweet-hearts, with whom they were happy, and changed them at pleaſure.—The kings begged of the angel Ithuriel that he would intercede with the Ruler of the world, and make *them* wood-cutters."

"I do not know whether the Ruler of the world granted their requeſt," interrupted the tender Amaſidia, "and I do not care much about it; but I know very well that I ſhould aſk for nothing of any one, were I in private with my lover, with my dear NABUCODNOSER."

The vaults of the palace reſounded this mighty name; at firſt Amaſidia had only pronounced Na—afterwards Nabu—then Nabuco—at length paſſion hurried her on, and ſhe pronounced entire the fatal name, notwithſtanding the oath ſhe had ſworn to the king her father. All the ladies of the court repeated NABUCODNOSER, and the malicious raven did not fail to carry the tidings to the king. The countenance of Amaſis, king of Tanis, ſunk, becauſe his heart was troubled. And thus it was that the ſerpent, the wiſeſt, and moſt ſubtile of animals, always beguiled the women, thinking to do them ſervice.

Amaſis, in a fury, ſent twelve alguazils for his daugh-

daughter; these men are always ready to execute barbarous orders, because they are paid for it.

CHAP. X.

How they wanted to behead the Princess, and did not behead her.

NO sooner had the princess entered the camp of the king, than he said to her; "My daughter, you know that all princesses who disobey their fathers are put to death; without which it would be impossible that a kingdom could be well governed. I charged you never to mention the name of your lover Nabucodnosor, my mortal enemy, who dethroned me about seven years ago, and disappeared. In his place you have chosen a white bull, and you have cried NABUCODNOSER. It is just that I behead you."

The princess replied, "My father, thy will be done! but grant me some time to bewail my virginity." "That is reasonable," said king Amasis; "and it is a rule established amongst the most judicious princes. I give you a whole day to bewail your virginity, since you say that you have it. To-morrow, which is the eighth day of my encampment, I will cause the white bull to be swallowed up by the fish, and I will behead you precisely at nine o'clock in the morning."

The beautiful Amasidia then went forth to bewail all that remained to her of her virginity by the side of the Nile, accompanied with the ladies of her train.

The

The wife Mambres pondered beside her, and reckoned the hours and the moments. "Well! my dear Mambres," said she to him, "you have changed the waters of the Nile into blood, according to custom, and cannot you change the heart of Amasis, king of Tanis, my father? Will you suffer him to behead me to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning?"——"That depends," replied the reflecting Mambres, "upon the speed and diligence of my couriers."

The next day, as soon as the shadows of the obelisks and pyramids marked upon the ground the ninth hour of the day, the white bull was bound to be thrown to the fish of Jonas; and they brought to the king his large sabre. "Alas! alas!" said Nabucodnosor to himself, "I a king have been an ox for near seven years; and scarcely have I found the mistress I had lost when I am condemned to be devoured by a fish."

Never had the wise Mambres made such profound reflections; and he was quite absorbed in his melancholy thoughts when he saw at a distance all he expected. An innumerable crowd drew nigh. Three figures of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, joined together, advanced, drawn in a carriage of gold and precious stones by a hundred senators of Memphis, preceded by a hundred girls playing upon the sacred sistrums. Four thousand priests, with their heads shaved, were each mounted upon a hippopotamus.

At further distance appeared with the same pomp the sheep of Thebes, the dog of Babastes, the cat of Phæbe, the crocodile of Arsinoe, the goat of Mendez, and all the inferior gods of Egypt, who came to pay homage to the great ox, to the mighty Apis

Apis, as powerful as Iſis, Oſiris, and Horus, united together.

In the midſt of the demigods, forty prieſts carried an enormous baſket filled with ſacred onions: theſe were, it is true, gods, but they reſembled onions very much.

On both ſides of this file of gods, followed by an innumerable crowd of people, marched forty thouſand warriors, with helmets on their heads, ſcymetars upon their left thighs, quivers at their ſhoulders, and bows in their hands.

All the prieſts ſinging in chorus, with a harmony which raviſhed the ſoul, and which melted it,

"Alas! alas! our ox is dead——
"We'll have a finer in his ſtead."

And at every pauſe was heard the ſound of the ſiſtrums, of cymbals, of tabors, of pſalteries, of bagpipes, harps, and ſackbuts.

Amaſis, king of Tanis, aſtoniſhed at this ſpectacle beheaded not his daughter; he ſheathed his ſcymetar.

CHAP. XI.

How the Princeſs married her Ox.

"GREAT king," ſaid Mambres to him, "the order of things is changed; your majeſty muſt ſet the example. O king! quickly unbind the white bull, and be the firſt to adore him."

Amaſis obeyed, and proſtrated himſelf with all his people. The high prieſt of Memphis preſented to the new god Apis the firſt handful of hay; the princeſs Amaſidia tied to his beautiful horns feſtoons

ſtoons of roſes, anemonies, ranunculuſes, tulips, pinks, and hyacinths. She took the liberty to kiſs him, but with a profound reſpect. The prieſts ſtrewed palms and flowers on the road, by which they were to conduct him to Memphis. And the wiſe Mambres, making reflections, whiſpered to his friend the ſerpent: "Daniel changed this monarch into an ox, and I have changed this ox into a god."

They returned to Memphis in the ſame order, and the king of Tanis, in ſome confuſion, followed the band. Mambres, with a ſerene and compoſed air, walked by his ſide. The old woman came after, much amazed; ſhe was accompanied by the ſerpent, the dog, the ſhe-aſs, the raven, the pigeon, and the ſcape-goat. The great fiſh mounted up the Nile; Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, changed into magpies, brought up the rear. When they had reached the frontiers of the kingdom, which are not far diſtant, king Amaſis took leave of the ox Apis, and ſaid to his daughter, "My daughter, let us return into my dominions, that I may behead you, as it has been determined in my royal breaſt, becauſe you have pronounced the name of Nabucodnoſer my enemy, who dethroned me ſeven years ago. When a father has ſworn to behead his daughter, he muſt either fulfil his oath, or ſink into hell for ever; and I will not damn myſelf out of love to you."

The fair princeſs Amaſidia replied to the king Amaſis: "My dear father, whom it pleaſes you go and behead, but it ſhall not be me: I am now in the territories of Iſis, Oſiris, Horus, and Apis; I will never forſake my beautiful white bull, and I will continue to kiſs him till I have ſeen his apotheoſis in his ſtable in the holy city of Memphis.

It

it is a weakneſs pardonable in a young lady of high birth."

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke theſe words, when the ox Apis cried out, "My dear Amaſidia, I will love you whilſt I live." This was the firſt time that the god Apis had been heard to ſpeak during forty thouſand years that he had been worſhipped. The ſerpent and the ſhe-aſs cried out, "*the ſeven years are accompliſhed.*" And the three magpies repeated, "*the ſeven years are accompliſhed.*" All the prieſts of Egypt raiſed their hands to heaven. The god on a ſudden was ſeen to loſe his two hind legs; his two fore legs were changed into two human legs; two white ſtrong muſcular arms grew from his ſhoulders; his taurine phyz was changed to the face of a charming hero; and he once more became the moſt beautiful of mortals. "I chooſe," cried he, "rather to be the lover of the beautiful Amaſidia than a god. I am NABUCODNOSER, KING of KINGS."

This metamorphoſis aſtoniſhed all the world, except the wiſe Mambres; but what ſurpriſed nobody was, that Nabucodnoſer immediately married the fair Amaſidia in preſence of this aſſembly. He left his father-in-law in quiet poſſeſſion of the kingdom of Tanis, and made noble proviſion for the ſhe-aſs, the ſerpent, the dog, the pigeon, and even for the raven, the three magpies, and the large fiſh; ſhewing to all the world that he knew how to forgive as well as to conquer. The old woman had a conſiderable penſion; the ſcape-goat was ſent for a day into the wilderneſs, that all paſt ſins might be expiated; and had afterwards twelve ſhe-goats for his reward. The wiſe Mambres returned to his palace, and made reflections.

Nabucodnoſer, after having embraced the magician his benefactor, governed in tranquillity the kingdoms of Memphis, Babylon, Damaſcus, Balbec, Tyre, Syria, Aſia *minor*, Scythia, the countries of Thiras, Moſok, Tubal, Madai, Gog, Magog, Javan, Sogdiana, Aroriana, the Indies, and the Iſles; and the people of this vaſt empire cried out aloud every morning, "Long live Nabucodnoſer, king of kings, who is no longer an ox!" Since which time it has been a cuſtom in Babylon, when the ſovereign, deceived by his ſatraps, his magicians, treaſurers, or wives, at length acknowledges his errors, and amends his conduct, for all the people to cry out at his gate, "Long live our great king, who is no longer an ox."

THE

THE

History of the TRAVELS of

SCARMENTADO.*

Written by himself.

I Was born in Candia in the year 1600. My father was governor of the city; and I remember that a poet of middling parts, and of a most unmusical ear, whose name was Iro, composed some verses in my praise, in which he made me to descend from Minos in a direct line; but my father being afterwards disgraced, he wrote some other verses, in which he derived my pedigree from no nobler an origin than the amours of Pasiphae and her gallant. This Iro was a most mischievous rogue, and one of the most troublesome fellows in the island.

My father sent me at fifteen years of age to prosecute my studies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverse, according to

* The reader will at once perceive that this is a spirited satire on mankind in general, and particularly on persecution for conscience sake.

the cuſtom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monſignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of a very ſingular character, and one of the moſt terrible ſcholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Ariſtotle, and was juſt on the point of placing me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly eſcaped. I ſaw proceſſions, exorciſms, and ſome robberies. It was commonly ſaid, but without any foundation, that *la Signora Olimpia*, a lady of great prudence, ſold ſeveral things that ought not to be ſold. I was then of an age to reliſh all theſe comical adventures. A young lady of great ſweetneſs of temper, called *la Signora Fatelo*, thought proper to fall in love with me: ſhe was courted by the reverend father *Poignardini*, and by the reverend father *Aconiti* *, young monks of an order which is now extinct; and ſhe reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me; but at the ſame time I ran the riſk of being excommunicated and poiſoned. I left Rome highly pleaſed with the architecture of St Peter.

I travelled to France: it was during the reign of Lewis the Juſt. The firſt queſtion put to me was, whether I chuſed to breakfaſt on a ſlice of the mareſchal D'Ancre †, whoſe fleſh the people had roaſted,

* Alluding to the infamous practice of poiſoning and aſſaſſination, at that time prevalent in Rome.

† This was the famous Concini, who was murdered on the draw-bridge of the Louvre by the intrigues of De Luines, not without the knowledge of the king, Lewis XIII. His body, which had been ſecretly interred in the church of St Germain de l'Auxerrois, was next day dug up by the populace, who dragged it through the ſtreets, then burned the fleſh, and threw the bones into the river. The mareſchal's greateſt crime was his being a foreigner.

roaſted, and diſtributed with great liberality to ſuch as chuſed to taſte it?

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, ſometimes for a place at court, ſometimes for two pages of theological controverſy. This fire, which one while lay concealed under the aſhes, and at another burſt forth with great violence, had deſolated theſe beautiful provinces for upwards of ſixty years. The pretext was, the defending the liberties of the Gallican church. "Alas! ſaid I, theſe people are nevertheleſs born with a gentle diſpoſition: what can have drawn them ſo far from their natural character? They joke and keep holy days *. Happy the time when they ſhall do nothing but joke!"

I went over to England, where the ſame diſputes occaſioned the ſame barbarities. Some pious Catholics had reſolved, for the good of the church, to blow up into the air with gun-powder the king, the royal family, and the whole parliament, and thus to deliver England from all theſe heretics at once. They ſhewed me the place where queen Mary of bleſſed memory, the daughter of Henry VIII. had cauſed more than five hundred of her ſubjects to be burnt. An Iriſh prieſt aſſured me that it was a very good action; firſt, becauſe thoſe who were burnt were Engliſhmen; and, ſecondly, becauſe they did not make uſe of holy water, nor believe in St Patrick's Hole. He was greatly ſurpriſed that queen Mary was not yet canonized; but he hoped ſhe would receive that honour as ſoon as the cardinal nephew ſhould be a little more at leiſure.

From

* Referring to the maſſacre of the Proteſtants, perpetrated on the eve of St Bartholomew.

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a people of a more cold and phlegmatic conſtitution. Juſt as I arrived at the Hague, the people were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of the prime miniſter Barnevelt, a man who deſerved better treatment from the republic. Touched with pity at this affecting ſcene, I aſked what was his crime, and whether he had betrayed the ſtate? "He has done much worſe, replied a preacher in a black cloak; he believed that men may be ſaved by good works as well as by faith. You muſt be ſenſible, adds he, that if ſuch opinions were to gain ground, a republic could not ſubſiſt; and that there muſt be ſevere laws to ſuppreſs ſuch ſcandalous and horrid blaſphemies." A profound politician ſaid to me with a ſigh, "Alas! Sir, this happy time will not laſt long; it is only by chance that the people are ſo zealous: they are naturally inclined to the abominable doctrine of toleration, and they will certainly at laſt grant it." This reflection ſet him a-groaning. For my own part, in expectation of that fatal period, when moderation and indulgence ſhould take place, I inſtantly quitted a country where ſeverity was not ſoftened by any lenitive, and embarked for Spain.

The court was then at Seville; the galleons were juſt arrived; and every thing breathed plenty and gladneſs in the moſt beautiful ſeaſon of the year. I obſerved at the end of an alley of orange and citron trees, a kind of large ring, ſurrounded with ſteps covered with rich and coſtly cloth. The king, the queen, the infants, and the infantas, were ſeated under a ſuperb canopy. Oppoſite to the royal family was another throne, raiſed higher than that on which his majeſty ſat. I ſaid to one of my

fellow

fellow travellers, "Unleſs this throne be reſerved for God, I don't ſee what purpoſe it can ſerve." This unguarded expreſſion was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and coſt me dear. Mean while, I imagined we were going to a carouſal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquiſitor appeared on that elevated throne, from whence he bleſſed the king and the people.

Then came an army of monks, who filed off in pairs, white, black, grey, ſhod, unſhod, bearded, beardleſs, with pointed cowls, and without cowls: next followed the hangman; and laſt of all were ſeen, in the midſt of the guards and grandees, about forty perſons clad in ſackcloth, on which were painted the figures of flames and devils. Some of theſe were Jews, who could not be prevailed upon to renounce Moſes entirely; others were Chriſtians, who had married women with whom they had ſtood ſponſors to a child; who had not adored our Lady of Atocha, or who had refuſed to part with their ready money in favour of the Hieronymite brothers. Some pretty prayers were ſung with much devotion, and then the criminals were burnt at a ſlow fire; a ceremony with which the royal family ſeemed to be greatly edified.

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquiſition came to my lodging with a figure of St Hermandad. They embraced me with great tenderneſs, and conducted me in ſolemn ſilence to a well-aired priſon, furniſhed with a bed of mat and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for ſix weeks; at the end of which the reverend father, the inquiſitor, ſent for me. He preſſed me in his arms for ſome time with the moſt paternal affection, and told me that he was ſorry to hear that I had been ſo ill lodged; but that all the

apart-

apartments of the houſe were full, and hoped I ſhould be better accommodated the next time. He then aſked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reaſon I was impriſoned? I told the reverend father that it was evidently for my ſins. "Very well, ſays he, my dear child; but for what particular ſin? Speak freely." I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not poſſibly gueſs. He then charitably diſmiſſed me.

At laſt I remembered my unguarded expreſſion. I eſcaped with a little bodily correction, and a fine of thirty thouſand reals. I was led to make my obeiſance to the grand inquiſitor, who was a man of great politeneſs. He aſked me how I liked his little feaſt? I told him it was a moſt delicious one; and then went to preſs my companions to quit the country, beautiful as it was. They had found time to inform themſelves of all the great things which the Spaniards had done for the intereſt of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous biſhop of Chiapa, by which it appears that they had maſſacred, or burnt, or drowned, about ten millions of infidels in America, in order to convert them. I believe the accounts of the biſhop are a little exaggerated; but ſuppoſe we reduce the number of victims to five millions, it will ſtill be a moſt glorious achievement.

The itch of travelling ſtill poſſeſſed me. I had propoſed to finiſh the tour of Europe with Turky; and thither we now directed our courſe. I put on a firm reſolution not to give my opinion of the public feaſts I might ſee for the future. "Theſe Turks, ſaid I to my companions, are a ſet of miſcreants that have not been baptized, and of conſequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers

the

the inquisitors. Let us observe a profound silence while we are among the Mahometans."

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly surprised to see more Christian churches in Turky than in Candia. I even saw some numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. "What good-natured people are these Turks," cried I. The Greek Christians, and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies. These slaves persecuted each other in much the same manner as dogs fight in the streets, till their masters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek partriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred sequins. Next day the grand vizier was strangled. The day following his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month after, condemned me to suffer the same punishment, for having supped with the Greek patriarch. Thus was I reduced to the sad necessity of absenting myself entirely from the Greek and Latin churches. In order to console myself for this loss, I took into keeping a very handsome Circassian. She was the most obliging lady I ever knew in a private conversation, and the most devout at the mosque. One night as she was embracing me in the sweet transports of love, she cried, "Alla, Illa, Alla;" these are the sacramental words of the Turks. I imagined they were the expressions of love, and therefore cried in my

turn, and with a very tender accent, "Alla, Illa, Alla." "Ah! said she, God be praised, thou art then a Turk. I told her that I was blessing God for having given me so much strength, and that I thought myself extremely happy. In the morning the iman came to circumcise me; and, as I made some difficulty to submit to the operation, the cadi of that district, a man of great loyalty, proposed to have me impaled. I saved my prepuce and my posteriors by paying a thousand sequins, and then fled directly into Persia, resolved for the future never to hear Greek or Latin mass, nor to cry "Alla Illa; Alla," in a love rencounter.

On my arrival at Ispahan, the people asked me whether I was for white or black mutton? I told them it was a matter of indifference to me, provided it was tender. It must be observed that the Persian empire was at that time split into two factions, that of the white mutton and that of the black. The two parties imagined that I made a jest of them both; so that I found myself engaged in a very troublesome affair at the gates of the city, and it cost me a great number of sequins to get rid of the white and the black mutton.

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who assured me that this country was the seat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themselves masters of it, after having destroyed every thing with fire and sword. The reverend fathers the Jesuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many souls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were seen such zealous converters: they alternately persecuted one another: they transmitted to Rome whole volumes of slander,

der, and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the ſake of one ſoul. But the moſt violent diſpute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jeſuits would have the Chineſe to ſalute their parents, after the faſhion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the faſhion of Rome. I happened unluckily to be taken by the Jeſuits for a Dominican. They repreſented me to his Tartarian majeſty as a ſpy of the pope. The ſupreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a ſerjeant, who commanded four ſbires of the country, to ſeize me and bind me with great ceremony. In this manner I was conducted before his majeſty, after having made about an hundred and forty genuflexions. He aſked me if I was a ſpy of the pope's and if it was true that that prince was to come in perſon to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a prieſt of ſeventy years of age; that he lived at the diſtance of four thouſand leagues from his ſacred Tartaro-chineſe majeſty; that he had about two thouſand ſoldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majeſty might ſleep in perfect ſecurity. Of all the adventures of my life this was the leaſt fatal. I was ſent to Macao, and there I took ſhipping for Europe.

My ſhip required to be refitted on the coaſt of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to viſit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom ſuch wonderful things have been told, and who was then in Deli. I had the pleaſure to ſee him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celeſtial preſent ſent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the beſom with which they had ſweeped the holy houſe, the Caaba, and the Beth

Alla. It is a ſymbol that ſweeps away all the pollutions of the ſoul. Aureng-Zeb ſeemed to have no need of it: he was the moſt pious man in all Indoſtan. It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poiſoned his father. Twenty Rajas, and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his ſacred majeſty Muley-Iſmael, the moſt ſerene emperor of Morocco, who cut off ſome heads every Friday after prayers.

I ſpoke not a word. My travels had taught me wiſdom. I was ſenſible that it did not belong to me to decide between theſe auguſt ſovereigns. A young Frenchman, indeed, a fellow-lodger of mine, was wanting in reſpect to the emperor of the Indies, and to that of Morocco. He happened to ſay very imprudently, that there were ſovereigns in Europe, who governed their dominions with great equity, and even went to church without killing their fathers or brothers, or cutting off the heads of their ſubjects. This impious diſcourſe of my young friend our interpreter tranſmitted to Indoſtan. Inſtructed by former experience, I inſtantly cauſed my camels to be ſaddled, and ſet out with my Frenchman. I was afterwards informed that that very night the officers of the great Aureng-Zeb, having come to ſeize me, found only the interpreter, who was executed in public; and all the courtiers declared without flattery that his puniſhment was extremely juſt.

I had now only Africa to viſit, in order to enjoy all the pleaſures of our continent; and thither I went in reality. The ſhip in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corſairs. The maſter of the veſſel complained loudly, and aſked why they

thus

thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the Negroes replied: "You have a long nose and we have a short one: your hair is strait and ours is curled: your skin is ash-coloured, and ours is of the colour of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guiney like beasts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner, wherever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to manure our fields; or in case of refusal cut off your nose and ears."

To such a learned discourse it was impossible to make any answer. I went to labour in the ground of an old female Negro, in order to save my nose and ears. After continuing in slavery for a whole year, I was at last ransomed. I had now seen all that was rare, good, or beautiful on earth. I resolved for the future to see nothing but my own home. I took a wife, and was cuckolded; and found that of all conditions of life this was the happiest.

How

How far we ought to impoſe upon the PEOPLE.

IT is a queſtion of great importance, however little regarded, how far the people, i. e. nine tenths of the human kind, ought to be treated like apes. The deceiving party have never examined this problem with ſufficient care; and for fear of being miſtaken in the calculation, they have heaped up all the viſionary notions they could in the heads of the party deceived.

The good people, who ſometimes read Virgil, or the Provincial Letters, do not know that there are twenty times more copies of the Almanac of Liege and of the "Courier boiteux" printed, than of all the ancient and modern books together. No one, ſurely, has a greater veneration than myſelf for the illuſtrious authors of theſe Almanacs and their brethren. I know, that ever ſince the time of the ancient Chaldeans, there have been fixed and ſtated days for taking phyſic, paring our nails, giving battle, and cleaving wood. I know that the beſt part of the revenue of an illuſtrious academy conſiſts in the ſale of theſe kind of Almanacs. May I preſume to aſk, with all poſſible ſubmiſſion, and a becoming diffidence of my own judgment, what harm it would do to the world, were ſome powerful aſtrologer to aſſure the peaſants and the good inhabitants of little villages, that they might ſafely pare their nails when they pleaſe, provided it be done

done with a good intention? The people, I shall be told, would not buy the Almanacs of this new astrologer. On the contrary, I will venture to affirm, that there would be found among your great geniuses many who would make a merit in following this novelty. Should it be alledged that these geniuses would form factions, and kindle a civil war, I have nothing farther to say on the subject, but readily give up, for the sake of peace, my too dangerous opinion.

Every body knows the king of Boutan. He is one of the greatest princes in the universe. He tramples under his feet the thrones of the earth; and his shoes (if he has any) are provided with sceptres instead of buckles. He adores the devil, as is well known, and his example is followed by all his courtiers. He, one day, sent for a famous sculptor of my country, and ordered him to make a beautiful statue of Beelzebub. The sculptor succeeded to admiration. Never was there such a handsome devil. But, unhappily, our Praxiteles had only given five clutches to his animal, whereas the Boutaniers always gave him six. This capital blunder of the artist was aggravated, by the grand master of the ceremonies to the devil, with all the zeal of a man justly jealous of his master's rights, and of the sacred and immemorial custom of the kingdom of Boutan. He insisted that the sculptor should atone for his crime by the loss of his head. The sculptor replied, that his five clutches were exactly equal in weight to six ordinary clutches; and the king of Boutan, who was a prince of great clemency, granted him a pardon. From that time the people of Boutan were undeceived with regard to the devil's six clutches.

The same day his majesty needed to let blood.

A ſurgeon of Gaſcony, who had come to his court in a ſhip belonging to our Eaſt-India company, was appointed to take from him five ounces of his precious blood. The aſtrologer of that quarter cried out, that the king would be in danger of loſing his life, if he opened a vein while the heavens were in their preſent ſtate. The Gaſcon might have told him, that the only queſtion was about the ſtate of the king's health; but he prudently waited a few minutes; and then taking an Almanac in his hand, "You was in the right, great man!" ſaid he to the aſtrologer of the quarter; "the king would have died, had he been blooded at the inſtant you mention: the heavens have ſince changed their aſpect; and now is the favourable moment." The aſtrologer aſſented to the truth of the ſurgeon's obſervation. The king was cured; and by degrees it became an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among the Boutaniers, to bleed their kings whenever it was neceſſary.

A bluſtering Dominican at Rome ſaid to an Engliſh philoſopher, "You are a dog; you ſay it is the earth that turns round, never reflecting that Joſhua made the ſun to ſtand ſtill." "Well! my reverend father," replied the other; "and ſince that time the ſun hath been immoveable." The dog and the Dominican embraced each other; and even the Italians were, at laſt, convinced that the earth turns round.

An augur and a ſenator, in the time of Cæſar, lamented the declining ſtate of the republic. "The times, indeed, are very bad," ſaid the ſenator; "we have reaſon to tremble for the liberty of Rome." "Ah!" ſaid the augur, "that is not the greateſt evil; the people now begin to loſe the reſpect which they formerly had for our order: we ſeem barely to be tolerated; we ceaſe to be neceſſary

cessary. Some Generals have the assurance to give battle without consulting us; and, to compleat our misfortunes, those who sell us the sacred pullets begin to reason. "Well, and why don't you reason likewise?" replied the senator, "and since the dealers in pullets in the time of Cæsar are more knowing than they were in the time of Numa, ought not you modern augurs to be better philosophers than those who lived in former ages?"

The Two Comforters.

ONE day the great philoſopher Citoſile ſaid to a woman who was diſconſolate, and who had good reaſon to be ſo, "Madam, the queen of England, daughter to Henry IV. was as wretched as you: ſhe was baniſhed from her kingdoms; was in the utmoſt danger of loſing her life in a ſtorm at ſea; and ſaw her royal ſpouſe expire on a ſcaffold." "I am ſorry for her," ſaid the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But, ſaid Citoſile, remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a moſt chaſte and virtuous affection, an excellent muſician, who played admirably on the baſs-viol. Her huſband killed her muſician before her face; and, in the ſequel, her good friend and relation, queen Elizabeth, who called herſelf a virgin, cauſed her head to be cut off on a ſcaffold covered with black, after having confined her in priſon for the ſpace of eighteen years." "That was very cruel," replied the lady, and preſently relapſed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps, ſaid the comforter, you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken priſoner and ſtrangled." "I have a confuſed remembrance of her ſtory," ſaid the afflicted lady.

"I muſt relate to you, added the other, the adventure of a ſovereign princeſs, who, within my memory, was dethroned after ſupper, and who died in

in a desert island." "I know her whole history," replied the lady.

"Well then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have: her father entered the chamber, and surprised the lover, whose countenance was all on fire, and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady too had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeased with the young man's countenance, that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty, and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince: you can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison: she always talked to me of her own misfortunes."

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady. "Because, said the philosopher, you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think on Hecuba; think on Niobe." "Ah! said the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavoured to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and

was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it; found it very exact; and wept nevertheless. Three months after, they renewed their visits, and were surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humour. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription, *To him who comforts.*

THE

THE

PRINCESS

OF

BABYLON.

THE aged Belus, king of Babylon thought himſelf the firſt man upon earth; for all his courtiers told him ſo, and his hiſtoriographers proved it. What might excuſe this ridiculous vanity in him was, that, in fact, his predeceſſors had built Babylon upwards of 30,000 years before him, and he had embelliſhed it. We know that his palace and his park, ſituated at a few paraſangs from Babylon, extended between the Euphrates and the Tigris, which waſhed thoſe enchanted banks. His vaſt houſe, three thouſand feet in front, almoſt reached the clouds. The platform was ſurrounded with a baluſtrade of white marble, fifty feet high, which ſupported coloſſal ſtatues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This platform, compoſed of two rows of bricks, covered with a thick ſurface of lead from one extremity to the other, bore twelve feet of earth; and upon this earth were raiſed groves of olive, orange, citron, palm, cocoa, and cinnamon trees, and ſtock gilliflowers, which formed alleys that the rays of the ſun could not penetrate.

The

The waters of the Euphrates running by the aſſiſtance of pumps, in a hundred canals, into the vaſt marble baſons in this garden, and afterwards falling by other canals, formed caſcades of ſix thouſand feet in length in the park, and a hundred thouſand *jets d'eau*, whoſe height was ſcarce perceptible; they afterwards returned into the Euphrates, of which they were part. The gardens of Semiramis, which aſtoniſhed Aſia ſeveral ages after, were only a feeble imitation of theſe ancient prodigies; for in the time of Semiramis, every thing began to degenerate amongſt men and women.

But what was more admirable in Babylon, and eclipſed every thing elſe, was the only daughter of the King, named Formoſanta. It was from her pictures and ſtatues, that in ſucceeding times Praxiteles ſculptured his Aphrodita, and the Venus of Medicis. Heavens! what a difference between the original and the copies! ſo that Belus was prouder of his daughter than of his kingdom. She was eighteen years old: it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould have a huſband worthy of her; but where was he to be found? An ancient oracle had ordained, that Formoſanta could not belong to any but him who could bend the bow of Nembrod.

This Nembrod, the ſtrong hunter before the Lord, had left a bow ſeventeen Babylonian feet in length, made of ebony, harder than the iron of mount Caucaſus, which is wrought in the forges of Derbent; and no mortal ſince Nembrod could bend this aſtoniſhing bow.

It was again ſaid, that the arm which ſhould bend this bow would kill the moſt terrible and ferocious lion that ſhould be let looſe in the Circus of Babylon. This was not all; the bender of the bow,

bow, and the conqueror of the lion, should overthrow all his rivals: but he was above all things to be very sagacious, the most magnificent and most virtuous of men, and possess the greatest curiosity in the whole universe.

Three kings appeared, who were bold enough to claim Formosanta; Pharaoh of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the great Khan of the Scythians. Belus appointed the day and place of combat, which was to be at the extremity of his park, in the vast extent surrounded by the joint waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Round the lists a marble amphitheatre was erected, which might contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre was placed the king's throne; he was to appear with Formosanta, accompanied by the whole court; and on the right and left between the throne and the amphitheatre, there were other thrones and seats for the three kings, and for all the other sovereigns who were desirous to be present at this august ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrived the first, mounted upon the bull Apis, and holding in his hand the cithern of Isis. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen vestments whiter than snow, two thousand eunuchs, two thousand magicians, and two thousand warriors.

The king of India came soon after in a car drawn by twelve elephants. He had a train still more numerous and more brilliant than Pharaoh of Egypt.

The last who appeared was the king of the Scythians. He had none with him but chosen warriors, armed with bows and arrows. He was mounted upon a superb tyger, which he had tamed, and which was as tall as any of the finest Persian horses.

The

The majeſtic and important mien of this king effaced the appearance of his rivals; his naked arms, as nervous as they were white, ſeemed already to bend the bow of Nembrod.

Theſe three lovers immediately proſtrated themſelves before Belus and Formoſanta. The king of Egypt preſented the princeſs with two of the fineſt crocodiles of the Nile, two ſea-horſes, two zebras, two Egyptian rats, and two mummies, with the books of the great Hermes, which he judged to be the ſcarceſt things upon earth.

The king of India offered her a hundred elephants, each bearing a wooden gilt tower, and laid at her feet the Vedam wrote by the hand of Xaca himſelf.

The king of the Scythians, who could neither write nor read, preſented a hundred warlike horſes with black fox-ſkin houſings.

The princeſs appeared with a down-caſt look before her lovers, and reclined herſelf with ſuch a grace as was at once modeſt and noble.

Belus ordered the kings to be conducted to the thrones that were prepared for them. Would I had three daughters, ſaid he to them, I ſhould make ſix people this day happy! He then made the competitors caſt lots which ſhould try Nembrod's bow firſt. Their names inſcribed were put into a golden caſque. That of the Egyptian king came out firſt; then the name of the king of India appeared. The king of Scythia, viewing the bow and his rivals, did not complain at being the third.

Whilſt theſe brilliant trials were preparing, twenty thouſand pages and twenty thouſand youthful maidens diſtributed, without any diſorder, refreſhments to the ſpectators between the rows of the ſeats. Every one acknowledged, that the gods had inſti-

inſtituted kings for no other cauſe than every day to give feſtivals, upon condition they ſhould be diverſified; that life is too ſhort to be made any other uſe of; that law-ſuits, intrigues, wars, the altercations of theologiſts, which conſume human life, are horrible and abſurd; that man is born only for happineſs; that he would not paſſionately and inceſſantly purſue pleaſure, were he not deſigned for it; that the eſſence of human nature is to enjoy ourſelves, and all the reſt is folly. This excellent moral was never controverted but by facts.

Whilſt preparations were making for determining the fate of Formoſanta, a young ſtranger, mounted upon an unicorn, accompanied by his valet, mounted on a like animal, and bearing upon his hand a large bird, appeared at the barrier. The guards were ſurpriſed to obſerve in this equipage a figure that had an air of divinity. He had, as hath been ſince related, the face of Adonis upon the body of Hercules; it was majeſty accompanied by the graces. His black eye-brows and flowing fair treſſes wore a mixture of beauty unknown at Babylon, and charmed all obſervers. The whole amphitheatre roſe up, the better to view the ſtranger: all the ladies of the court viewed him with looks of aſtoniſhment. Formoſanta herſelf, who had hitherto kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, raiſed them and bluſhed; the three kings turned pale; all the ſpectators, in comparing Formoſanta with the ſtranger, cried out, There is no other in the world but this young man who can be ſo handſome as the princeſs.

The uſhers, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, aſked him if he was a king? The ſtranger replied, that he

had not that honour, but that he had come very diſtant, excited by curioſity, to ſee if there were any king worthy of Formoſanta. He was introduced into the firſt row of the amphitheatre, with his valet, his two unicorns, and his bird. He ſaluted with great reſpect Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and all the aſſembly. He then took his ſeat, not without bluſhing. His two unicorns lay down at his feet, his bird perched upon his ſhoulder; and his valet, who carried a little bag, placed himſelf by his ſide.

The trials began. The bow of Nembrod was taken out of its golden caſe. The firſt maſter of the ceremonies, followed by fifty pages, and preceded by twenty trumpets, preſented it to the king of Egypt, who made his prieſts bleſs it; and ſupporting it upon the head of the bull Apis, he did not queſtion his gaining this firſt victory. He diſmounted, and came into the middle of the Circus; he tries, exerts all his ſtrength, and makes ſuch ridiculous contortions, that the whole amphitheatre re-echoes with laughter, and Formoſanta herſelf cannot help ſmiling.

His high almoner approached him: Let your majeſty give up this idle honour, which depends ſolely upon the nerves and muſcles; you will triumph in every thing elſe. You will conquer the lion, as you are poſſeſſed of the ſabre of Oſiris. The princeſs of Babylon is to belong to the prince who is moſt ſagacious, and you have ſolved ænigmas. She is to wed the moſt virtuous: you are ſuch, as you have been educated by the prieſts of Egypt. The moſt generous is to carry her, and you have preſented her with two of the handſomeſt crocodiles, and two of the fineſt rats in all Delta. You are poſſeſſed of the bull Apis and the books of Hermes,

Hermes, which are the ſcarceſt things in the univerſe. No one can diſpute Formoſanta with you. You are in the right, ſaid the king of Egypt, and reſumed his throne.

The bow was then put into the hands of the king of India. It bliſtered his hands for a fortnight; but he conſoled himſelf in preſuming that the Scythian king would not be more fortunate than himſelf.

The Scythian handled the bow in his turn. He united ſkill with ſtrength: the bow ſeemed to have ſome elaſticity in his hands; he bent it a little, but he could never bring it any thing near a curve. The ſpectators, who had been prejudiced in his favour by his agreeable aſpect, lamented his ill ſucceſs, and concluded that the beautiful princeſs would never be married.

The unknown youth leaped into the area, and addreſſing himſelf to the king of Scythia ſaid, Your Majeſty need not be ſurpriſed at not having entirely ſucceeded. Theſe ebony bows are made in my country; there is only one peculiar twiſt to give them. Your merit is greater in having bent it, than if I were to curve it. He then took an arrow, and placing it upon the ſtring, bent the bow of Nembrod, and made the arrow fly beyond the gates. A million of hands at once applauded the prodigy. Babylon re-echoed with acclamations, and all the women agreed how happy it was for ſo handſome a youth to be ſo ſtrong.

He then took out of his pocket a ſmall ivory tablet, and wrote upon it with a golden pencil, fixed the tablet to the bow, and preſented it all together to the princeſs with ſuch a grace as charmed every ſpectator. He then modeſtly returned to his place between his bird and his valet. All Babylon

was in aſtoniſhment, the three kings were confounded whilſt the ſtranger did not ſeem to pay the leaſt attention to what had happened.

Formoſanta was ſtill more ſurpriſed to read upon the ivory tablet tied to the bow, theſe verſes written in good Chaldean:

L'arc de Nembrod eſt celui de la guerre;
L'arc de l'amour eſt celui du bonheur;
Vous le portez. Par vous ce Dieu vainqueur
Eſt devenu le maitre de la terre.
Trois Rois puiſſants, trois rivaux aujourd'hui
Oſent pretendre a l'honneur de vous plaire.
Je ne ſais pas qui votre cœur prefere,
Mais l'univers ſera jaloux de lui *.

This little madrigal did not diſpleaſe the princeſs. It was criticiſed by ſome of the lords of the ancient court, who ſaid, that formerly, in good times, Belus would have been compared to the ſun, and Formoſanta to the moon; his neck to a tower, and her breaſt to a buſhel of wheat. They ſaid the ſtranger had no ſort of imagination, and that he had loſt ſight of the rules of true poetry, but all the ladies thought the verſes very gallant. They were aſtoniſhed that a man, who handled a bow ſo well, ſhould have ſo much wit. The lady of honour to the princeſs ſaid to her, Madam, what numerous talents are here entirely loſt? What benefit will this young man derive from his wit and Belus's bow?

* Nembrod's is the warlike bow:—The bow of love is that of happineſs:—This you bear. Through you the victorious god is become maſter of the earth. Three powerful kings, rivals of the day, have dared pretend to the honour of pleaſing you. I know not which your heart prefers, but the whole univerſe muſt be jealous of him.

bow? Being admired, ſaid Formoſanta. Ah! ſaid the lady, one more madrigal, and he might very well be beloved!

Nevertheleſs, Belus, having conſulted his ſages, declared, that though none of theſe kings could bend the bow of Nembrod, his daughter was, nevertheleſs, to be married, and that ſhe ſhould belong to him who could conquer the great lion, which was purpoſely in training in his great menagerie. The king of Egypt, upon whoſe education all the wiſdom of Egypt had been exhauſted, judged it very ridiculous to expoſe a king to the ferocity of wild beaſts in order to be married. He acknowledged, he conſidered the poſſeſſion of Formoſanta of ineſtimable value; but he imagined, that if the lion ſhould ſtrangle him, he could never wed this fair Babylonian. The king of India was of the ſame way of thinking with the Egyptian; they both concluded that the king of Babylon was laughing at them, and that they ſhould ſend for armies to puniſh him; that they had many ſubjects, who would think themſelves highly honoured to die in the ſervice of their maſters, without its coſting them a ſingle hair of their ſacred heads; that they could eaſily dethrone the king of Babylon, and then they would draw lots for the fair Formoſanta.

This agreement being made, the two kings ſent each an expreſs into his reſpective country, with orders to aſſemble three hundred thouſand men to carry off Formoſanta.

However, the king of Scythia deſcended alone into the area with his ſcymetar in hand. He was not diſtractedly enamoured with Formoſanta's charms; glory till then had been his only paſſion, and it had led him to Babylon. He was willing

to

to ſhew, that if the kings of India and Egypt were ſo prudent as not to tilt with lions, he was courageous enough not to decline the combat, and he would repair the honour of diadems. His uncommon valour would not even allow him to avail himſelf of the aſſiſtance of his tyger. He advanced ſingly, ſlightly armed with a ſhell caſque ornamented with gold, ſhaded with three horſes tails as white as ſnow.

One of the moſt enormous and ferocious lions, that fed upon the Antilibanian mountains, was let looſe upon him. His tremendous talons appeared capable of tearing the three kings to pieces at once, and his gullet to devour them. The two proud champions flew with the utmoſt precipitancy and in the moſt rapid manner at each other. The couragious Scythian plunged his ſword into the lion's throat; but the point meeting with one of thoſe thick teeth that nothing can penetrate, was broke to ſhatters; and the monſter of the woods, more furious from his wound, had already impreſſed his bleeding claws into the monarch's ſides.

The unknown youth, touched with the peril of ſo brave a prince, leapt into the area ſwift as lightning; when he cut off the lion's head with as much dexterity, as we have lately ſeen, in our carouſals, youthful knights knock off the heads of black images.

Then drawing out a ſmall box, he preſented it to the Scythian king, ſaying to him, Your majeſty will there find the genuine dittany, which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in a moment. Accident alone prevented your triumph over the lion; your valour is not the leſs to be admired.

The Scythian king, animated more with gratitude

tude than jealouſy, thanked his benefactor; and after having tenderly embraced him, returned to his ſeat to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The ſtranger gave the lion's head to his valet, who having waſhed it at the great fountain which was beneath the amphitheatre, and drained all the blood, took an iron inſtrument out of his little bag, with which having drawn the lion's forty teeth, he ſupplied their place with forty diamonds of equal ſize.

His maſter, with his uſual modeſty returned to his place; he gave the lion's head to his bird: Beauteous bird, ſaid he, carry this ſmall homage, and lay it at the feet of Formoſanta. The bird winged his way with the dreadful triumph in one of his pounces, and preſented it to the princeſs, bending, with humility, his neck, and crouching before her. The ſparkling diamonds dazzled the eyes of every beholder. Such magnificence was unknown even in ſuperb Babylon; the emerald, the topaz, the ſaphire, and the pyrope, were as yet conſidered as the moſt precious ornaments. Belus and the whole court were ſtruck with admiration. The bird which preſented this preſent ſurpriſed them ſtill more. It was of the ſize of an eagle, but its eyes were as ſoft and tender as thoſe of the eagle are fierce and threatening. Its bill was roſe-colour, and ſeemed ſomewhat to reſemble Formoſanta's handſome mouth. Its neck repreſented all the colours of Iris, but ſtill more lively and brilliant; gold, in a thouſand ſhades, glittered upon its plumage; its feet reſembled a mixture of ſilver and purple, and the tails of thoſe beautiful birds, which have ſince drawn Juno's car, did not come up to the ſplendor of this bird's.

The attention, curioſity, aſtoniſhment, and extaſy

ſy of the whole court, were divided between the jewels and the bird. He had perched upon the baluſtrade between Belus and his daughter Formoſanta; ſhe flattered it, careſſed it, and kiſſed it. It ſeemed to receive her embraces with a mixture of pleaſure and reſpect. When the princeſs gave the bird a kiſs, it returned to the embrace, and then looked upon her with languiſhing eyes. She gave it biſcuits and piſtachoes, which it received in its purple-ſilvered paw, and carried them to its bill with inexpreſſible grace.

Belus, who had attentively conſidered the diamonds, concluded, that ſcarce any one of his provinces could repay ſo valuable a preſent. He ordered that more magnificent gifts ſhould be prepared for the ſtranger than thoſe that were deſtined for the three monarchs. This young man, ſaid he, is doubtleſs ſon to the king of China, or of that part of the world called Europe, which I have heard ſpoken of; or of Africa, which, it is ſaid, is in the neighbourhood of the kingdom of Egypt.

He directly ſent his firſt equerry to compliment the ſtranger, and aſk him, whether he was himſelf the ſovereign, or ſon to the ſovereign of one of thoſe empires; and why, being poſſeſſed of ſuch ſurpriſing treaſures, he had come with nothing but the valet and a little bag?

Whilſt the equerry advanced towards the amphitheatre to execute his commiſſion, another valet arrived upon an unicorn. This valet, addreſſing himſelf to the young man, ſaid, Ormar, your father is approaching the end of his life: I am come to acquaint you with it. The ſtranger raiſed his eyes to heaven, whilſt tears ſtreamed from them, and anſwered only by ſaying, *Let us depart.*

The equerry, after having paid Belus's compliments

ments to the conqueror of the lion, to the giver of the forty diamonds, and to the maſter of the beautiful bird, aſked the valet, Of what kingdom was the father of this young hero ſovereign? The valet replied, His father is an old ſhepherd, who is much beloved in the diſtrict.

During this converſation, the ſtranger had already mounted his unicorn. He ſaid to the equerry, My lord, vouchſafe to proſtrate me at the feet of Belus and his daughter. I muſt entreat her to take particular care of the bird I leave with her, as it is a nonpareil like herſelf. In uttering theſe laſt words he ſet off, and flew like lightning; the two valets followed him, and he was in an inſtant out of ſight.

Formoſanta could not refrain from ſhrieking. The bird turning towards the amphitheatre, where his maſter had been ſeated, ſeemed greatly afflicted to find him gone; then viewing ſtedfaſtly the princeſs, and gently rubbing her beautiful hand with his bill, he ſeemed to betrothe himſelf to her ſervice.

Belus, more aſtoniſhed than ever, hearing that this very extraordinary young man was the ſon of a ſhepherd, could not believe it. He diſpatched meſſengers after him; but they ſoon returned with advice, that the three unicorns, upon which theſe men were mounted, could not be come up with; and that according to the rate they went, they muſt go a hundred leagues a day.

§ 2.

Every one reaſoned upon this ſtrange adventure, and wearied themſelves with conjectures. How can the ſon of a ſhepherd make a preſent of forty large diamonds? How comes it that he is mounted

upon an unicorn? This bewildered them, and Formoſanta, whilſt ſhe careſſed her bird, was ſunk into a profound reverie.

Princeſs Aldea, her couſin-german, who was very well ſhaped, and almoſt as handſome as Formoſanta, ſaid to her, Couſin, I know not whether this demigod be the ſon of a ſhepherd; but methinks he has fulfilled all the conditions ſtipulated for your marriage. He has bent Nembrod's bow, he has conquered the lion, he has a great ſhare of ſenſe, having wrote for you a very pretty extempore; and after having preſented you with forty large diamonds, you cannot deny that he is the moſt generous of men. In his bird he poſſeſſed the moſt curious thing upon earth. His virtue cannot be equalled, ſince though he might have ſtaid with you, he departed without heſitation, as ſoon as he heard his father was ill. The oracle is fulfilled in every particular, except that wherein he is to overcome his rivals; but he has done more, he has ſaved the life of the only competitor he had to fear; and when the object is beating the other two, I believe you cannot doubt that he will eaſily ſucceed.

All that you ſay is very true, replied Formoſanta: but is it poſſible, that the greateſt of men, and perhaps the moſt amiable too, ſhould be the ſon of a ſhepherd?

The lady of honour joining in the converſation, ſaid, that the title of Shepherd was frequently given to kings; that they were called Shepherds, becauſe they attended very cloſely their flocks; that this was doubtleſs a piece of ill-timed pleaſantry in his valet; that this young hero had not come ſo badly equipped, but to ſhew how much his perſonal merit alone was above the faſtidious parade of kings.

The

The princeſs made no anſwer but in giving her bird a thouſand tender kiſſes.

A great feſtival was nevertheleſs prepared for the three kings, and for all the princes who were come to the feaſt. The king's daughter and niece were to do the honours. The king received preſents worthy the magnificence of Babylon. Belus, during the time the repaſt was ſerving up, aſſembled his council upon the marriage of the beautiful Formoſanta, and this is the way he delivered himſelf as a great politician:

I am old: I know not what longer to do with my daughter, or upon whom to beſtow her. He who deſerved her is nothing but a new ſhepherd; the kings of India and Egypt are cowards; the king of the Scythians would be very agreeable to me, but he has not performed any one of the conditions impoſed. I will again conſult the oracle. In the mean while, deliberate among you, and we will conclude agreeable to what the oracle ſays; for a king ſhould follow nothing but the dictates of the immortal gods.

He then repaired to the temple: the oracle anſwered in few words according to cuſtom: *Thy daughter ſhall not be married till ſhe has traverſed the globe.* Belus returned in aſtoniſhment to the council, and related this anſwer.

All the miniſters had a profound reſpect for oracles; they therefore all agreed, or at leaſt appeared to agree, that they were the foundation of religion; that reaſon ſhould be mute before them; that it was by their means that kings reigned over their people; that without oracles there would be neither virtue nor repoſe upon earth.

At length, after having teſtified the moſt profound veneration for them, they almoſt all con-

cluded that this oracle was impertinent, and that he ſhould not be obeyed; that nothing could be more indecent for a young woman, and particularly the daughter of the great king of Babylon, than to run about, without any particular deſtination; that this was the moſt certain method to prevent her being married or elſe engage her in a clandeſtine, ſhameful, and ridiculous one; that, in a word, this oracle had not common ſenſe.

The youngeſt of the miniſters named Onadaſe, who had more ſenſe than the reſt, ſaid, that the oracle doubtleſs meant ſome pilgrimage of devotion, and offered to be the princeſs's guide. The council approved of his opinion, but every one was for being her equerry. The king determined that the princeſs might go three hundred paraſangs upon the road to Arabia, to the temple, whoſe ſaint had the reputation of procuring young women happy marriages, and that the dean of the council ſhould accompany her. After this determination they went to ſupper.

§ 3.

In the centre of the gardens, between two caſcades, was erected an oval ſaloon, three hundred feet in diameter, whoſe azure roof, interſected with golden ſtars, repreſented all the conſtellations and planets, each in its proper ſtation; and this cieling turned about, as well as the canopy, by machines as inviſible as thoſe which direct the celeſtial motions. A hundred thouſand flambeaux, incloſed in rich cryſtal cylinders, illuminated the out and inſide of the dining-hall. A buffet with ſteps contained twenty thouſand vaſes and golden diſhes; and oppoſite the buffet, upon other ſteps, were ſeated a great

great number of muſicians.—Two other amphitheatres were decked out; the one with the fruits of each ſeaſon, the other with cryſtal decanters, in which ſparkled every kind of wine upon earth.

The gueſts took their ſeats round a table divided into compartments, which reſembled flowers and fruits, all in precious ſtones. The beautiful Formoſanta was placed between the kings of India and Egypt; the amiable Aldea next the king of Scythia. There were about thirty princes, and each was ſeated next one of the handſomeſt ladies of the court. The king of Babylon, who was in the middle, oppoſite his daughter, ſeemed divided between the chagrin of being yet unable to marry her, and the pleaſure of ſtill beholding her. Formoſanta aſked leave to place her bird upon the table next her; the king approved of it.

The muſic, which played, furniſhed every prince with an opportunity of converſing with his female neighbour. The feſtival was as agreeable as it was magnificent. A ragout was ſerved before Formoſanta, which her father was very fond of. The princeſs ſaid it ſhould be carried to his Majeſty; the bird immediately took hold of it, and carried it in a miraculous manner to the king. Never was any thing more aſtoniſhing at ſupper. Belus careſſed it as much as his daughter had done. The bird afterwards took its flight to return to her. It diſplayed in flying ſo fine a tail, and its extended wings ſet forth ſuch a variety of brilliant colours, the gold of its plumage made ſuch a dazzling eclat, that all eyes were fixed upon him. All the muſicians were ſtruck motionleſs, and their inſtruments afforded harmony no longer. None ate, no one ſpoke, nothing but a buzzing of admiration was to be heard. The princeſs of Babylon kiſſed it during

ing the whole ſupper, without conſidering whether there were any kings in the world. Thoſe of India and Egypt felt their ſpite and indignation rekindle with double force, and they reſolved ſpeedily to ſet their three hundred thouſand men in motion to obtain revenge.

As for the king of Scythia, he was engaged in entertaining the beautiful Aldea: his haughty ſoul deſpiſing, without malice, Formoſanta's inattention, had conceived for her more indifference than reſentment. She is handſome, ſaid he, I acknowledge; but ſhe appears to me one of thoſe women who are entirely taken up with their own beauty, and who fancy that mankind are greatly obliged to them when they deign to appear in public. I ſhould prefer an ugly complaiſant woman, that teſtified ſome regard, to that beautiful ſtatue. You have, Madam, as many charms as ſhe poſſeſſes, and you condeſcend to converſe, at leaſt, with ſtrangers. I acknowledge to you with the ſincerity of a Scythian, that I prefer you to your couſin. He was, however, miſtaken in regard to the character of Formoſanta; ſhe was not ſo diſdainful as ſhe appeared; but his compliments were very well received by princeſs Aldea. Their converſation became very intereſting; they were very well contented, and already certain of one another before they left table.

After ſupper the gueſts walked in the groves. The king of Scythia and Aldea did not fail ſeeking for a place of retreat. Aldea, who was ſincerity itſelf, thus declared herſelf to the prince:

I do not hate my couſin though ſhe be handſomer than myſelf, and is deſtined for the throne of Babylon; the honour of pleaſing you may very well ſtand in the ſtead of charms. I prefer Scythia

with

with you, to the crown of Babylon without you. But this crown belongs to me by right, if there be any right in the world; for I am the elder branch of Nembrod, and Formoſanta is only of the younger. Her grandfather dethroned mine, and put him to death.

Such, then, is the force of blood in the houſe of Babylon! ſaid the Scythian. What was your grandfather's name? He was called Aldéa like me; my father bore the ſame name; he was baniſhed to the extremity of the empire with my mother; and Belus, after their death, having nothing to fear from me, was willing to bring me up with his daughter. But he has reſolved that I ſhall never marry.

I will avenge the cauſe of your father, of your grandfather, and your cauſe, ſaid the king of Scythia. I am reſponſible for your being married: I will carry you off the day after to-morrow by daybreak; for we muſt dine to-morrow with the king of Babylon; and I will return and ſupport your rights with three hundred thouſand men. I agree to it, ſaid the beauteous Aldea; and after having exchanged their words of honour, they ſeparated.

The incomparable Formoſanta had been for a long time retired to reſt. She had ordered a little orange tree, in a ſilver caſe, to be placed by the ſide of her bed, that her bird might perch upon it. Her curtains were drawn, but ſhe was not in the leaſt diſpoſed to ſleep: her heart and her imagination were too much awake. The charming ſtranger was ever before her ſight; ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw him ſhooting an arrow with Nembrod's bow; ſhe contemplated him in the action of cutting off the lion's head; ſhe repeated his madrigal; at length, ſhe ſaw him retiring from the crowd upon his unicorn:—

tears,

tears, ſighs, and lamentations, overwhelmed her at this reflection.—At intervals ſhe cried out, Shall I then never ſee him more? Will he never return?

He will return, Madam, replied the bird from the top of the orange tree. Can one once have ſeen you, and not deſire to ſee you again?

Heavens! eternal powers! my bird ſpeaks the pureſt Chaldean. In uttering theſe words ſhe drew back the curtain, put out her hand to him, and knelt upon her bed, ſaying, Art thou a god deſcended upon earth? Art thou the great Oroſmades concealed under this beautiful plumage? If thou art, reſtore me this charming young man.

I am nothing but a winged animal, replied the bird; but I was born at the time when all animals ſtill ſpoke; when birds, ſerpents, aſſes, horſes, and griffins, converſed familiarly with man. I would not ſpeak before company, leſt your ladies of honour ſhould have taken me for a ſorcerer; I would not diſcover myſelf to any but you.

Formoſanta was ſpeechleſs, bewildered, and intoxicated with ſo many wonders: deſirous of putting a hundred queſtions to him at once, ſhe at length aſked him how old he was? Twenty-ſeven thouſand nine hundred years and ſix months, Madam; I date my age from the little revolution of heaven which your magi call the preceſſion of the equinoxes, and which is accompliſhed in about twenty-eight thouſand of your years. There are revolutions of a much greater extent, ſo are there beings much older than me. It is twenty-two thouſand years ſince I learnt Chaldean in one of my travels. I have always had a very great taſte for the Chaldean language, but my brethren, the other animals, have renounced ſpeaking in your climate.

And

And why ſo, my divine bird? Alas! becauſe men have accuſtomed themſelves to eat us, inſtead of converſing and inſtructing themſelves with us. Barbarians! ſhould they not have been convinced, that having the ſame organs with them, the ſame ſentiments, the ſame wants, the ſame deſires, we had what is called a Soul, the ſame as them; that we were their brothers, and that none ſhould be dreſſed and ate but the wicked? We are ſo far your brothers, that the Supreme Being, the Omnipotent and Eternal Being, having made a compact with men, expreſsly comprehended us in the treaty. He forbad you to nouriſh yourſelves with our blood, and we to ſuck yours *.

The fables of your ancient Locman, tranſlated into ſo many languages, will be a teſtimony eternally ſubſiſting of the happy commerce you formerly carried on with us. They all begin with theſe words; *In the time when beaſts ſpoke*. It is true, there are many families among you who keep up an inceſſant converſation with their dogs; but they have reſolved not to anſwer, ſince they have been compelled by whipping to go a-hunting, and become accomplices in the murder of our ancient and common friends, ſtags, deers, hares, and partridges.

You have ſtill ſome ancient poems in which horſes ſpeak, and your coachmen daily addreſs them in words; but in ſo barbarous a manner, and in uttering ſuch infamous expreſſions, that horſes, which formerly entertained ſo great a kindneſs for you, now deteſt you.

The country which is the reſidence of your charm-

* See chapter ix. of Geneſis, and chap. iii. xviii. and xix. of Eccleſiaſt.

ing ſtranger, the moſt perfect of men, is the only one in which your ſpecies has continued to love ours, to converſe with us; and this is the only country of the world where men are juſt.

And where is this country of my dear incognito? what is the name of his empire? for I will no more believe he is a ſhepherd than that you are a bat.

His country, madam, is that of the Gangarids, a virtuous and invincible people, who inhabit the eaſtern ſhore of the Ganges. The name of my friend is Amazan. He is no king; and I know not whether he would ſo much humble himſelf as to be one; he has too great a love for his fellow-countrymen; he is a ſhepherd like them. But do not imagine that thoſe ſhepherds reſemble yours; who, covered with rags and tatters, watch their ſheep, far better clad than themſelves; who groan under the burthen of poverty, and who pay to an extortioner half the miſerable ſtipend of wages which they receive from their maſters. The Gangaridian ſhepherds are all born equal, are the maſters of innumerable herds, which cover their fields in conſtant verdure. They are never killed; it is a horrid crime towards the Ganges to kill and eat one's fellow creature. Their wool is finer and more brilliant than the fineſt ſilk, and conſtitutes the greateſt traffic of the Eaſt. Beſides, the land of the Gangarids produces all that can flatter the deſires of man. Thoſe large diamonds which Amazan had the honour of preſenting you with, are from a mine which belongs to him. An unicorn, on which you ſaw him mounted, is the uſual animal the Gangarids ride upon. It is the fineſt, the proudeſt, moſt terrible, and at the ſame time moſt gentle animal, that ornaments the earth. A hundred

Gangarids,

Gangarids, with as many unicorns, would be ſufficient to diſperſe innumerable armies. About two centuries ago, a king of India was mad enough to want to conquer this nation: he appeared, followed by ten thouſand elephants and a million of warriors. The unicorns pierced the elephants, juſt as I have ſeen upon your table beads pierced in golden brochets. The warriors fell under the ſabres of the Gangarids, like crops of rice mowed by the people of the Eaſt. The king was taken priſoner, with upwards of ſix thouſand men. He was bathed in the ſalutary water of the Ganges, followed the regimen of the country, which conſiſts only of vegetables, and in which nature hath been amazingly liberal to nouriſh every breathing creature. Men who are fed with carnivorous aliments, and drenched with ſpirituous liquors, have a ſharp aduſt blood, which turns their brains a hundred different ways. Their chief rage is a fury to ſpill their brother's blood, and laying waſte fertile plains to reign over church-yards. Six full months were taken up in curing the king of India of his diſorder; when the phyſicians judged that his pulſe was in a greater ſtate of tranquillity, they certified this to the council of the Gangarids. The council, having followed the advice of the unicorns, humanely ſent back the king of India, his ſilly court, and impotent warriors, to their own country. This leſſon made them wiſe, and from that time the Indians reſpected the Gangarids, as ignorant men, willing to be inſtructed, revere the Chaldean philoſophers they cannot equal. Apropos, my dear bird, ſaid the princeſs to him, do the Gangarids profeſs any religion? have they one? Madam, we meet to return thanks to God on the days of the full moon: the men in a great temple made of cedar, and the wo-

men in another, to prevent their devotion being diverted: all the birds aſſemble in a grove, and the quadrupeds on a fine down. We thank God for all the benefits he has beſtowed upon us. We have in particular ſome parrots that preach wonderfully well.

Such is the country of my dear Amazan; there I reſide: my friendſhip for him is as great as the love with which he has inſpired you. If you will credit me, we will ſet out together, and you ſhall pay him a viſit.

Really, my dear bird, this is a very pretty profeſſion of yours, replied the princeſs ſmiling, and who flamed with deſire to undertake the journey, but did not dare ſay ſo. I ſerve my friend, ſaid the bird; and, after the happineſs of loving you, the greateſt is to be an aſſiſtant in your amours.

Formoſanta was quite faſcinated; ſhe fancied herſelf tranſported from earth. All ſhe had ſeen that day, all ſhe then ſaw, all ſhe heard, and particularly what ſhe felt in her heart, ſo raviſhed her, as far to ſurpaſs what thoſe fortunate Muſſulmen now feel, who, diſencumbered from their terreſtrial ties, find themſelves in the ninth heaven in the arms of their Houris, ſurrounded and penetrated with glory and celeſtial felicity.

§ 4.

She paſſed the whole night in ſpeaking of Amazan. She no longer called him any thing but her ſhepherd; and from this time it was that the names of Shepherd and Lover were indiſcriminately uſed throughout every nation.

Sometimes ſhe aſked the bird whether Amazan had had any other miſtreſſes. He anſwered No, and

and ſhe was at the ſummit of felicity. Sometimes ſhe aſked how he paſſed his life; and ſhe, with tranſport, learnt, that it was employed in doing good, in cultivating arts, in penetrating into the ſecrets of nature, and improving himſelf. She at times wanted to know if the ſoul of her lover was of the ſame nature as that of her bird; how it happened that he had lived twenty thouſand years, when her lover was not above eighteen or nineteen. She put a hundred ſuch queſtions, to which the bird replied with ſuch diſcretion as excited her curioſity. At length ſleep cloſed their eyes, and yielded up Formoſanta to the ſweet deluſion of dreams ſent by the gods, which ſometimes ſurpaſs reality itſelf, and which all the philoſophy of the Chaldeans can ſcarce explain.

Formoſanta did not wake till very late. The day was far advanced, when the king her father entered her chamber. The bird received his majeſty with reſpectful politeneſs, went before him, fluttered his wings, ſtretched his neck, and then replaced himſelf upon his orange tree. The king ſeated himſelf upon his daughter's bed, whoſe dreams had made her ſtill more beautiful. His large beard approached her lovely face, and after having twice embraced her, he ſpoke to her in theſe words:

My dear daughter, you could not yeſterday find a huſband agreeable to my wiſhes; you nevertheleſs muſt marry; the proſperity of my empire requires it. I have conſulted the oracle, which you know never errs, and which directs all my conduct. His commands are, that you ſhould traverſe the globe: You muſt therefore begin your journey.—Ah! doubtleſs, to the Gangarids, ſaid the princeſs; and in uttering theſe words, which eſcaped her, ſhe was

ſenſible

of her indiſcretion. The king, who was utterly ignorant of geography, aſked her what ſhe meant by the Gangarids? She eaſily diverted the queſtion. The king told her ſhe muſt go upon a pilgrimage, that he had appointed the perſons who were to attend her, the dean of the counſellors of ſtate, the high almoner, a lady of honour, a phyſician, an apothecary, her bird, and all neceſſary domeſtics.

Formoſanta, who had never been out of her father's palace, and who till the arrival of the three kings and Amazan had led a very inſipid life, according to the *etiquette* of rank and the parade of pleaſure, was charmed at ſetting out upon a pilgrimage. Who knows, ſaid ſhe, whiſpering to her heart, if the gods may not inſpire Amazan with the like deſire of going to the ſame chapel, and I may have the happineſs of again ſeeing the pilgrim? She affectionately thanked her father, ſaying, ſhe had always entertained a ſecret devotion for the ſaint ſhe was going to viſit.

Belus gave an excellent dinner to his gueſts, who were all men. They formed a very ill aſſorted company; kings, princes, miniſters, pontiffs, all jealous of each other; all weighing their words, and equally embarraſſed with their neighbours and themſelves. The repaſt was very gloomy, though they drank pretty freely. The princeſſes remained in their apartments, each meditating upon their reſpective journey. They dined at their little cover. Formoſanta afterwards walked in the gardens with her dear bird, who, to amuſe her, flew from tree to tree, diſplaying his ſuperb tail and divine plumage.

The king of Egypt, who was heated with wine, not to ſay drunk, aſked one of his pages for a bow and arrow. This prince was, in truth, the moſt

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unſkilful archer in his whole kingdom. When he aimed at a mark, the place of the greateſt ſafety was generally the ſpot he hit. But the beautiful bird, flying as ſwiftly as the arrow, ſeemed to court it, and fell bleeding in the arms of Formoſanta. The Egyptian, burſting into a fooliſh laugh, retired to his place. The princeſs rent the ſkies with her moans, melted into tears, tore her hair and beat her breaſt. The dying bird ſaid to her in a low voice, Burn me, and fail not to carry my aſhes to the eaſt of the ancient city of Aden or Eden, and expoſe them to the ſun upon a little pile of cloves and cinnamon: after having uttered theſe words he expired. Formoſanta was for a long time in a ſwoon, and ſaw the light again only to burſt in ſighs and groans. Her father partaking of her grief, and imprecating the king of Egypt, did not doubt but this accident foretold ſome fatal event. He went haſtily to conſult the oracle of his chapel. The oracle replied, *A mixture of every thing; life and death, infidelity and conſtancy, loſs and gain, calamities and good fortune.* Neither he nor his council could comprehend any meaning in this reply; but, at length, he was ſatisfied with having fulfilled the duties of devotion.

His daughter was bathed in tears, whilſt he conſulted the oracle; ſhe paid the funeral obſequies to the bird, which he had directed, and reſolved to carry its remains into Arabia at the riſk of her life. He was burnt in incombuſtible flax, with the orange-tree on which he uſed to perch. She gathered up the aſhes in a little golden vaſe, ſet with rubies, and the diamonds taken from the lion's mouth. Oh! that ſhe could, inſtead of fulfilling this melancholy duty, have burnt alive the deteſtable king of Egypt! This was her ſole wiſh. She, in ſpite, put

to

to death the two crocodiles, his two ſea horſes, his two zebars, his two rats, and had his two mummies thrown into the Euphrates. Had ſhe been poſſeſſed of his bull Apis, ſhe would not have ſpared him.

The king of Egypt, enraged at this affront, ſet out immediately to forward his three hundred thouſand men. The king of India, ſeeing his ally depart, ſet off alſo upon his return the ſame day, with a firm intention of joining his three hundred thouſand Indians to the Egyptian army. The king of Scythia decamped in the night with the princeſs Aldea, fully reſolved to fight for her at the head of three hundred thouſand Scythians, and to reſtore her the inheritance of Babylon, which was her right, as ſhe was deſcended from the elder branch.

As for the beautiful Formoſanta, ſhe ſet out at three in the morning with her caravan of pilgrims, flattering herſelf that ſhe might go into Arabia, and execute the laſt will of her bird; and that the juſtice of the gods would reſtore her the dear Amazan, without whom life was become inſupportable.

When the king of Babylon awoke, he found all his company gone. How mighty feſtivals terminate! ſaid he; and what a ſurpriſing vacuum they leave in the ſoul, when the hurry is over! But he was tranſported with a rage truly royal, when he found that princeſs Aldea was carried off. He ordered all his miniſters to be called up, and the council to be convened. Whilſt they were dreſſing, he failed not to conſult the oracle; but he could never get from it any other than theſe words, ſo celebrated ſince throughout the univerſe: *When girls are not married by their relations, they marry themſelves.*

Orders

Orders were immediately iſſued to march three hundred thouſand men againſt the king of Scythia. Thus was the torch of the moſt dreadful war lighted up, which was produced by the amuſements of the fineſt feſtival ever given upon earth. Aſia was upon the point of being over-run by four armies of three hundred thouſand men each. It is plain, that the war of Troy, which aſtoniſhed the world ſome ages after, was mere childrens play in compariſon to this; but it ſhould alſo be conſidered, that in the Trojans quarrel, the object was nothing more than a very libidinous old woman, who had contrived to be twice run away with; whereas, in this caſe, the cauſe was tripartite—two girls and a bird.

The king of India went to meet his army upon the large fine road which then led ſtraight to Babylon, at Cachemir. The king of Scythia flew with Aldea by the fine road which led to mount Immaus. All theſe fine roads have diſappeared in a ſeries of time, by reaſon of bad government. The king of Egypt had marched to the weſt, along the coaſt of the little Mediterranean ſea, which the ignorant Hebrews have ſince called the Great Sea.

As to the charming Formoſanta, ſhe purſued the road of Baſſora, planted with lofty palm trees, which furniſhed a perpetual ſhade, and fruits at all ſeaſons. The temple, in which ſhe was to perform her pilgrimage, was in Baſſora itſelf. The ſaint, to whom this temple had been dedicated, was pretty nearly in the ſtyle of him who was afterwards adored at Lampſacus. He not only procured young women huſbands, but he often ſupplied the huſband's place. He was the holieſt ſaint in all Aſia.

Formoſanta had no ſort of inclination for the ſaint of Baſſora; ſhe only invoked her dear Gangaridian ſhepherd, her charming Amazan. She propoſed embarking at Baſſora, and landing in Arabia Felix, to perform what her deceaſed bird had commanded.

At the third ſtage, ſcarce had ſhe entered into a fine inn, where her harbingers had made all the neceſſary preparations for her, when ſhe learnt that the king of Egypt was arrived there alſo. Informed by his emiſſaries of the princeſs's route, he immediately altered his courſe, followed by a numerous eſcort. Having alighted, he placed centinels at all the doors; then repaired to the beautiful Formoſanta's apartment, when he addreſſed her by ſaying, Miſs, you are the lady I was in queſt of; you paid me very little attention when I was at Babylon; it is juſt to puniſh ſcornful capricious women: you will, if you pleaſe, be kind enough to ſup with me to-night; you will have no other bed than mine, and I ſhall behave to you according as I am ſatisfied with you.

Formoſanta ſaw very well that ſhe was not the ſtrongeſt; ſhe judged that good ſenſe conſiſted in knowing how to conform to one's ſituation; ſhe reſolved to get rid of the king of Egypt by an innocent ſtratagem: ſhe looked to him through the corners of her eyes, which after-ages has called ogling; and thus ſhe ſpoke to him, with a modeſty, grace, and ſweetneſs, a confuſion, and a thouſand other charms, which would have made the wiſeſt man a fool, and deceived the moſt diſcerning:

I acknowledge, Sir, I always appeared with a downcaſt look when you did the king my father the honour of viſiting him. I had ſome apprehenſions for my heart, I dreaded my too great ſimplicity;

city; I trembled leſt my father and your rivals ſhould obſerve the preference I gave you, and which you ſo highly deſerved. I can now declare my ſentiments. I ſwear by the bull Apis, which after you is the thing I reſpect the moſt in the world, that your propoſals have enchanted me. I have already ſupped with you at my father's, and I will ſup again here with you, without his being of the party; all that I requeſt of you is, that your high almoner ſhould drink with us: he appeared to me at Babylon to be an excellent gueſt; I have ſome Chiras wine remarkably good, I will make you both taſte it. As to your ſecond propoſition, it is very engaging; but a girl well brought up ſhould not dwell upon it; ſatisfy yourſelf with being informed, that I conſider you as the greateſt of kings, and the moſt amiable of men.

This diſcourſe turned the king of Egypt's head; he agreed to have the almoner's company. I have another favour to aſk you, ſaid the princeſs, which is to allow me to ſpeak to my apothecary: women have always ſome little ails that require attention, ſuch as vapours in the head, palpitations of the heart, colics, and the like, which at particular times require ſome aſſiſtance; in a word, I at preſent ſtand in need of my apothecary, and I hope you will not refuſe me this ſlight teſtimony of love.

Miſs, replied the king of Egypt, though the deſigns of an apothecary are directly oppoſite to mine, and the objects of his art are directly contrary to thoſe of mine, I know life too well to refuſe you ſo juſt a demand; I will order him to attend you whilſt ſupper is preparing. I imagine you muſt be ſomewhat fatigued by the journey; you will alſo have occaſion for a chamber-maid, you may order her you like beſt to attend you; I will afterwards

wait your commands and convenience. He retired, and the apothecary, and chamber-maid, named Irla, entered. The princeſs had an entire confidence in her; ſhe ordered her to bring ſix bottles of Chiras wine for ſupper, and to make all the centinels, who had her officers under arreſt, drink the ſame; then ſhe recommended her apothecary to infuſe in all the bottles certain pharmaceutic drugs, which made thoſe who took them ſleep twenty-four hours, and with which he was always provided: She was punctually obeyed. The king returned with his high almoner in about half an hour's time; the converſation at ſupper was very gay; the king and the prieſt emptied the ſix bottles, and acknowleged there was no ſuch good wine in Egypt: the chamber-maid was attentive to make the ſervants in-waiting drink. As for the princeſs, ſhe took great care not to drink any herſelf, ſaying, that ſhe was ordered by her phyſician a particular regimen. They were all preſently aſleep.

The king of Egypt's almoner had one of the fineſt beards that a man of his rank could wear. Formoſanta lopt it off very ſkilfully; then ſewing it to a ribbon, ſhe put it on her own chin. She then dreſſed herſelf in the prieſt's robes, and decked herſelf in all the marks of his dignity, and her waiting-maid clad herſelf like the ſacriſtan of the goddeſs Iſis; at length, having furniſhed herſelf with his urn and jewels, ſhe ſet out from the inn amidſt the centinels, who were aſleep like their maſter. Her attendant had taken care to have two horſes ready at the door. The princeſs could not take with her any of the officers of her train; they would have been ſtopt by the great guards.

Formoſanta and Irla paſſed through ſeveral ranks of ſoldiers, who, taking the princeſs for the high-prieſt,

prieſt, called her, My moſt Reverend Father in God, and aſked his bleſſing. The two fugitives arrived in twenty-four hours at Baſſora, before the king awoke. They then threw off their diſguiſe, which might have created ſome ſuſpicion. They fitted out with all poſſible expedition a ſhip, which carried them by the Streights of Ormus, to the beautiful banks of Eden in Arabia Felix. This was that Eden, whoſe gardens were ſo famous, that they have ſince been the reſidence of the juſteſt of mankind; they were the model of the Elyſian fields, the gardens of the Heſperides, and thoſe of the Fortunate Iſlands; for in thoſe warm climates men imagined there could be no greater felicity than ſhades and murmuring brooks. To live eternally in heaven with the Supreme Being, or to walk in the garden of paradiſe, was the ſame thing to thoſe who inceſſantly ſpoke without underſtanding one another, and who could ſcarce have any diſtinct ideas or juſt expreſſions.

As ſoon as the princeſs found herſelf in this land, her firſt care was to pay her dear bird the funeral obſequies he had required of her. Her beautiful hands prepared a ſmall pile of cloves and cinnamon. What was her ſurprize, when, having ſpread the aſhes of the bird upon this pile, ſhe ſaw it blaze of itſelf! They were all preſently conſumed. In the place of the aſhes there appeared nothing but a large egg, from whence ſhe ſaw her bird iſſue more brilliant than ever. This was one of the moſt happy moments the princeſs had ever experienced in her whole life; there was but another that could ever be dearer to her; it was the object of her wiſhes, but almoſt beyond her hopes.

I plainly ſee, ſaid ſhe to the bird, you are the phœnix which I have heard ſo much ſpoken of.

I am

I am almoſt ready to expire with joy and aſtoniſhment. I did not believe in your reſurrection; but it is my good fortune to be convinced of it. Reſurrection, Madam, ſaid the phœnix to her, is one of the moſt ſimple things in the world. There is nothing more aſtoniſhing in being born twice than once. Every thing in this world is the effect of reſurrection; caterpillars are regenerated into butterflies; a kernel put into the earth is regenerated into a tree. All animals buried in the earth regenerate into vegetations, herbs, and plants, and nouriſh other animals, of which they ſpeedily compoſe part of the ſubſtance; all particles which compoſed bodies are transformed into different beings. It is true, that I am the only one to whom Oroſmade has granted the favour of regenerating in my own form.

Formoſanta, who from the moment ſhe firſt ſaw Amazan and the phœnix, had paſſed all her time in a round of aſtoniſhment, ſaid to him, I can eaſily conceive that the Supreme Being may form out of your aſhes a phœnix nearly reſembling yourſelf; but that you ſhould be preciſely the ſame perſon, that you ſhould have the ſame ſoul, is a thing, I acknowledge, I cannot very clearly comprehend. What became of your ſoul when I carried you in my pocket after your death?

Good heavens, Madam! is it not as eaſy for the great Oroſmade to continue action upon a ſingle atom of my being, as to begin afreſh this action? He had before granted me ſenſation, memory, and thought; he grants them to me again; whether he united this favour to an atom of elementary fire latent within me, or the aſſemblage of my organs, is, in reality, of no conſequence; men, as well as phœnixes, are equally ignorant how things

come

come to paſs; but the greateſt favour the Supreme Being has beſtowed upon me, is to regenerate me for you. Oh! that I may paſs the twenty-eight thouſand years which I have ſtill to live before my next reſurrection, with you and my dear Amazan!

My dear phœnix, remember what you firſt told me at Babylon, which I ſhall never forget, and which flattered me with the hope of again ſeeing my dear ſhepherd, whom I idolize; we muſt abſolutely pay the Gangarids a viſit together, and I muſt carry him back with me to Babylon. This is preciſely my deſign, ſaid the phœnix; there is not a moment to loſe. We muſt go in ſearch of Amazan by the ſhorteſt road, that is, thro' the air. There are in Arabia Felix two griffins, who are my particular friends, who live only a hundred and fifty thouſand leagues from hence; I am going to write to them by the pigeons poſt, and they will be here before night. We ſhall have time to work you a little convenient canopy with drawers, in which you may place your proviſions. You will be quite at your eaſe in this vehicle, with your maid. Theſe two griffins are the moſt vigorous of their kind; each of them will ſupport one of the poles of the canopy between their claws. But, once for all, time is very precious. He immediately went with Formoſanta to order the canopy at an upholſterer's of his acquaintance. It was made complete in four hours. In the drawers were placed ſmall fine loaves, biſcuits ſuperior to thoſe of Babylon, large lemons, pine-apples, cocoa and piſtachio nuts, Eden wine, which is as ſuperior to that of Chiras, as Chiras is to that of Surinam.

The canopy was as light as it was commodious and ſolid. The two griffins arrived at Eden by the appoint-

appointed time. Formoſanta and Irla placed themſelves in the vehicle. The two griffins carried it off like a feather. The phœnix ſometimes flew after it, and ſometimes perched upon its back. The two griffins winged their way towards the Ganges with the velocity of an arrow which rends the air. They never ſtopt but a moment at night, for the travellers to make ſome refreſhment, and the carriers to take a draught of water.

They at length reached the country of the Gangarids. The princeſs's heart palpitated with hope, love, and joy. The phœnix ſtopt the vehicle before the Amazan's houſe; he deſired to ſpeak with him; but he had been abſent from home three hours, without any one knowing whether he was gone.

There are no words, even in the Gangaridian language, that could expreſs Formoſanta's extreme deſpair. Alas! this is what I dreaded, ſaid the phœnix: the three hours which you paſſed at the inn upon the road to Baſſora with that wretched king of Egypt, have perhaps been at the price of the happineſs of your whole life; I very much fear we have loſt Amazan, without the poſſibility of recovering him.

He then aſked the ſervants, if they could ſalute the lady his mother? She anſwered, Her huſband had died only two days before, and ſhe could ſpeak to no one. The phœnix, who was not without influence in the houſe, introduced the princeſs of Babylon into a ſaloon, the walls of which were covered with orange-tree-wood inlaid with ivory. The inferior ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, who were dreſſed in long white garments with gold-coloured trimmings, ſerved her up, in a hundred plain porcelain baſkets, a hundred various delicious meats,

amongſt

amongst which no disguised carnasses were to be seen; they consisted of rice, sago, vermicelli, macaroni, omelets, milk-eggs, cream, cheese, pastry of every kind, vegetables, fruit peculiarly odoriferous and grateful to the taste, of which no idea can be formed in other climates; and they were accompanied with a profusion of refreshing liquors superior to the finest wine.

Whilst the princess regaled herself, seated upon a bed of roses, four peacocks, who were luckily mute, fanned her with their brilliant wings; two hundred birds, one hundred shepherds and shepherdesses, warbled a concert in two different choirs; the nightingales, thistlefinches, linnets, chaffinches, sung the higher notes with the shepherdesses, and the shepherds sung the tenor and the bass. The princess acknowledged, that if there was more magnificence at Babylon, nature was infinitely more agreeable among the Gangarids; but whilst this consolatory and voluptuous music was playing, tears flowed from her eyes, whilst she said to the damsel Irla, These shepherds and shepherdesses, these nightingales, these linnets, are making love; and for my part, I am deprived of the Gangaridian hero, the worthy object of my most tender and impatient desires.

Whilst she was taking this collation, and tears and admiration kept pace with each other, the phœnix addressed himself to Amazan's mother, saying: Madam, you cannot avoid seeing the princess of Babylon; you know—I know every thing, said she, even her adventure at the inn upon the road to Bassora; a black-bird related the whole to me this morning; and this cruel black-bird is the cause of my son's going mad, and leaving his paternal abode.—You do not know, then, that the

princeſs regenerated me?---No, my dear child, the black bird told me that you were dead, and this made me inconſolable. I was ſo afflicted at this loſs, the death of my huſband, and the precipitate flight of my ſon, that I ordered my door to be ſhut to every one. But ſince the princeſs of Babylon has done me the honour of paying me a viſit, I beg ſhe may be immediately introduced; I have matters of the laſt importance to acquaint her with, and I chuſe you ſhould be preſent. She then went to meet the princeſs in another ſaloon. She could not walk very well; this lady was about three hundred years old; but ſhe had ſtill ſome agreeable veſtiges of beauty; it might be diſcovered, that about her two hundred and thirtieth, or two hundred and fortieth year, ſhe muſt have been a moſt charming woman. She received Formoſanta with a reſpectful nobleneſs, blended with an air of intereſt and chagrin, which made a very lively impreſſion upon the princeſs.

Formoſanta immediately paid her the compliments of condolence upon her huſband's death. Alas! ſaid the widow, you have more reaſon to lament his death than you imagine. I am, doubtleſs, greatly afflicted, ſaid Formoſanta, he was father to———here a flood of tears prevented her from going on. For his ſake only I undertook this journey, amidſt many perils, and narrowly eſcaped many dangers. For him I left my father, and the moſt ſplendid court in the univerſe. I was detained by a king of Egypt, whom I deteſt. Having eſcaped from this raviſher, I have traverſed the air, in ſearch of the only man I love. When I arrive, he flies from me!---Here ſighs and tears ſtopt her farther harangue.

His mother then ſaid to her, Madam, when the king

king of Egypt carried you off when you supped with him at an inn upon the road to Bassora, when your beautiful hands filled him bumpers of Chiras wine, did you observe a black-bird that flew about the room? Yes, really, said the princess, I do now recollect there was such a bird, though I did not then pay it any kind of attention; but in collecting my ideas, I now remember well, that at the instant when the king of Egypt got up from table to give me a kiss, the black-bird flew out at the window in giving a loud cry, and never appeared after.

Alas! Madam, resumed Amazan's mother, this is precisely the cause of all our misfortunes: my son had dispatched this black-bird to gain intelligence of your health, and all that past at Babylon. He proposed speedily to return, throw himself at your feet, and consecrate to you the remainder of his life. You know not to what a pitch he adores you. All the Gangarids are both amorous and faithful; but my son is the most passionate and constant of them all. The black-bird found you at an inn, drinking very chearfully with the king of Egypt and a vile priest; he afterwards saw you give this monarch, who had killed the phœnix, a fond embrace;—the man my son holds in utter detestation. The black-bird, at the sight of this, was seized with a just indignation; he flew away imprecating your fatal amours: he returned this day, and has related every thing; but, just Heaven, at what a juncture! at the very time that my son was deploring with me the loss of his father, and that of the phœnix, the very instant I had informed him he was your cousin-german!

Oh heavens! my cousin, Madam, is it possible? how can this be? And am I so happy as to be thus

allied! and yet so miserable as to have offended him!

My son is, I tell you, said his mother, your cousin, and I shall presently convince you of it; but in becoming my relation, you rob me of my son; he cannot survive the grief which the embrace you gave to the king of Egypt has occasioned him.

Ah! my dear aunt, cried the beautiful Formosanta, I swear by him and the all-powerful Oromades, that this embrace, so far from being criminal, was the strongest proof of love your son could receive from me. I disobeyed my father for his sake. For him I went from the Euphrates to the Ganges. Fallen into the hands of the worthless Pharaoh of Egypt, I could not escape his clutches but by artifice. I call the ashes and soul of the phœnix, which were then in my pocket, to witness; he can do me justice. But how can your son, born upon the banks of the Ganges, be my cousin? I, whose family have reigned upon the banks of the Euphrates for so many centuries?

You know, said the venerable Gangaridian lady to her, that your grand-uncle, Aldea, was king of Babylon, and that he was dethroned by Belus's father?—Yes, Madam.—You know that this Aldea had in marriage a daughter named Aldea, brought up in your court. It was this prince, who, being persecuted by your father, took refuge in our happy country under another name: he married me: by him I bore young prince Aldea Amazan, the most beautiful, the most courageous, the strongest, and most virtuous of mortals;—and at this hour the maddest. He went to the Babylonian festival upon the credit of your beauty; since that time he idolizes you, and, perhaps, I shall never again set eyes upon my dear son.

She

She then diſplayed to the princeſs all the titles of the houſe of the Aldeas. Formoſanta ſcarce deigned to look at them. Ah! Madam, do we examine what is the object of our deſire? My heart ſufficiently believes you. But where is Aldea Amazan? where is my kinſman, my lover, my king? where is my life? what road has he taken? I will ſeek for him in every ſphere the Eternal Being has framed, and of which he is the greateſt ornament. I will go into the ſtar Canopé, into Sheath, into Aldebaran; I will go and convince him of my love and my innocence.

The phœnix juſtified the princeſs with regard to the crime that was imputed to her by the black-bird, fondly embracing the king of Egypt; but it was neceſſary to undeceive Amazan and recal him. Birds are diſpatched on every ſide, unicorns ſet forward on every road: news at length arrives that Amazan took that towards China. Well, then, ſaid the princeſs, let us ſet out for China; the journey is not long, and I hope I ſhall bring you back your ſon in a fortnight at fartheſt. At theſe words the tears of affection ſtreamed from his mother's eyes and thoſe of the princeſs;---they moſt tenderly embraced in the great effuſion of their hearts.

The phœnix immediately ordered a coach with ſix unicorns. Amazan's mother furniſhed two thouſand horſemen, and made the princeſs her niece a preſent of ſome thouſands of the fineſt diamonds of her country. The phœnix, afflicted at the evil occaſioned by the black-bird's indiſcretion, ordered all the black-birds to quit the country; and from that time none have been met with upon the banks of the Ganges.

§ 5.

§ 5.

The unicorns, in leſs than eight days, carried Formoſanta, Irla, and the phœnix, to Cambalu, the capital of China. This city was larger than that of Babylon, and its magnificence very different. Theſe freſh objects, theſe new manners, would have amuſed Formoſanta could any thing but Amazan have engaged her.

As ſoon as the emperor of China learnt that the princeſs of Babylon was at one of the city gates, he diſpatched to her four thouſand Mandarines in ceremonial robes: they all proſtrated themſelves before her, and preſented her with a compliment written in golden letters upon a ſheet of purple ſilk. Formoſanta told them, that if ſhe were poſſeſſed of four thouſand tongues, ſhe would not omit replying immediately to every Mandarin; but that having only one, ſhe hoped they would be ſatisfied with her general thanks. They conducted her, in a reſpectful manner, to the emperor.

He was the moſt juſt, the politeſt, and wiſeſt monarch upon earth. It was he who firſt tilled a ſmall field with his own imperial hands, to make agriculture reſpectable to his people. He firſt allotted premiums to virtue: laws in all other countries were ſhamefully confined to the puniſhment of crimes. This emperor had juſt baniſhed from his dominions a gang of foreign Bonzes, who had come from the extremities of the Weſt, with the frantic hope of compelling all China to think like themſelves; and who, under pretence of teaching truths, had already acquired honours and riches. In expelling them, he delivered himſelf in theſe words, which are recorded in the annals of the empire:

"You may here do as much harm as you have elſe-

elſewhere; you are come to preach dogmas of intolerance, in the moſt tolerating nation upon earth. I ſend you back, that I may never be compelled to puniſh you. You will be honourably conducted to my frontiers; you will be furniſhed with every thing neceſſary to return to the confines of the hemiſphere from whence you came. Depart in peace, if you can be at peace, and never return."

The princeſs of Babylon learnt with pleaſure this ſpeech and determination; ſhe was the more certain of being well received at court, as ſhe was very far from entertaining any dogmas of intolerance. The emperor of China, in dining with her *tete-a-tete*, had the politeneſs to baniſh all diſagreeable *etiquettes*: ſhe preſented the phœnix to him, who was greatly careſſed by the emperor, and who perched upon his chair. Formoſanta, towards the end of the repaſt, ingenuouſly acquainted him with the cauſe of her journey, and intreated him to ſearch for the beautiful Amazan in the city of Cambalu; and in the mean while ſhe acquainted the emperor with her adventures, without concealing the fatal paſſion with which her heart burnt for this youthful hero. Who do you mention him to? ſaid the emperor of China; he did me the pleaſure of coming to my court: I was enchanted with this amiable Amazan. It is true, that he is deeply afflicted; but his graces are thereby the more affecting. No one of my favourites has more wit than him, there is not a gown Mandarin who has more knowledge, not a military one who has a more martial or heroic air. His extreme youth adds an additional value to all his talents. If I were ſo unfortunate, ſo abandoned by the Tien and Changti, as to deſire being a conqueror, I would deſire Amazan to put himſelf at the head of my armies, and

and I ſhould be ſure of conquering the whole univerſe. It is a great pity that his melancholy ſometimes diſconcerts him.

Ah! Sir, ſaid Formoſanta, with much agitation and grief, blended with an air of reproach, why did you not make me dine with him? This is a mortal ſtroke you have given me!—ſend for him immediately. Madam, replied the emperor, he ſet out this very morning, without acquainting me with his deſtination. Formoſanta, turning towards the phœnix, ſaid to him, Did you ever know ſo unfortunate a damſel as myſelf? But, reſuming, ſhe ſaid, Sir, how came he to quit ſo polite a court, and in which, methinks, one might paſs one's life, in ſo abrupt a manner?

This was the caſe, Madam, ſaid he: One of the moſt amiable of the princeſſes of the blood, falling deſperately in love with him, fixed a rendezvous to meet him at noon; he ſet out at day-break, leaving this billet for my kinſwoman, whom it hath coſt a deluge of tears:

" Beautiful princeſs of the blood of China, you are deſerving of a heart that was never offered up to any other altar; I have ſworn to the immortal gods, never to love any other than Formoſanta princeſs of Babylon, and to teach her how to conquer one's deſires in travelling. She has had the misfortune to yield to a worthleſs king of Egypt; I am the moſt unfortunate of men; I have loſt my father and the phœnix, and the hope of being loved by Formoſanta. I left my mother in affliction, and my country, unable to live a moment in that ſpot where I learnt that Formoſanta loved another than me. I ſwore to traverſe the earth, and be faithful: You would deſpiſe me, and the gods

puniſh me, if I violated my oath: chuſe another lover, Madam, and be as faithful as I am."

Ah! give me that miraculous letter, ſaid the beautiful Formoſanta, it will afford me ſome conſolation: I am happy in the midſt of my misfortunes. Amazan loves me; Amazan for me renounces the embraces of princeſſes of China; there is no one upon earth but himſelf endowed with ſo much fortitude; he ſets me a moſt brilliant example; the phœnix knows I did not ſtand in need of it: how cruel it is to be deprived of one's lover for the moſt innocent embrace given through pure fidelity! But, in fine, whither is he gone? what road has he taken? Deign to inform me, and I will ſet out.

The emperor of China told her, that, according to the reports he had received, her lover had taken the road towards Scythia. The unicorns were immediately harneſſed, and the princeſs, after the moſt tender compliments, took leave of the emperor, with the phœnix, her chamber-maid Irla, and all her train.

As ſoon as ſhe arrived in Scythia, ſhe was more convinced than ever how much men and governments differed, and would differ, till ſuch time as ſome more enlightened people ſhould by degrees remove that cloud of darkneſs which had covered the earth for ſo many ages; and till there ſhould be found in barbarous climes, heroic ſouls, who would have ſtrength and perſeverance enough to tranſform brutes into men. There are no cities in Scythia, conſequently no agreeable arts; nothing was to be ſeen but extenſive fields, and whole nations whoſe ſole habitations were tents and chars. Such an appearance ſtruck her with terror. Formoſanta enquired in what tent or char the king was lodged? She was informed that he had ſet out eight days

before with three hundred thouſand cavalry to attack the king of Babylon, whoſe niece, the beautiful princeſs Aldea, he carried off.

What! hath he run away with my couſin, cried Formoſanta? I could not have imagined ſuch an incident. What! is my couſin, who was too happy in paying her court to me, become a queen, and I am not yet married? She was immediately conducted, by her deſire, to the queen's tent.

Their unexpected meeting in ſuch diſtant climes; the uncommon occurrences they mutually had to impart to each other, gave ſuch charms to this interview, as made them forget they never loved one another: they ſaw each other with tranſport; and a ſoft illuſion ſupplied the place of real tenderneſs: they embraced with tears; and there was a cordiality and frankneſs on each ſide that could not have taken place in a palace.

Aldea remembered the phœnix and the waiting-maid Irla. She preſented her couſin with zibelin ſkins, who in return gave her diamonds. The war between the two kings was ſpoken of. They deplored the ſtate of men, the victims of the caprice of princes, when two honeſt men might ſettle the difference, without a ſingle throat being cut, in leſs than an hour: but the principal topic was the handſome ſtranger, who had conquered lions, given the largeſt diamonds in the univerſe, the writer of madrigals, now become the moſt miſerable of men from the intelligence of a black-bird. He is my dear brother, ſaid Aldea. He is my lover, cried Formoſanta: you have, doubtleſs, ſeen him; is he ſtill here? for, couſin, he knows he is your brother; he cannot have left you ſo abruptly as he did the king of China.

Have I ſeen him? good heaven! Yes, he paſſed

four

four whole days with me. Ah! couſin, how much my brother is to blame! A falſe report has abſolutely turned his brain; he roams about the world, without knowing whither he is deſtined. Image to yourſelf, that his phrenſy is ſo great, that he has refuſed the favours of the handſomeſt Scythian lady in all Scythia. He ſet out yeſterday, after writing her a letter which has thrown her into deſpair. As for him, he is gone to viſit the Cimmerians. God be thanked! cried Formoſanta; another refuſal in my favour! My good fortune is beyond my hope, as my misfortunes ſurpaſſed my greateſt apprehenſions. Procure me this charming letter, that I may ſet out and follow him, loaded with his ſacrifices. Farewell, couſin! Amazan is among the Cimmerians, and I fly to meet him.

Aldea judged that the princeſs her couſin was ſtill more frantic than her brother Amazan. But as ſhe had herſelf been ſenſible of the effects of this epidemic contagion, having given up the delights and magnificence of Babylon for a king of Scythia; and as the women always excuſe thoſe follies that are the effects of love, ſhe felt for Formoſanta's affliction, wiſhed her a happy journey, and promiſed to be her advocate with her brother, if ever ſhe was ſo fortunate as to ſee him again.

§ 6.

From Scythia the princeſs of Babylon, with her phœnix, arrived ſoon at the empire of the Cimmerians, a country indeed much leſs populous than Scythia, but of far greater extent.

After a few days journey, ſhe entered a very large city, which has of late been greatly improved by the reigning empreſs: ſhe herſelf was not there

at that time, but was making a progreſs through her dominions, on the frontiers of Europe and Aſia, in order to judge of their ſtate and condition with her own eyes, to enquire into their grievances, and to provide the proper remedies for them.

The principal magiſtrate of that antient capital, as ſoon as he was informed of the arrival of the Babylonian lady and the phœnix, loſt no time in paying her all the honours of the country; being certain that his miſtreſs, the moſt polite and generous princeſs in the world, would be extremely well pleaſed to find that he had received ſo illuſtrious a lady with all that reſpect which ſhe herſelf, if on the ſpot, would have ſhewed her.

The princeſs was lodged in the palace, and entertained with great ſplendor and elegance. The Cimmerian lord, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, diverted himſelf in converſing with the phœnix, at ſuch times as the princeſs choſe to retire to her own apartment. The phœnix told him, that he had formerly travelled among the Cimmerians, but that he ſhould not have known the country again. How comes it, ſaid he, that ſuch prodigious changes have been brought about in ſo ſhort a time? Formerly, when I was here, about three hundred years ago, I ſaw nothing but ſavage nature in all her horrors; at preſent, I perceive induſtry, arts, ſplendor, and politeneſs. This mighty revolution, replied the Cimmerian, was begun by one man, and is now carried to perfection by one woman; a woman who is a greater legiſlator than the Iſis of the Egyptians, or the Ceres of the Greeks. Moſt lawgivers have been unhappy in a narrow genius and an arbitrary diſpoſition, which confined their views to the countries, they governed: each of them looked upon his own, as

the

the only people exiſting upon the earth, or as if they ought to be at enmity with all the reſt: they have formed inſtitutions, introduced cuſtoms, and eſtabliſhed a religion for them alone. Thus the Egyptians, ſo famous for thoſe heaps of ſtones called Pyramids, have diſhonoured and beſotted themſelves with their barbarous ſuperſtitions. They deſpiſe all other nations as profane; refuſe all manner of intercourſe with them; and, excepting thoſe converſant in the court, who now and then riſe above the prejudices of the vulgar, there is not an Egyptian who will eat off a plate that had ever been uſed by a ſtranger. Their prieſts are equally cruel and abſurd. It were better to have no laws at all, and to follow thoſe notions of right and wrong engraven on our hearts by nature, than to ſubject ſociety to inſtitutions ſo inhoſpitable.

Our empreſs has adopted a quite different ſyſtem; ſhe conſiders her vaſt dominions, under which all the meridians on the globe are united, as under an obligation of correſpondence with all the nations dwelling under thoſe meridians. The firſt and moſt fundamental of her laws, is an univerſal toleration of all religions, and an unbounded compaſſion for every error. Her penetrating genius perceives, that though the modes of religious worſhip differ, yet morality is every where the ſame: by this principle, ſhe has united her people to all the nations on earth, and the Cimmerians will ſoon conſider the Scandinavians and the Chineſe as their brethren. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe has reſolved to eſtabliſh this invaluable toleration, the ſtrongeſt link of ſociety among her neighbours: by theſe means, ſhe has obtained the title of the Parent of her country; and, if ſhe perſeveres, will acquire that of the Benefactreſs of mankind.

Before

Before her time, the men, who were unhappily poſſeſſed of power, ſent out legions of murderers to ravage unknown countries, and to water with the blood of the children the inheritance of their fathers. Thoſe aſſaſſins were called Heroes, and their robberies accounted glorious atchievements. But our ſovereign courts another ſort of glory; ſhe has ſent forth her armies to be the meſſengers of peace; not only to prevent men from being the deſtroyers, but to oblige them to be the benefactors, of one another. Her ſtandards are the enſigns of public tranquillity.

The phœnix was quite charmed with what he heard from this nobleman; he told him, that though he had lived twenty-ſeven thouſand nine hundred years and ſeven months in this world, he had never ſeen any thing like it. He then enquired after his friend Amazan. The Cimmerian gave the ſame account of him that the princeſs had already heard from the Chineſe and the Scythians. It was Amazan's conſtant practice to run away from all the courts he viſited, the inſtant any lady made him an aſſignation, apprehending he might be prevailed upon to give ſome proofs of human frailty. The phœnix ſoon acquainted Formoſanta with this freſh inſtance of Amazan's fidelity; a fidelity ſo much the more ſurpriſing, ſince he could not imagine his princeſs would ever hear of it.

Amazan had ſet out for Scandinavia, where he was entertained with ſights ſtill more ſurpriſing. In this place, he beheld monarchy and liberty ſubſiſting together in a manner thought incompatible in other ſtates; the labourers of the ground ſhared in the legiſlature with the grandees of the realm. In another place he ſaw what was ſtill more extraordinary; a prince equally remarkable for his extreme

treme youth and uprightneſs, who poſſeſſed a ſovereign authority over his country, acquired by a ſolemn contract with his people.

Amazan beheld a philoſopher on the throne of Sarmatia, who might be called a king of anarchy; for he was the chief of a hundred thouſand petty kings, one of whom with his ſingle voice could render ineffectual the reſolutions of all the reſt. Eolus had not more difficulty to keep the warring winds within their proper bounds, than this monarch to reconcile the tumultuous diſcordant ſpirits of his ſubjects. He was the maſter of a ſhip ſurrounded with eternal ſtorms; but the veſſel did not founder, for he was an excellent pilot.

In traverſing thoſe various countries, ſo different from his own, Amazan perſevered in rejecting all the favourable advances made to him by the ladies, though inceſſantly diſtracted with the embrace given by Formoſanta to the king of Egypt, being reſolved to ſet Formoſanta an amazing example of an unſhaken and unparalleled fidelity.

The princeſs of Babylon was conſtantly cloſe at his heels, and ſcarce ever miſſed of him but by a day or two; without the one being tired of roaming, or the other loſing a moment in purſuing him.

Thus he traverſed the immenſe continent of Germany, where he beheld with wonder, the progreſs which reaſon and philoſophy had made in the North; even their princes were enlightened, and were become the patrons of freedom of thought. Their education had not been truſted to men who had an intereſt in deceiving them, or who were themſelves deceived; they were brought up in the knowledge of univerſal morality, and in the contempt of ſuperſtition; they had baniſhed from all their eſtates

a ſenſe-

a ſenſeleſs cuſtom which had enervated and depopulated the ſouthern countries; this was to bury alive in immenſe dungeons, infinite numbers of both ſexes who were eternally ſeparated from one another, and ſworn to have no communication together. This madneſs had contributed more than the moſt cruel wars to lay waſte and ravage the earth.

The princeſs of the North had at laſt found out, that if they wanted a good breed of horſes, they muſt not ſeparate the fineſt ſtallions from the mares. They had likewiſe exploded other errors equally abſurd and pernicious; in ſhort, men had at laſt ventured to make uſe of their reaſon in thoſe immenſe regions; whereas it was ſtill believed almoſt every where elſe, that they could not be governed but in proportion to their ignorance.

§ 7.

From Germany, Amazan arrived at Batavia; where his perpetual chagrin was in a good meaſure alleviated, by preſerving among the inhabitants a faint reſemblance of his happy countrymen the Gangarids. There he ſaw liberty, property, equality, plenty, with toleration in religion; but the ladies were ſo indifferent, that not one made him any amorous advances; a thing he had never met with before. It is true, had he been inclined to addreſs them, they would have yielded one after another; though, at the ſame time, not one would have been the leaſt in love; but he was far from any thoughts of making conqueſts.

Formoſanta had nearly caught him in this inſipid nation: he had ſet out but a moment before her arrival.

Amazan

Amazan had heard ſo much among the Batavians in praiſe of a certain iſland called Albion, that he was led by curioſity to embark with his unicorns on board a ſhip, which, with a favourable eaſterly wind, carried him in four hours to that celebrated country, more famous than Tyre, or the Atlantic iſland.

The beautiful Formoſanta, who had followed him, as it were on the ſcent, to the banks of the Wolga, the Viſtula, the Elbe, and the Weſer, and had never been above a day or two behind him, arrived ſoon after at the mouths of the Rhine, where it diſembogues its waters into the German Ocean.

Here ſhe learned that her beloved Amazan had juſt ſet ſail for Albion. She thought ſhe ſaw the veſſel on board of which he was, and could not help crying out for joy: at which the Batavian ladies were greatly ſurpriſed, not imagining that a young man could poſſibly occaſion ſo violent a tranſport. They took, indeed, but little notice of the phœnix, as they reckoned his feathers would not fetch near ſo good a price as thoſe of their own ducks, and other water-fowl. The princeſs of Babylon hired two veſſels to carry herſelf and her retinue to that happy iſland, which was ſoon to poſſeſs the only object of her deſires, the ſoul of her life, and the god of her heart.

An unpropitious wind from the weſt aroſe of a ſudden, juſt as the faithful and unhappy Amazan landed on the Albion ſhore, and detained the ſhips of the Babylonian princeſs, juſt as they were going to put to ſea. Seized with a deep melancholy, ſhe betook herſelf to bed, determined to remain there till the wind ſhould change; but it blew for the ſpace of eight days, with an unremitting violence.

The princeſs, during this age of eight days, employed her maid of honour Irla in reading romances; which were not indeed written by the Batavians; but as they are the factors of the univerſe, they traffick in the wit as well as commodities of other nations.—The princeſs purchaſed of Mark Michael Rey, the bookſeller, all the novels which had been written by the Auſonians and the Welches, the ſale of which had been wiſely prohibited among thoſe nations, to enrich their neighbours the Batavians. She expected to find in thoſe hiſtories ſome adventure ſimilar to her own, which might alleviate her grief.—The maid of honour read, the phœnix gave his advice, and the princeſs, finding nothing in the Fortunate Country Maid, in Tanſai, or in the Sopha, that had the leaſt reſemblance to her own affairs, interrupted the reader every moment, by aſking how the wind ſtood?

§ 8.

In the mean time Amazan was on the road to the capital of Albion, in his coach and ſix unicorns, all his thoughts employed on his dear princeſs: at a ſmall diſtance he perceived a carriage overturned in a ditch; the ſervants had gone different ways in queſt of aſſiſtance, but the owner kept his ſeat, ſmoaking his pipe with great tranquillity, without teſtifying the ſmalleſt impatience: his name was My Lord What then, in the language from which I tranſlate theſe memoirs.

Amazan made all the haſte poſſibly to help him, and with his ſimple arm ſet the carriage to rights, ſo much was his ſtrength ſuperior to that of other men. My Lord What then took no other notice of him, than ſaying, A ſtout fellow, by G—d! in the mean

mean time the country people, being come up, flew into a great paſſion at being called out to no purpoſe, and fell upon the ſtranger. They abuſed him, called him outlandiſh dog, and challenged him to ſtrip and box.

Amazan ſeized a brace of them in each hand, and threw them twenty paces from him; the reſt ſeeing this, pulled off their hats, and bowing with great reſpect, aſked his honour for ſomething to drink. His honour gave them more money than they had ever ſeen in their lives before. My Lord What-then now expreſſed great eſteem for him, and aſked him to dinner at his country-houſe, about three miles off. His invitation being accepted, he went into Amazan's coach, his own being out of order by the accident.

After a quarter of an hour's ſilence, My Lord What-then looking upon Amazan for a moment, ſaid, How d'ye do? which, by the way, is a phraſe without any meaning; adding, You have got ſix fine unicorns there. After which he fell a ſmoaking as uſual.

The traveller told him his unicorns were at his ſervice, and that he had brought them from the country of the Gangarids: from thence he took occaſion to inform him of his affair with the princeſs of Babylon, and the unlucky kiſs ſhe had given the king of Egypt: to which the other made no reply, being very indifferent whether there were any ſuch people in the world, as a king of Egypt or a princeſs of Babylon. He remained dumb for another quarter of an hour; after which he aſked his companion a ſecond time how he did, and whether they had any good roaſt beef among the Gangarids. Amazan anſwered with his wonted politeneſs, That they did not eat their brethren on the

banks of the Ganges; he then explained to him that ſyſtem which many ages afterwards was ſurnamed the Pythagorean philoſophy. But My Lord fell aſleep in the mean time, and made but one nap of it till he came to his own houſe.

He was married to a young and charming woman, on whom nature had beſtowed a ſoul as lively and ſenſible as her huſband's was dull and ſtupid. Several gentlemen of Albion had that day come to dine with her; among whom there were characters of all ſorts; for that country having been almoſt always under the government of foreigners, the families that had come over with theſe princes had imported their different manners. There were in this company ſome perſons of a very amiable diſpoſition, others of a ſuperior genius, and a few of very profound learning.

The miſtreſs of the houſe had none of that aukward affected ſtiffneſs, that falſe modeſty, with which the young Albion ladies were then reproached; ſhe did not conceal, by a ſcornful look and an affected taciturnity, her deficiency of ideas; and the embarraſſing humility of having nothing to ſay. Never was a woman more engaging. She received Amazan with a grace and politeneſs that were quite natural to her. The extreme beauty of this young ſtranger, and the ſudden compariſon ſhe could not help making between him and her huſband, immediately ſtruck her in a moſt ſenſible manner.

Dinner being ſerved, ſhe placed Amazan at her ſide, and helped him to all ſort of puddings, having learned from himſelf that the Gangarids never fed upon any thing which had received from the gods the celeſtial gift of life. His beauty and ſtrength, the manners of the Gangarids, the progreſs

of

of arts, religion, and government, were the ſubjects of a converſation equally agreeable and inſtructive all the time of the entertainment, which laſted till night: during which My Lord What-then did nothing but puſh the bottle about, and call for the toaſt.

After dinner, while my lady was pouring out the tea, ſtill feeding her eyes on the young ſtranger, he entered into a long converſation with a member of parliament; for every one knows that there was, even then, a parliament called Wittenagenot, or the Aſſembly of wiſe men. Amazan enquired into the conſtitution, laws, manners, cuſtoms, forces, and arts, which made this country ſo reſpectable; and the member anſwered him in the following manner:

For a long time we went ſtark naked, though our climate is none of the hotteſt. We were likewiſe for a long time enſlaved by a people come from the ancient country of Saturn, watered by the Tiber. But the miſchiefs we have done one another have greatly exceeded all that we ever ſuffered from our firſt conquerors. One of our princes carried his daſtardlineſs to ſuch a pitch, as to declare himſelf the ſubject of a prieſt, who dwells alſo on the banks of the Tiber, and is called the Old Man of the Seven Mountains: it has been the fate of theſe ſeven mountains to domineer over the greateſt part of Europe, then inhabited by brutes in human ſhape.

To thoſe times of infamy and debaſement ſucceeded the ages of barbarity and confuſion. Our country, more tempeſtuous than the ſurrounding ocean, has been ravaged and drenched in blood by our civil diſcords; many of our crowned heads have periſhed by a violent death: above a hundred

dred princes of the royal blood have ended their days on the ſcaffold, whilſt the hearts of their adherents have been torn from their breaſts, and thrown in their faces. In ſhort, it is the province of the hangman to write the hiſtory of our iſland, ſeeing this perſonage has finally determined all our affairs of moment.

But to crown theſe horrors, it is not very long ſince ſome fellows wearing black manties, and others who caſt white ſhirts over their jackets, having been bitten by mad dogs, communicated their madneſs to the whole nation. Our country was then divided into two parties, the murderers and the murdered, the executioners and the ſufferers, plunderers and ſlaves; and all in the name of God, and whilſt they were ſeeking the Lord.

Who would have imagined, that from this horrible abyſs, this chaos of diſſenſion, cruelty, ignorance, and fanaticiſm, a government ſhould at laſt ſpring up, the moſt perfect, it may be ſaid, now in the world; yet ſuch has been the event. A prince, honoured and wealthy, all-powerful to do good, without any power to do evil, is at the head of a free, warlike, commercial, and enlightened nation. The nobles on one hand, and the repreſentatives of the people on the other, ſhare the legiſlature with the monarch.

We have ſeen, by a ſingular fatality of events, diſorder, civil wars, anarchy and wretchedneſs, lay waſte the country, when our kings aimed at arbitrary power: whereas tranquillity, riches, and univerſal happineſs, have only reigned among us, when the prince has remained ſatisfied with a limited authority. All order has been ſubverted whilſt we were diſputing about myſteries, but was re-eſtabliſhed the moment we grew wiſe enough to deſpiſe them.

them. Our victorious fleets carry our glory over all the ocean; our laws place our lives and fortunes in security; no judge can explain them in an arbitrary manner, and no decision is ever given without the reasons assigned for it. We should punish a judge as an assassin, who should condemn a citizen to death without declaring the evidence which accused him, and the law upon which he was convicted.

It is true, there are always two parties among us, who are continually writing and intriguing against each other; but they constantly re-unite, whenever it is needful to arm in defence of liberty and our country. These two parties watch over one another, and mutually prevent the violation of the sacred *depositi* of the laws: they hate one another, but they love the state; they are like those jealous lovers, who pay court to the same mistress with a spirit of emulation.

From the same fund of genius by which we discovered and supported the natural rights of mankind, we have carried the sciences to the highest pitch to which they can attain among men. Your Egyptians, who pass for such great mechanics; your Indians, who are believed to be such great philosophers; your Babylonians, who boast of having observed the stars for the course of four hundred and thirty thousand years; the Greeks, who have written so much, and said so little, know in reality nothing in comparison of our shalloweſt scholars, who have studied the discoveries of our great masters. We have ravished more secrets from Nature, in the space of an hundred years, than the human species has been able to discover in as many ages.

This is a true account of our present state. I have

have concealed from you neither the good nor the bad; neither our ſhame nor our glory; and I have exaggerated nothing.

At this diſcourſe Amazan felt a ſtrong deſire to be inſtructed in thoſe ſublime ſciences his friend ſpoke of; and if his paſſion for the princeſs of Babylon, his filial duty to his mother whom he had quitted, and his love for his native country, had not made ſtrong remonſtrances to his diſtempered heart, he would willingly have ſpent the remainder of his life in Albion. But that unfortunate kiſs his princeſs had given the king of Egypt, did not leave his mind at ſufficient eaſe to ſtudy the abſtruſe ſciences.

I confeſs, ſaid he, having made a ſolemn vow to roam about the world, and to eſcape from myſelf, I have a curioſity to ſee that ancient land of Saturn, that people of the Tiber and of the Seven Mountains, who have been heretofore their maſters; they muſt undoubtedly be the firſt people on earth. I adviſe you by all means, anſwered the member, to take that journey, if you have the ſmalleſt taſte for muſic or painting. Even we ourſelves frequently carry our ſpleen and melancholy to the Seven Mountains. But you will be greatly ſurpriſed when you ſee the deſcendants of our conquerors.

This was a long converſation, and Amazan was a little touched in the head. He ſpoke in ſo agreeable a manner, his voice was ſo charming, his whole behaviour ſo noble and engaging, that the miſtreſs of the houſe could not reſiſt the pleaſure of having a little private chat with him in her turn. She tenderly ſqueezed his hand as ſhe ſpoke, and darted ſuch looks at him, from her wary and ſparkling eyes, that they ſhot deſire through every movement of the ſoul. She kept him to ſupper, and to

ſleep

ſleep there that night. Every moment, every word, every look, inflamed her paſſion. When all were retired to reſt, ſhe ſent him a little billet-doux, not doubting he would come to entertain her in bed, whilſt My Lord What-then was aſleep in his. Amazan had once more the courage to reſiſt; ſuch marvellous effects does a grain of folly produce in an exalted and deeply-wounded mind!

Amazan, according to cuſtom, wrote the lady an anſwer full of reſpect, repreſenting to her the ſacredneſs of his oath, and the ſtrict obligation he was under to teach the princeſs of Babylon to conquer her paſſions by his example; after which he harneſſed his unicorns and departed for Batavia, leaving all the company in deep admiration of him, and the lady in profound deſpair. In the agonies of her grief ſhe dropt Amazan's letter. My Lord What-then read it next morning: Damn it, ſaid he, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, what ſtuff and nonſenſe have we got here? and then rode out a fox-hunting with ſome of his drunken neighbours.

Amazan was already ſailing upon the ſea, poſſeſſed of a geographical chart, with which he had been preſented by the learned Albion he had converſed with at Lord What-then's. He was extremely aſtoniſhed to find the greateſt part of the earth upon a ſingle ſheet of paper.

His eyes and imagination wandered over this little ſpace; he obſerved the Rhine, the Danube, the Alps of Tyrol there ſpecified under different names, and all the countries through which he was to paſs before he arrived at the city of the Seven Mountains; but he more particularly fixed his eyes upon the country of the Gangarids, upon Babylon, where he had ſeen his dear princeſs, and upon the fatal country of Baſſora, where ſhe had given a fa-

tal kiſs to the king of Egypt. He ſighed, and tears ſtreamed from his eyes; but he agreed with the Albion who had preſented him with the univerſe in epitome, when he averred that the inhabitants of the banks of the Thames were a thouſand times better inſtructed than thoſe upon the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges.

As he returned into Batavia, Formoſanta flew towards Albion with her two ſhips that went at full ſail. Amazan's ſhip and the princeſs's croſſed one another, and almoſt touched; the two lovers were cloſe to each other, which they could not doubt of. —Ah! had they but known it! but tyrannic deſtiny would not allow it.

§ 9.

No ſooner had Amazan landed on the flat muddy ſhore of Batavia, than he flew like lightning towards the city of the Seven Mountains. He was obliged to traverſe the ſouthern part of Germany. At every four miles he met with a prince and princeſs, maids of honour and beggars. He was aſtoniſhed every where at the coquetries of theſe ladies and maids of honour, which they diſplayed with German good faith; and he only anſwered with modeſt refuſals. After having cleared the Alps he embarked upon the ſea of Dalmatia, and landed in a city that had no reſemblance to any thing he had heretofore ſeen. The ſea formed the ſtreets, and the houſes were erected in the water. The few public places with which this city was ornamented were filled with men and women with double faces; that which nature had beſtowed upon them, and a paſteboard one, ill painted, with which they covered their natural viſage; ſo that

this

this people ſeemed compoſed of ſpectres. Upon the arrival of ſtrangers in this counttry, they immediately purchaſe theſe viſages, in the ſame manner as people elſewhere furniſh themſelves with hats and ſhoes. Amazan deſpiſed a faſhion ſo contrary to nature; he appeared juſt as he was. There were in the city twelve thouſand girls regiſtered in the great book of the Republic; theſe girls were uſeful to the ſtate, being appointed to carry on the moſt advantageous and agreeable trade that ever enriched a nation. Common traders uſually ſend, at great riſk and expence, merchandizes of various kinds to the Eaſt; but theſe beautiful merchants carried on a conſtant traffic without riſk, which conſtantly ſprung from their charms. They all came to preſent themſelves to the handſome Amazan, and offer him his choice. He fled with the utmoſt precipitancy, uttering the name of the incomparable princeſs of Babylon, and ſwearing by the immortal gods, that ſhe was far handſomer than all the twelve thouſand Venetian girls. Sublime traitreſs, he cried in his tranſports, I will teach you to be faithful!

Now the yellow ſurges of the Tiber, peſtiferous fens, a few pale emaciated inhabitants, clothed in tatters which diſplayed their dry tanned hides, appeared to his ſight, and beſpoke his arrival at the gate of the city of the Seven Mountains, that city of heroes and legiſlators who conquered and poliſhed a great part of the globe.

He expected to have ſeen at the triumphal gate, five hundred battalions commanded by heroes, and in the ſenate an aſſembly of demi-gods giving laws to the earth; but the only army he found conſiſted of about thirty tatterdemalions, mounting guard with umbrellas for fear of the ſun. Being arrived

at a temple which appeared to him very fine, but not ſo magnificent as that of Babylon, he was greatly aſtoniſhed to hear a concert performed by men with female voices.

This, ſaid he, is a mighty pleaſant country, which was formerly the land of Saturn. I have been in a city where no one ſhewed his own face; here is another where men have neither their own voices nor beards. He was told that theſe ſingers were no longer men; that they had been diveſted of their virility that they might ſing the more agreeably the praiſes of a great number of perſons of merit. Amazan could not comprehend the meaning of this. Theſe gentlemen deſired him to ſing; he ſung a Gangaridian air with his uſual grace. His voice was a fine *counter-tenor*. Ah Signior, ſaid they, what a delightful *ſoprano* you would have, if——If what, ſaid he; what do you mean?—Ah! Signior, if you were---If I were what?---If---you were---without a beard! They then explained to him very pleaſantly, and with the moſt comic geſticulations, according to the cuſtom of their country, the point in queſtion. Amazan was quite confounded. I have travelled a great way, ſaid he, but I never before heard ſuch a whim.

After they had ſung a good while, the Old Man of the Seven Mountains went with great ceremony to the gate of the temple; he cut the air in four parts with his thumb raiſed, two fingers extended and two bent, in uttering theſe words in a language no longer ſpoken: *To the city and to the univerſe* *. The Gangarid could not comprehend how two fingers could extend ſo far.

He preſently ſaw the whole court of the maſter of

* Urbi & Orbi.

of the world file off. This court conſiſted of grave perſonages, ſome in ſcarlet, and others in violet robes: they almoſt all eyed the handſome Amazan with a tender look; they bowed to him, and ſaid to one another, *San Martino, che bel' ragazzo! San Pancratio, che bel' fanciullo!*

The zealots, whoſe vocation was to ſhew the curioſities of the city to ſtrangers, very eagerly offered to conduct him to ſeveral ruins, in which a muleteer would not chuſe to paſs a night, but which were formerly worthy monuments of the grandeur of a royal people. He moreover ſaw pictures of two hundred years ſtanding, and ſtatues that had remained twenty ages, which appeared to him maſter-pieces in their kind. Can you ſtill produce ſuch works? No, your Excellency, replied one of the zealots; but we deſpiſe the reſt of the earth, becauſe we preſerve theſe rarities. We are a kind of old cloaths-men, who derive our glory from the caſt-off garbs in our warehouſes.

Amazan was willing to ſee the prince's palace, and he was accordingly conducted thither. He ſaw men dreſſed in violet-coloured robes, who were reckoning the money of the revenues of the domains of lands, ſituated ſome upon the Danube, ſome upon the Loire, others upon the Guadalquivir, or the Viſtula. Oh! oh! ſaid Amazan, after having conſulted his geographical map, your maſter, then, poſſeſſes all Europe, like thoſe ancient heroes of the Seven Mountains? He ſhould poſſeſs the whole univerſe by divine right, replied a violet-livery man; and there was even a time when his predeceſſors nearly compaſſed univerſal monarchy; but their ſucceſſors are ſo good as to content themſelves at preſent with ſome monies which the kings their ſubjects pay to them in the form of a tribute.

Your

Your maſter is, then, in fact, the king of kings; is that his title? ſaid Amazan. No, your Excellency, his title is *the ſervant of ſervants;* he was originally a fiſherman and porter, wherefore the emblems of his dignity conſiſt of keys and nets; but he at preſent iſſues orders to every king in Chriſtendom. It is not a long while ſince he ſent one hundred and one mandates to a king of the Celtes, and the king obeyed.

Your fiſherman muſt then have ſent five or ſix hundred thouſand men to put theſe orders in execution?

Not at all, your Excellency; our holy maſter is not rich enough to keep ten thouſand ſoldiers on foot; but he has five or ſix hundred thouſand divine prophets diſperſed in other countries. Thoſe prophets of various colours are, as they ought to be, ſupported at the expence of the people: they proclaim from heaven, that my maſter may, with his keys, open and ſhut all locks, and particularly thoſe of ſtrong boxes. A Norman prieſt, who held the poſt of confidant of this king's thoughts, convinced him he ought to obey, without replying, the hundred and one thoughts of my maſter; for you muſt know that one of the prerogatives of the Old Man of the Seven mountains, is never to err, whether he deigns to ſpeak or deigns to write.

In faith, ſaid Amazan, this is a very ſingular man; I ſhould be curious to dine with him. Were your Excellency even a king, you could not eat at his table; all that he could do for you, would be to allow you to have one ſerved by the ſide of his, but ſmaller and lower. But if you are inclined to have the honour of ſpeaking to him, I will aſk an audience for you on condition of the *bucna mancia,* which you will be kind enough to give me. Very readily,

readily, ſaid the Gangarid. The violet-livery man bowed: I will introduce you to-morrow, ſaid he; you muſt make three very low bows, and you muſt kiſs the Old Man of the Seven Mountains' feet. At this information Amazan burſt into ſo violent a fit of laughing that he was almoſt choaked; which, however, he ſurmounted, holding his ſides, whilſt the violent emotions of the riſible muſcles forced the tears down his cheeks, till he reached the inn, where the fit ſtill continued upon him.

At dinner, twenty beardleſs men and twenty violins produced a concert. He received the compliments of the greateſt lords of the city during the remainder of the day; theſe made him propoſals ſtill more extravagant than that of kiſſing the Old Man of the Seven Mountains feet. As he was extremely polite, he at firſt imagined that theſe gentlemen took him for a lady, and informed them of their miſtake with great decency and circumſpection; but being ſomewhat cloſely preſſed by two or three of thoſe violet-coloured gentry, who were the moſt forward, he threw them out of the window, without fancying he had made any great ſacrifice to the beautiful Formoſanta. He left with the greateſt precipitation this city of the maſters of the world, where he found himſelf neceſſitated to kiſs an old man's toe, as if his cheek were at the end of his foot, and where young men are accoſted in a more whimſical manner.

§ 10.

In all the provinces through which he paſſed, having conſtantly repulſed every amorous overture of every ſpecies, being ever faithful to the princeſs of Babylon, though inceſſantly enraged at the king

of

of Egypt, this model of conſtancy at length arrived at the new capital of the Gauls. This city, like many others, had alternately ſubmitted to barbarity, ignorance, folly, and miſery. The firſt name it bore was Dirt and Mire; it then took that of Iſis, from the worſhip of Iſis, which had reached even here. Its firſt ſenate conſiſted of a company of watermen. It had long been in bondage, and ſubmitted to the ravages of the heroes of the Seven Mountains; and ſome ages after, ſome other heroic thieves, who came from the farther banks of the Rhine, had ſeized upon its little lands.

Time, which changes all things, had formed it into a city, half of which was very noble and very agreeable, the other half ſomewhat barbarous and ridiculous: this was the emblem of its inhabitants. There were within its walls at leaſt a hundred thouſand people, who had no other employment than play and diverſion. Theſe idlers were the judges of thoſe arts which the others cultivated. They were ignorant of all that paſſed at court; though they were only four ſhort miles diſtant from it:—but it ſeemed to be at leaſt ſix hundred thouſand miles off. Agreeableneſs in company, gaiety and frivolity, formed the important and ſole conſiderations of their lives: they were governed like children, who are extravagantly ſupplied with gewgaws to prevent their crying. If the horrors which had, two centuries before, laid waſte their country, or thoſe dreadful periods when one half of the nation maſſacred the other for ſophiſms, came upon the carpet, they, indeed, ſaid, This was not well done; then they fell a-laughing, or ſinging of catches.

In proportion as the Idlers were poliſhed, agree-

able,

able, and amiable, it was obſerved there was a greater and more ſhocking contraſt between them and thoſe who were engaged in buſineſs.

Among the latter, or ſuch as pretended ſo to be, there was a gang of melancholy fanatics, whoſe abſurdity and knavery divided their character, whoſe appearance alone diffuſed miſery, and who would have overturned the world, had they been able to gain a little credit. But the nation of Idlers, by dancing and ſinging, forced them into obſcurity in their caverns, as the warbling birds drive the creaking bats back to their holes and ruins.

A ſmaller number of thoſe who were occupied were the preſervers of ancient barbarous cuſtoms, againſt which, nature terrified, loudly exclaimed; they conſulted nothing but their worm-eaten regiſters. If they there diſcovered a fooliſh horrid cuſtom, they conſidered it as a ſacred law. It was from this vile practice of not daring to think for themſelves, but extracting their ideas from the ruins of thoſe times when no one thought at all, that in the metropolis of pleaſure there ſtill remained ſome ſhocking manners. Hence it was that there was no proportion between crimes and puniſhments. A thouſand deaths were ſometimes inflicted upon an innocent victim, to make him acknowledge a crime he had not committed.

The extravagancies of youth were puniſhed with the ſame ſeverity as murder or parricide. The Idlers ſcreamed loudly at theſe exhibitions, and the next day thought no more about them, but were buried in the contemplation of ſome new faſhion.

This people ſaw a whole age elapſe, in which the fine arts attained a degree of perfection that far ſurpaſſed the moſt ſanguine hopes: foreigners then repaired thither, as they did to Babylon, to admire

the great monuments of architecture, the wonders of gardening, the ſublime efforts of ſculpture and painting. They were charmed with a ſpecies of muſic that reached the heart without aſtoniſhing the ears.

True poetry, that is to ſay, ſuch as is natural and harmonious, that which addreſſes the heart as well as the mind, was unknown to this nation before this happy period. New kinds of eloquence diſplayed ſublime beauties. The theatres in particular re-echoed with maſter-picces that no other nation ever approached. In a word, good taſte prevailed in every profeſſion, to that degree, that there were even good writers among the Druids.

So many laurels, that had branched even to the ſkies, ſoon withered in an exhauſted ſoil. There remained but a very ſmall number, whoſe leaves were of a pale dying verdure. This decay was occaſioned by the facility of producing lazineſs preventing good productions, and by a ſatiety of the brilliant, and a taſte for the whimſical. Vanity protected arts that brought back times of barbarity; and this ſame vanity, in perſecuting real talents, forced them to quit their country; the hornets baniſhed the bees.

There was ſcarce any real arts, ſcarce any real genius; merit now conſiſted in reaſoning right or wrong upon the merit of the laſt age. The dauber of a ſign-poſt criticiſed with an air of ſagacity the works of the greateſt painters; and the blotters of paper diſfigured the works of the greateſt writers. Ignorance and a bad taſte had other daubers in their pay; the ſame things were repeated in a hundred volumes, under different titles. Every work was either a dictionary or a pamphlet. A Druid gazetteer wrote twice a week the obſcure annals of an unknown people poſſeſſed with the devil, and

celeſtial

celeſtial prodigies operated in garrets by little beggars of both ſexes: other Ex-Druids, dreſſed in black, ready to die with rage and hunger, ſet forth their complaints in a hundred different writings, that they were no longer allowed to cheat mankind, this privilege being conferred on ſome goats clad in grey; and ſome Arch-Druids were employed in printing defamatory libels.

Amazan was quite ignorant of all this, and even if he had been acquainted with it, he would have given himſelf very little concern about it, having his head filled with nothing but the princeſs of Babylon, the king of Egypt, and the inviolable vow he had made to deſpiſe all female coquetry, in whatever country his deſpair ſhould drive him.

The gaping ignorant mob, whoſe curioſity exceeds all the bounds of nature and reaſon, for a long time thronged about his unicorns; the more ſenſible women forced open the doors of his *hotel* to contemplate his perſon.

He at firſt teſtified ſome deſire of viſiting the court; but ſome of the Idlers who conſtituted good company, and caſually went thither, informed him that it was quite out of faſhion, that times were greatly changed, and that all amuſements were confined to the city. He was invited that very night to ſup with a lady, whoſe ſenſe and talents had reached foreign climes, and who had travelled in ſome countries through which Amazan had paſſed. This lady gave him great pleaſure, as well as the ſociety he met at her houſe. Here reigned a decent liberty, gaiety without tumult, ſilence without pedantry, and wit without aſperity. He found that *good company* was not quite ideal, though the title was frequently uſurped by pretenders. The next day he dined in a ſociety far leſs amiable, but much more

voluptuous. The more he was ſatisfied with the gueſts, the more they were pleaſed with him. He found his ſoul ſoften and diſſolve, like the aromatics of his country, which gradually melt in a moderate heat, and exhale in delicious perfumes.

After dinner he was conducted to a place of public entertainment which was enchanting; condemned, however, by the Druids, becauſe it deprived them of their auditors, which the moſt excited their jealouſy. The repreſentation here conſiſted of agreeable verſes, delightful ſongs, dances which expreſſed the movements of the ſoul, and perſpectives that charmed the eye in deceiving it. This kind of paſtime, which included ſo many kinds, was known only under a foreign name; it was called an *Opera*, which formerly ſignified, in the language of the Seven Mountains, work, care, occupation, induſtry, enterprize, buſineſs. This buſineſs enchanted him. A female ſinger, in particular, charmed him by her melodious voice, and the graces that accompanied her: this girl of *buſineſs*, after the performance, was introduced to him by his new friends. He preſented her with a handful of diamonds; for which ſhe was ſo grateful, that ſhe could not leave him all the reſt of the day. He ſupped with her, and during the repaſt he forgot his ſobriety; and after the repaſt he alſo forgot his vow of being ever inſenſible to beauty, and all the blandiſhments of coquetry. What an inſtance of human frailty!

The beautiful princeſs of Babylon arrived at this juncture, with her phœnix, her chamber-maid Irla, and her two hundred Gangaridian cavaliers mounted on their unicorns. It was a long while before the gates were opened. She immediately aſked, If the handſomeſt, the moſt courageous, the

moſt

moſt ſenſible, and the moſt faithful of men was ſtill in that city? The magiſtrates readily concluded that ſhe meant Amazan. She was conducted to his *hotel*.—How great was the palpitation of her heart! the powerful operation of the tender paſſion; her whole ſoul was penetrated with inexpreſſible joy, to ſee once more in her lover the model of conſtancy. Nothing could prevent her entering his chamber; the curtains were open; and ſhe ſaw the beautiful Amazan ſleeping in the arms of a handſome *brunette*. They both ſtood in great need of reſt.

Formoſanta expreſſed her grief with ſuch ſcreams as made the houſe echo, but which could neither wake her couſin nor the girl of *buſineſs*. She ſwooned into the arms of Irla. As ſoon as ſhe had recovered her ſenſes, ſhe retired from this fatal chamber with grief blended with rage. Irla gained intelligence of the young lady who paſſed ſuch ſweet hours with the handſome Amazan. Irla was told ſhe was a girl of *buſineſs*, very complaiſant, who united to her other talents that of ſinging very gracefully. Oh! juſt heaven, oh powerful Oroſmades! cried the beautiful princeſs of Babylon bathed in tears, By whom, and for whom am I thus betrayed? He that could reject for my ſake ſo many princeſſes, to abandon me for a ſtrolling Gaul! No—I can never ſurvive this affront.

Madam, ſaid Irla to her, this is the diſpoſition of all young people, from one end of the world to the other; were they enamoured with a beauty deſcended from heaven, they would at certain moments be unfaithful to her for the ſake of an alehouſe girl.

It is done, ſaid the princeſs, I will never ſee him again whilſt I live: let us depart this inſtant, and let the unicorns be harneſſed. The phœnix con-

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jured her to ſtay at leaſt till Amazan awoke, and he might ſpeak to him. He does not deſerve it, ſaid the princeſs; you would cruelly offend me; he would think that I had deſired you to reproach him, and that I am willing to be reconciled to him: if you love me, do not add this injury to the inſult he has offered me. The phœnix, who after all owed his life to the daughter of the king of Babylon, could not diſobey her. She ſet out with all her attendants. Whither are you going, Madam? ſaid Irla to her. I do not know, replied the princeſs; we will take the firſt road we find; provided I fly from Amazan for ever, I am contented. The phœnix, who was wiſer than Formoſanta, becauſe he was diveſted of paſſion, conſoled her upon the road. He gently remonſtrated to her that it was ſhocking to puniſh one's ſelf for the faults of another; that Amazan had given her proofs ſufficiently ſtriking and numerous of his fidelity; ſo that ſhe ſhould forgive him for having forgot himſelf for one moment; that this was the only one, in which he had been wanting of the grace of Oroſmades; that it would render him only the more conſtant in love and virtue for the future; that the deſire of expiating his fault would raiſe him beyond himſelf; that it would be the means of increaſing her happineſs; that many great princeſſes before her had forgiven ſuch ſlips, and had no reaſon to be ſorry afterwards: and he was ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed of the art of perſuaſion, that Formoſanta's mind grew more calm and peaceable; ſhe was now ſorry ſhe had ſet out ſo ſoon; ſhe thought her unicorns went too faſt, but ſhe did not dare return: great was the conflict between her deſire of forgiving and that of ſhewing her rage, between her love and vanity.—However, her unicorns purſued their pace; and ſhe traverſed

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the world, according to the prediction of her father's oracle.

When Amazan awoke, he was informed of the arrival and departure of Formoſanta and the phœnix: He was informed of the rage and diſtraction of the princeſs; that ſhe had ſworn never to forgive him. Then, ſaid he, there is nothing left for me to do, but follow her, and kill myſelf at her feet.

The report of this adventure drew together his feſtive companions, who all remonſtrated to him, that he had much better ſtay with them; that nothing could equal the pleaſant life they led in the center of arts and peaceable delicate voluptuouſneſs; that many ſtrangers, and even kings, had preferred ſuch an agreeable enchanting repoſe, to their country and their thrones; moreover, his vehicle was broke, and that another was making for him according to the neweſt faſhion; that the beſt tailor of the whole city had already cut out for him a dozen ſuits in the laſt taſte; that the moſt vivacious and moſt amiable ladies in the whole city, at whoſe houſes dramatic performances were repreſented, had each appointed a day to give him a regale. The girl of buſineſs was in the mean while drinking her chocolate at her toilet, laughing, ſinging, and ogling the beautiful Amazan, who by this time perceived ſhe had no more ſenſe than a gooſe.

A ſincerity, cordiality, and frankneſs as well as magnanimity and courage, conſtituted the character of this great prince; he related his travels and misfortunes to his friends. They knew that he was couſin-german to the princeſs; they were informed of the fatal kiſs ſhe had given the king of Egypt. Such little tricks, ſaid they, are forgiven between relations, otherwiſe one's whole life would

paſs

paſs in perpetual uneaſineſs. Nothing could ſhake his deſign of purſuing Formoſanta; but his carriage was not ready, and he was compelled to remain three days among the Idlers, in feaſting and paſtimes: he, at length, took his leave of them, in embracing them, and making them accept of the diamonds of his country that were the beſt mounted, and recommending to them a conſtant purſuit of frivolity and pleaſure, ſince they were thereby more agreeable and happy. The Germans, ſaid he, are the grey-heads of Europe; the people of Albion are men formed; the inhabitats of Gaul are the children, and I love to play with children.

§ 11.

His guides had no difficulty in following the route the princeſs had taken; there was nothing elſe talked of but her and her large bird. All the inhabitants were ſtill in a ſtate of faſcination. The people of Dalmatia and the Mark of Ancona were lately ſurpriſed in a manner leſs agreeable, when they ſaw a houſe fly in the air; the banks of the Loire, of the Dordogne, the Garonne, and the Gironde, ſtill echoed with acclamations.

When Amazan reached the foot of the Pyrenees, the magiſtrates and Druids of the country made him dance whether he would or not, a *Tambourin*; but as ſoon as he cleared the Pyrenees, nothing preſented itſelf that was either gay or joyous. If he here and there heard a peaſant ſing, it was a doleful ditty: the inhabitants ſtalked with much gravity, having a few ſtrung beads and a girted poniard. The nation, cloathed in black, appeared to be in mourning. If Amazan's ſervants aſked paſſengers any queſtions, they were anſwered by ſigns;

ſigns; if they went into an inn, the hoſt acquainted his gueſts in three words, that there was nothing in the houſe; but that the things they ſo preſſingly wanted, might be fetched a few miles off.

When thoſe votaries to taciturnity were aſked if they had ſeen the beautiful princeſs of Babylon paſs, they anſwered with leſs brevity than uſual, We have ſeen her; ſhe is not ſo handſome; there are no beauties that are not tawny; ſhe diſplays a boſom of alabaſter, which is the moſt diſguſting thing in the world, and which is ſcarce known in our climate.

Amazan advanced towards the province watered by the Betis. The Tyrians had not diſcovered this country above twelve thouſand years, about the time they diſcovered the great Atlantide Iſle, inundated ſo many centuries after. The Tyrians cultivated Betica, which the natives of the country had never done, being of opinion that it was not their place to meddle with any thing, and that their neighbours the Gauls ſhould come and cultivate their lands. The Tyrians had brought with them ſome Paleſtines, who, from that time, wandered through every clime where money was to be got. The Paleſtines, by extraordinary uſury, at fifty per cent. had poſſeſſed themſelves of almoſt all the riches of the country. This made the people of Betica imagine the Paleſtines were ſorcerers; and all thoſe who were accuſed of witchcraft were burnt without mercy by a company of Druids, who were called the Inquiſitors, or the *Anthropokaies*. Theſe prieſts immediately put them in a maſquerade habit, ſeized upon their effects, and devoutly repeated the Paleſtines own prayers, whilſt they were baking by a ſlow fire, *por l'amor de Dios*.

The princeſs of Babylon alighted in that city

which has ſince been called Sevilla. Her deſign was to embark upon the Betis to return by Tyre to Babylon, and ſee again king Belus her father; and forget, if poſſible, her perfidious lover, or at leaſt to aſk him in marriage. She ſent for two Paleſtines, who tranſacted all the buſineſs of the court. They were to furniſh her with three ſhips. The phœnix made all the neceſſary contracts with them, and ſettled the price after ſome little diſpute.

The hoſteſs was a great devotee, and her huſband, who was no leſs religious, was a Familiar; that is to ſay, a ſpy of the Druid Inquiſitors *Anthropokaies*. He failed not to inform them, that in his houſe was a Sorcereſs and two Paleſtines, who were entering into a compact with the devil, diſguiſed like a large gilt bird. The Inquiſitors having learned that the lady was poſſeſſed of a large quantity of diamonds, ſwore point blank that ſhe was a Sorcereſs: they waited till night to impriſon the two hundred cavaliers and the unicorns, which ſlept in very extenſive ſtables; for the Inquiſitors are cowards.

Having ſtrongly barricaded the gates, they ſeized the princeſs and Irla; but they could not catch the phœnix, who flew away with great ſwiftneſs; he did not doubt of meeting with Amazan upon the road from Gaul to Sevilla.

He met him upon the frontiers of Betica, and acquainted him with the diſaſter that had befallen the princeſs. Amazan was ſtruck ſpeechleſs with rage; he armed himſelf with a ſteel cuiraſs damaſquined with gold, a lance twelve feet long, two javelins, and an edged ſword called the Thunderer, which at one ſingle ſtroke would rend trees, rocks, and Druids: he covered his beautiful head with a golden caſque, ſhaded with heron and oſtrich feathers.

thers.---This was the ancient armour of Magog, which his ſiſter Aldea gave him when upon his journey in Scythia. The few attendants he had with him all mounted their unicorns.

Amazan, in embracing his dear phœnix, uttered only theſe melancholy expreſſions: I am guilty! Had I not ſlept with a girl of *buſineſs* in the city of the Idlers, the princeſs of Babylon would not have been in this alarming ſituation; let us fly to the *Anthropokaies*. He preſently entered Sevilla. Fifteen hundred Alguazils guarded the gates of the incloſure in which the two hundred Gangarids and their unicorns were ſhut up, without being allowed any thing to eat: all the neceſſary preparations were making for the ſacrifice of the princeſs of Babylon, her chamber-maid Irla, and the two rich Paleſtines.

The high *Anthropokaie*, ſurrounded by his ſubaltern *Anthropokaies*, was already ſeated upon his ſacred tribunal: a crowd of Sevillians, wearing ſtrung beads at their girdles, joined their two hands without uttering a ſyllable; when the beautiful Princeſs, Irla, and the two Paleſtines, were brought forth with their hands tied behind their back, and dreſſed in maſquerade habits.

The phœnix entered the priſon by a dormer window, whilſt the Gangarids had begun to break open the doors. The invincible Amazan ſhattered them without. They ſallied forth all armed upon their unicorns, and Amazan put himſelf at their head. He had no difficulty in overthrowing the Alguazils, the Familiars, or the prieſts called *Anthropokaies*; each unicorn pierced dozens at a time. The thundering Amazan cut to pieces all he met; the people flew away in black cloaks and dirty frize, always

keeping faſt hold of their bleſt beads *por l'amor de Dios*.

Amazan collared the high Inquiſitor upon his tribunal, and threw him upon the pile, which was prepared about forty paces diſtant; and he alſo caſt upon it the other Inquiſitors, one after the other. He then proſtrated himſelf at Formoſanta's feet. Ah! how amiable are you, ſaid ſhe; and how I ſhould adore you, if you had not been faithleſs to me with a girl of *buſineſs!*

Whilſt Amazan was making his peace with the princeſs, whilſt his Gangarids caſt upon the pile the bodies of all the *Anthropokaies*, and the flames aſcended to the clouds, Amazan ſaw an army that approached him at a diſtance. An aged monarch with a crown upon his head advanced upon a car, drawn by eight mules, harneſſed with ropes; an hundred other cars followed. They were accompanied by grave looking men in black cloaks or frize, mounted upon very fine horſes; a multitude of people, with greaſy hair, followed ſilently on foot.

Amazan immediately drew up his Gangarids about him, and advanced with his lance couched. As ſoon as the king perceived him, he took off his crown, alighted from his car, and embraced Amazan's ſtirrup, ſaying to him: Man, ſent by the gods, you are the avenger of human kind, the deliverer of my country. Theſe ſacred monſters, of which you have purged the earth, were my maſters, in the name of the Old Man of the Seven Mountains: I was forced to ſuffer their criminal power. My people would have deſerted me, if I had only been inclined to moderate their abominable crimes. From this moment I breathe, I reign, and am indebted to you for it.

He

He afterwards reſpectfully kiſſed Formoſanta's hand, and entreated her to get into his coach (drawn by ſix mules) with Amazan, Irla, and the phœnix. The two Paleſtine bankers, who ſtill remained proſtrate on the ground through fear and acknowledgment, now raiſed their heads; and the troop of unicorns followed the king of Betica into his palace.

As the dignity of a king who reigned over a people of characteriſtic brevity, required that his mules ſhould go at a very ſlow pace, Amazan and Formoſanta had time to relate to him their adventures. He alſo converſed with the phœnix, admiring and frequently embracing him. He eaſily comprehended how brutal and barbarous the people of the Weſt ſhould be conſidered, who ate animals, and did not underſtand their language; that the Gangarids alone had preſerved the nature and dignity of primitive man; but he particularly agreed, that the moſt barbarous of mortals were the *Anthropokaies*, of whom Amazan had juſt purged the earth. He inceſſantly bleſſed and thanked him. The beautiful Formoſanta had already forgot the girl of *buſineſs*, and had her ſoul filled with nothing but the valour of the hero who had preſerved her life. Amazan being acquainted with the innocence of the embrace ſhe had given the king of Egypt, and the reſurrection of the phœnix, taſted the pureſt joy, and was intoxicated with the moſt violent love.

They dined at the palace, but had a very indifferent repaſt. The cooks of Betica were the worſt in Europe. Amazan adviſed the king to ſend for ſome from Gaul. The king's muſicians performed, during the repaſt, that celebrated air which has ſince been

been called *the Follies of Spain.* After dinner matters of buſineſs came upon the carpet.

The king enquired of the handſome Amazan, the beautiful Formoſanta, and the charming phœnix, what they propoſed doing. For my part, ſaid Amazan, my intention is to return to Babylon, of which I am the preſumptive heir, and to requeſt of my uncle Belus my couſin-german, the incomparable Formoſanta, unleſs ſhe would rather chuſe to live with me among the Gangarids.

My deſign certainly is, ſaid the princeſs, never to ſeparate from my couſin-german. But I imagine he will agree with me, that I ſhould return firſt to my father, becauſe he only gave me leave to go upon a pilgrimage to Baſſora, and I have wandered all over the world. For my part, ſaid the phœnix, I will every where follow theſe two tender generous lovers.

You are in the right, ſaid the king of Betica; but your return to Babylon is not ſo eaſy as you may imagine. I receive daily intelligence from that country by Tyrian ſhips, and my Paleſtine bankers, who keep a correſpondence with all the people of the earth. The people are all in arms towards the Euphrates and the Nile. The king of Scythia claims the inheritance of his wife, at the head of three hundred thouſand warriors on horſeback. The kings of Egypt and India are alſo laying waſte the banks of the Tygris and the Euphrates, each at the head of three hundred thouſand men, to revenge themſelves for being laughed at. Whilſt the king of Egypt is abſent from his country, his foe the king of Ethiopia is ravaging Egypt with three hundred thouſand men; and the king of Babylon has as yet only ſix hundred thouſand men to defend himſelf.

I ac-

I acknowledge to you, continued the king, when I hear of thoſe prodigious armies which are diſembogued from the Eaſt, and their aſtoniſhing magnificence; when I compare them to my trifling bodies of twenty or thirty thouſand ſoldiers, which it is ſo difficult to clothe and nouriſh; I am inclined to think the Eaſtern ſubſiſted long before the Weſtern hemiſphere. It ſhould ſeem that we ſprung only yeſterday from chaos and barbarity.

Sire, ſaid Amazan, the laſt comers frequently outſtrip thoſe who firſt began the career. It is thought in my country that man was firſt created in India; but this I am not certain of.

And, ſaid the king of Betica to the phœnix, what do you think? Sire, replied the phœnix, I am as yet too young, to have any knowledge concerning antiquity. I have lived only about twenty-ſeven thouſand years; but my father, who had lived five times that age, told me he had learnt from his father, that the countries of the Eaſt had always been more populous and richer than the others. It had been tranſmitted to him from his anceſtors, that the generation of all animals had begun upon the banks of the Ganges. For my part, ſaid he, I have not the vanity to be of this opinion. I cannot believe that the foxes of Albion, the marmots of the Alps, and the wolves of Gaul, are deſcended from my country: in the like manner, I do not believe that the firs and oaks of your country deſcended from the palm and cocoa trees of India.

But whence are we deſcended, then? ſaid the king, I do not know, ſaid the phœnix; all I want to know is, whither the beautiful princeſs of Babylon and my dear Amazan may repair. I very much queſtion, ſaid the king, whether with his two hundred unicorns he will be able to deſtroy ſo many

ny armies of three hundred thouſand men each. Why not? ſaid Amazan.

The king of Betica felt the force of this ſublime queſtion, Why not? but he imagined ſublimity alone was not ſufficient againſt innumerable armies. I adviſe you, ſaid he, to ſeek the king of Ethiopia; I am related to that black prince through my Paleſtines. I will give you recommendatory letters to him: as he is at enmity with the king of Egypt, he will be but too happy to be ſtrengthened by your alliance. I can aſſiſt you with two thouſand ſober brave men; and it will depend upon yourſelf to engage as many more of the people who reſide, or rather ſkip about the foot of the Pyrenees, and who are called Vaſques or Vaſcons. Send one of your warriors upon an unicorn with a few diamonds, there is not a Vaſcon that will not quit the caſtle, that is, the thatched cottage of his father, to ſerve you. They are indefatigable, courageous, and agreeable; and whilſt you wait their arrival, we will give you feſtivals, and prepare your ſhips. I cannot too much acknowledge the ſervice you have done me.

Amazan enjoyed the happineſs of having recovered Formoſanta, and taſted in tranquillity her converſation, and all the charms of reconciled love, which are almoſt equal to growing paſſion.

A troop of proud joyous Vaſcons ſoon arrived, dancing a tambourin. The other haughty grave troop of Beticans were ready. The old ſun-burnt king tenderly embraced the two lovers; he ſent great quantities of arms, beds, cheſts, boards, black cloaths, onions, ſheep, fowls, flour, and particularly garlic, on board the ſhips, in wiſhing them a happy voyage, invariable love, and many victories.

The fleet approached the ſhore, where it is ſaid that

that many ages after, the Phœnician lady Dido, ſiſter to one Pygmalion, and wife to one Sicheus, having left the city of Tyre, came and founded the ſuperb city of Carthage, in cutting a bull's hide into thongs, according to the teſtimony of the graveſt authors of antiquity, who never related fables, and according to the profeſſors who have written for young boys; though, after all, there never was a perſon at Tyre named Pygmalion, Dido, or Sicheus, which names are entirely Greek; and though, in fine, there was no king in Tyre in thoſe times.

Proud Carthage was not then a ſea-port; there were at that time only a few Numidians there, who dried fiſh in the ſun. They coaſted along Bizacenes, the Syrthes, the fertile banks where ſince aroſe Cyrene and the great Cherſoneſe.

They at length arrived towards the firſt mouth of the ſacred Nile. It was at the extremity of this fertile land that the Ships of all commercial nations were already received in the port of Canope, without knowing whether the god Canope had founded this port, or whether the inhabitants had manufactured the god; whether the ſtar Canope had given its name to the city, or whether the city had beſtowed it upon the ſtar: all that was known of this matter was, the city and the ſtar were both very ancient; and this is all that can be known of the origin of things, of what nature ſoever they may be.

It was here that the king of Ethiopia, having ravaged all Egypt, ſaw the invincible Amazan and the adorable Formoſanta come on ſhore. He took one for the god of war, and the other for the goddeſs of beauty. Amazan preſented to him the letter of recommendation from the king of Spain. The

king of Ethiopia immediately entertained them with ſome admirable feſtivals, according to the indiſpenſable cuſtom of heroic times. They then conferred about their expedition to exterminate the three hundred thouſand men of the king of Egypt, the three hundred thouſand of the emperor of the Indies, and the three hundred thouſand of the great Kan of the Scythians, who laid ſiege to the immenſe, proud, voluptuous city of Babylon.

The two hundred Spaniards whom Amazan had brought with him, ſaid, that they had nothing to do with the king of Ethiopia's ſuccouring Babylon; that it was ſufficient their king had ordered them to go and deliver it; and that they were formidable enough for this expedition.

The Vaſcons ſaid, they had performed many other exploits; that they would alone defeat the Egyptians, the Indians, and the Scythians; and that they would not march with the Spaniards unleſs theſe were in the rear-guard.

The two hundred Gangarids could not refrain from laughing at the pretenſions of their allies, and they maintained, that with only one hundred unicorns they could put to flight all the kings of the earth. The beautiful Formoſanta appeaſed them by her prudence, and by her enchanting diſcourſe. Amazan preſented to the black monarch his Gangarids, his unicorns, his Spaniards, his Vaſcons, and his beautiful bird.

Every thing was ſoon ready to march by Memphis, Heliopolis, Arſinoe, Petra, Artemitis, Sora, and Apameus, to attack the three kings, and to proſecute this memorable war, before which all the wars ever waged by man, were nothing more than mere cock-fights.

Every

Every one knows how the king of Ethiopia became enamoured with the beautiful Formoſanta, and how he ſurprized her in bed when a gentle ſleep cloſed her long eye laſhes. We remember that Amazan, a witneſs of this ſpectacle, thought he ſaw day and night in bed together. It is no ſecret that Amazan, enraged at the inſult, drew his thundring ſword, with which he cut off the perverſe head of the inſolent negro, and drove all the Ethiopians out of Egypt.---Are not theſe prodigies written in the book of the Chronicles of Egypt? Fame has with her hundred tongues proclaimed the victories he gained over the three kings with his Spaniards, his Vaſcons, and his unicorns. He reſtored the beautiful Formoſanta to her father. He ſet at liberty all his miſtreſs's train, whom the king of Egypt had reduced to ſlavery. The great Kan of the Scythians declared himſelf his vaſſal; and his marriage was confirmed with princeſs Aldea. The invincible and generous Amazan, acknowledged the heir of the kingdom of Babylon, entered the city in triumph with the phœnix, in the preſence of a hundred tributary kings. The feſtival of his marriage far ſurpaſſed that which king Belus had given. The bull Apis was ſerved up roaſted at table. The kings of Egypt and India were cupbearers to the married pair; and theſe nuptials were celebrated by five hundred capital poets of Babylon.

Oh! Muſes, who are conſtantly invoked at the beginning of a work, I only implore you at the end. It is needleſs to reproach me with ſaying grace, without having ſaid *benedicite*. But, Muſes! you will not be leſs my patroneſſes. Prevent, I beſeech you, any ſupplimental ſcribblers ſpoiling,

by their fables, the truths which I have taught mortals in this faithful narrative; in the manner they have falſified Candide, L'Ingenu, and the chaſte adventures of the chaſte Jane, which have been disfigured by an Ex-Capuchin, in verſes worthy of Capuchins, in the Batavian editions. May they not do this injury to my typographiſt, who has a numerous family, and who is ſcarce capable to obtain types, paper, and ink.

Oh! Muſes, impoſe ſilence upon the deteſtable Coge, chattering profeſſor of the college of Mazarin, who, not contented with the moral diſcourſes of Beliſarius and the emperor Juſtinian, has written vile defamatory libels againſt theſe two great men.

Gag that pedant Larcher, who, tho' entirely ignorant of the ancient Babylonian tongue, without ever having travelled, as I have, upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, has had the impudence to maintain, that the beautiful Formoſanta, daughter to the greateſt king in the world, and princeſs Aldea, and all the women of this reſpectable court, proſtituted themſelves to the grooms of Aſia for money, in the great temple of Babylon. This college libertine, the declared foe of you and ſhame, accuſes the beautiful Egyptians of Mendes, of being enamoured with nothing but goats; ſecretly propoſing to himſelf, from this example, to make a tour to Egypt, and have ſome agreeable intrigues.

Being as little acquainted with modern hiſtory as antiquity, he inſinuates, in order to ingratiate himſelf with ſome old dowager, that our incomparable Ninon lay at the age of fourſcore, with the Abbé Gedouin, member of the French academy, and

that of Inſcriptions and Belles Lettres. He never heard of the Abbè Chateauneuf, whom he takes for the Abbé Gedouin. He is as little acquainted with Ninon as he is with the ladies of Babylon.

Muſes, daughters of heaven, your foe Larcher goes ſtill farther; he pens long eulogiums in favour of pederaſty, and has the inſolence to ſay, that all the Bambins of my country are addicted to this infamous practice. He thinks to eſcape by encreaſing the number of the guilty.

Chaſte and noble Muſes, who equally deteſt pedantry, and pederaſty, protect me againſt M. Larcher!

And you, Mr Aliboron, who call yourſelf Freron, as you formerly did a Jeſuit; you, whoſe Parnaſſus is ſometimes at the *Biſſetre*, and ſometimes at the corner alehouſe; you, who have received ſo much juſtice upon all the ſtages of Europe, in the decent comedy of the *Ecoſſaiſe;* you, the worthy ſon of the prieſt Desfontaines, the offspring of his amours with thoſe beautiful children who carry an iron, and are blind-folded like the ſon of Venus, and who like him fly into the air, though they never go beyond the tops of chimneys; my dear Aliboron, for whom I always entertained ſo much affection, and who made me laugh for a month inceſſantly at the time of the repreſentation of the *Ecoſſaiſe;* I recommend to you my Princeſs of Babylon: ſay every thing you can againſt it, that it may be read.

I ſhall not here forget you, Eccleſiaſtical Gazetteer, illuſtrious orator of the *Convulſionnaires*, father of the church founded by the Abbe Becherand and Abraham Chaumeix; fail not to ſay in your writings, equally pious, eloquent, and ſenſible that the Princeſs of Babylon is a heretic, a deiſt, and an athieſt.

atheiſt. But above all, endeavour to prevail upon the Sieur Riballier to have the Princeſs of Babylon condemned by the Sorbonne: you will, thereby, afford my bookſeller much pleaſure, to whom I have given this little hiſtory for his new year's gift.

MEMNON

Memnon the Philosopher;

or,

Human Wisdom.

Memnon one day took it into his head to become a great philoſopher. There are few men who have not, at ſome time or other, conceived the ſame wild project. Says Memnon to himſelf, To be a perfect philoſopher, and of courſe to be perfectly happy, I have nothing to do but to diveſt myſelf entirely of paſſions; and nothing is more eaſy, as every body knows. In the firſt place, I will never be in love; for, when I ſee a beautiful woman, I will ſay to myſelf, Theſe cheeks will one day grow wrinkled, theſe eyes be encircled with vermilion, that boſom become flabby and pendant, that head bald and palſied. Now I have only to conſider her at preſent in imagination, as ſhe will afterwards appear; and certainly a fair face will never turn my head.

In the ſecond place, I will be always temperate. It will be in vain to tempt me with good cheer, with delicious wines, or the charms of ſociety. I will have only to figure to myſelf the conſequences of exceſs, an aching head, a loathing ſtomach, the loſs of reaſon, of health, and of time: I will then only eat to ſupply the waſte of nature; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All

this

this is ſo eaſy that there is no merit in accompliſhing it.

But, ſays Memnon, I muſt think a little of how I am to regulate my fortune: why, my deſires are moderate, my wealth is ſecurely placed with the Receiver General of the finances of Nineveh: I have wherewithal to live independent; and that is the greateſt of bleſſings. I ſhall never be under the cruel neceſſity of dancing attendance at court; I will never envy any one, and no body will envy me: ſtill all this is eaſy. I have friends, continued he, and I will preſerve them, for we ſhall never have any difference; I will never take amiſs any thing they may ſay or do; and they will behave in the ſame way to me.——There is no difficulty in all this.

Having thus laid his little plan of philoſophy in his cloſet, Memnon put his head out of the window. He ſaw two women walking under the plane-trees near his houſe. The one was old, and appeared quite at her eaſe. The other was young, handſome, and ſeemingly much agitated: ſhe ſighed, ſhe wept, and ſeemed on that account ſtill more beautiful. Our philoſopher was touched, not, to be ſure, with the beauty of the lady, (he was too much determined not to feel any uneaſineſs of that kind) but with the diſtreſs which he ſaw her in.---He came down ſtairs and accoſted the young Ninevite in the deſign of conſoling her with philoſophy. That lovely perſon related to him, with an air of the greateſt ſimplicity, and in the moſt affecting manner, the injuries ſhe ſuſtained from an imaginary uncle; with what art he had deprived her of ſome imaginary property, and of the violence which ſhe pretended to dread from him. You appear to me (ſaid ſhe) a man of ſuch wiſdom, that if you will con-

condeſcend to come to my houſe and examine into my affairs, I am perſuaded you will be able to draw me from the cruel embarraſſment I am at preſent involved in." Memnon did not heſitate to follow her, to examine her affairs philoſophically, and to give her found counſel.

The afflicted lady led him into a perfumed chamber, and politely made him ſit down with her on a large ſopha, where they both placed themſelves oppoſite to each other, in the attitude of converſation, their legs croſſed; the one eager in telling her ſtory, the other liſtening with devout attention. The lady ſpoke with downcaſt eyes, whence there ſometimes fell a tear, and which, as ſhe now and then ventured to raiſe them, always met thoſe of the ſage Memnon. Their diſcourſe was full of tenderneſs, which redoubled as often as their eyes met. Memnon took her affairs exceedingly to heart, and felt himſelf every inſtant more and more inclined to oblige a perſon ſo virtuous and ſo unhappy.—By degrees, in the warmth of converſation, they ceaſed to ſit oppoſite; they drew nearer; their legs were no longer croſſed. Memnon counſelled her ſo cloſely, and gave her ſuch tender advices, that neither of them could talk any longer of buſineſs, nor well knew what they were about.

At this intereſting moment, as may eaſily be imagined, who ſhould come in but the uncle; he was armed from head to foot, and the firſt thing he ſaid was, that he would immediately ſacrifice, as was juſt, the ſage Memnon and his niece; the latter, who made her eſcape, knew that he was well enough diſpoſed to pardon, provided a good round ſum were offered to him. Memnon was obliged to purchaſe his ſafety with all he had about him. In thoſe days people were happy in getting ſo eaſily

quit. America was not then diſcovered, and diſtreſſed ladies were not nearly ſo dangerous as they are now.

Memnon, covered with ſhame and confuſion, got home to his own houſe: there he found a card inviting him to dinner with ſome of his intimate friends. If I remain at home alone, ſaid he, I ſhall have my mind ſo occupied with this vexatious adventure, that I ſhall not be able to eat a bit, and I ſhall bring upon myſelf ſome diſeaſe. It will therefore be prudent in me to go to my intimate friends, and partake with them of a frugal repaſt. I ſhall forget, in the ſweets of their ſociety, the folly I have this morning been guilty of. Accordingly he attends the meeting; he is diſcovered to be uneaſy at ſomething, and he is urged to drink and baniſh care. A little wine, drunk in moderation, comforts the heart of god and man: ſo reaſons Memnon the philoſopher, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repaſt, play is propoſed. A little play, with one's intimate friends, is a harmleſs paſtime:—he plays and loſes all that is in his purſe, and four times as much on his word. A diſpute ariſes on ſome circumſtance in the game, and the diſputants grow warm: one of his intimate friends throws a dicebox at his head, and ſtrikes out one of his eyes. The philoſopher Memnon is carried home to his houſe, drunk and pennyleſs, with the loſs of an eye.

He ſleeps out his debauch, and when his head has got a little clear, he ſends his ſervant to the Receiver-General of the finances of Nineveh to draw a little money to pay his debt of honour to his intimate friends. The ſervant returns and informs him, that the Receiver-General had that morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, and

that

that by this means an hundred families are reduced to poverty and deſpair. Memnon, almoſt beſide himſelf, puts a plaſter on his eye and a petition in his pocket, and goes to court to ſolicit juſtice from the king againſt the bankrupt. In the ſaloon he meets a number of ladies, all in the higheſt ſpirits, and ſailing along with hoops four and twenty feet in circumference. One of them, who knew him a little, eyed him aſkance, and cried aloud, "Ah! what a horrid monſter!" Another, who was better acquainted with him, thus accoſts him, "Good-morrow, Mr Memnon, I hope you are very well, Mr Memnon: La! Mr Memnon, how did you loſe your eye? and turning upon her heel, ſhe tripped away without waiting an anſwer. Memnon hid himſelf in a corner, and waited for the moment when he could throw himſelf at the feet of the monarch. That moment at laſt arrived. Three times he kiſſed the earth, and preſented his petition. His gracious majeſty received him very favourably, and referred the paper to one of his ſatraps, that he might give him an account of it. The ſatrap takes Memnon aſide, and ſays to him with a haughty air and ſatyrical grin, "Hark ye, you fellow with the one eye, you muſt be a comical dog indeed, to addreſs yourſelf to the king rather than to me; and ſtill more ſo, to dare to demand juſtice againſt an honeſt bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is nephew to the waiting-maid of my miſtreſs. Proceed no further in this buſineſs, my good friend, if you wiſh to preſerve the eye you have left."

Memnon having thus, in his cloſet, reſolved to renounce women, the exceſſes of the table, play and quarreling, but eſpecially having determined never to go to court, had been in the ſhort ſpace of four

and twenty hours duped and robbed by a gentle dame, had got drunk, had gamed, had been engaged in a quarrel, had got his eye knocked out, and had been at court, where he was ſneered at and inſulted.

Petrified with aſtoniſhment, and his heart broken with grief, Memnon returns homeward in deſpair. As he was about to enter his houſe, he is repulſed by a number of officers who are carrying off his furniture for the benefit of his creditors; he falls down almoſt lifeleſs under a plane-tree. There he finds the fair dame of the morning, who was walking with her dear uncle; and both ſet up a loud laugh on ſeeing Memnon with his plaſter. The night approached, and Memnon made his bed on ſome ſtraw near the walls of his houſe. Here the ague ſeized him, and he fell aſleep in one of the fits, when a celeſtial ſpirit appeared to him in a dream.

It was all reſplendent with light; it had ſix beautiful wings, but neither feet, nor head, nor tail, and could be likened to nothing. "What art thou?" ſaid Memnon. "Thy good genius," replied the ſpirit. "Reſtore to me then my eye, my health, my fortune, my reaſon," ſaid Memnon; and he related how he had loſt them all in one day.——"Theſe are adventures which never happen to us in the world we inhabit," ſaid the ſpirit. "And what world do you inhabit?" ſaid the man of affliction. "My native country," replied the other, "is five hundred millions of leagues diſtant from the ſun, in a little ſtar near Sirius, which you ſee from hence." "Charming country!" ſaid Memnon: "And are there indeed with you no jades to dupe a poor devil, no intimate friends that win his money and knock out an eye to him, no fraudulent bankrupts, no ſatraps, that make a jeſt of you while they

they refuſe you juſtice?" "No," ſaid the inhabitant of the ſtar, "we have nothing of what you talk of; we are never duped by women, becauſe we have none among us; we never commit exceſſes at table, becauſe we neither eat nor drink; we have no bankrupts, becauſe with us there is neither ſilver nor gold; our eyes cannot be knocked out, becauſe we have not bodies in the form of yours; and ſatraps never do us injuſtice, becauſe in our world we are all equal." "Pray, my Lord," then ſaid Memnon, "without women and without eating how do you ſpend your time?" "In watching," ſaid the genius, "over the other worlds that are entruſted to us; and I am now come to give you conſolation." "Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did you not come yeſterday to hinder me from committing ſo many indiſcretions?" "I was with your elder brother Haſſan," ſaid the celeſtial being. "He is ſtill more to be pitied than you are. His moſt gracious Majeſty, the Sultan of the Indies, in whoſe court he has the honour to ſerve, has cauſed both his eyes to be put out for ſome ſmall indiſcretion; and he is now in a dungeon, his hands and feet loaded with chains." "'Tis a happy thing truly," ſaid Memnon, "to have a good genius in one's family, when out of two brothers one is blind of an eye, the other blind of both; one ſtretched upon ſtraw, the other in a dungeon." "Your fate will ſoon change," ſaid the animal of the ſtar. "It is true, you will never recover your eye but, except that, you may be ſufficiently happy if you never again take it into your head to be a perfect philoſopher." "Is it then impoſſible?" ſaid Memnon. "As impoſſible as to be perfectly wiſe, perfectly ſtrong, perfectly powerful, perfectly happy. We ourſelves are very far from it. There

is

is a world indeed where all this takes place; but, in the hundred thouſand millions of worlds diſperſed over the regions of ſpace, every thing goes on by degrees. There is leſs philoſophy and leſs enjoyment in the ſecond than in the firſt, leſs in the third than in the ſecond, and ſo forth till the laſt in the ſcale, where all are completely fools." "I am afraid," ſaid Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe here is the madhouſe of thoſe hundred thouſand millions of worlds, of which your Lordſhip does me the honour to ſpeak." "Not quite," ſaid the ſpirit, "but very nearly: every thing muſt be in its proper place." "But are thoſe poets and philoſophers wrong, then, who tell us that every thing is for the beſt?" "No, they are right, when we conſider things in relation to the gradation of the whole univerſe." "Oh! I ſhall never believe it till I recover my eye again," ſaid the poor Memnon.

PLA-

PLATO's DREAM.

PLATO was a great dreamer, as many others have been ſince his time. He dreamt that mankind were formerly double; and that, as a puniſhment for their crimes, they were divided into male and female.

He undertook to prove that there can be no more than five perfect worlds, becauſe there are but five regular mathematical bodies. His republic was one of his principal dreams. He dreamt, moreover, that watching ariſes from ſleep, and ſleep from watching; and that a perſon who ſhould attempt to look at an eclipſe, otherwiſe than in a pail of water, would infallibly loſe his ſight. Dreams were, at that time, in great reputation.

Here follows one of his dreams, which is not one of the leaſt intereſting. He thought that the great Demiurgos, the eternal geometer, having peopled the immenſity of ſpace with innumerable globes, was willing to make a trial of the knowledge of the genii who had been witneſſes of his works. He gave to each of them a ſmall portion of matter to arrange, nearly in the ſame manner as Phidias and Zeuxis would have given their ſcholars a ſtatue to carve,

carve, or a picture to paint, if we may be allowed to compare small things to great.

Demogorgon had for his lot the lump of mould, which we call the Earth; and having formed it, such as it now appears, he thought he had executed a master-piece. He imagined he had silenced Envy herself, and expected to receive the highest panegyrics, even from his brethren: but how great was his surprise, when, at his next appearing among them, they received him with a general hiss.

One among them, more satirical than the rest, accosted him thus: "Truly you have performed mighty feats! you have divided your world into two parts; and, lest the one should have any communication with the other, you have carefully placed a vast collection of waters between the two hemispheres. The inhabitants must perish with cold under both your poles, and be scorched to death under the line. You have, in your great prudence, formed immense deserts of sands, for all who travel over them to die with hunger and thirst. I have no fault to find with your cows, your sheep, your cocks, and your hens; but can never be reconciled to your serpents and your spiders. Your onions and your artichokes are very good things, but I cannot conceive what whim took you in the head to scatter such an heap of poisonous plants over the face of your earth, unless it was to poison its inhabitants. Moreover, if I am not mistaken, you have created about thirty different kinds of monkeys, a still greater number of dogs, and only four or five species of the human race. It is true, indeed, you have bestowed on the latter of these animals a somewhat, by you called Reason; but, in truth, this same réason is a very ridiculous thing, and borders very near upon folly. Besides,

you

you do not seem to have shown any very great regard to this two-legged creature, seeing you have made him with so few means of defence; subjected him to so many disorders, and provided him with so few remedies; and formed him with such a multitude of passions, and so small a portion of wisdom or prudence to resist them. You certainly was not willing that there should remain any great number of these animals on the earth at once; for, without reckoning the dangers to which you have exposed them, you have so ordered matters, that, taking every day through the year, the small-pox will regularly carry off the tenth part of the species, and its sister malady will taint the springs of life in the nine remaining parts; and then, as if this was not sufficient, you have so disposed things, that one-half of those who survive will be occupied in going to law with each other, or cutting one another's throats. Now, they must doubtless have infinite obligations to you, and it must be owned you have executed a master-piece."

Demogorgon blushed: he was sensible there was much moral and physical evil in this affair; but still he insisted there was more good than ill in it. "It is an easy matter to find fault, good folks!" said the genii; "but do you imagine it is so easy to form an animal, who, having the gift of reason and free-will, shall not sometimes abuse his liberty? Do you think, that, in rearing between nine and ten thousand different plants, it is so easy to prevent some few from having noxious qualities? Do you suppose, that with a certain quantity of water, sand, and mud, you could make a globe that should have neither seas nor deserts? As to you, my sneering friend, I think you have just finished the planet Mars. Let us see now what figure you make with

your two great belts, and your long nights, without a moon to enlighten them. Let us examine your world, and see whether the inhabitants you have made are exempt from follies or diseases."

Accordingly the genii fell to examining the planet Mars, when the laugh went strongly against the laugher. The serious genii who had made the planet Saturn, did not escape without his share of censure, and his brother operators, the makers of Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, had each in their turns some reproaches to undergo.

Several large volumes, and a great number of pamphlets, were written on this occasion; smart sayings and witty repartees flew about on all sides; they railed against and ridiculed each other; and, in short, the disputes were carried on with all the warmth of party heat, when the eternal Demiurgos thus imposed silence on them all: "In your several performances there is both good and bad, because you have a great share of understanding, but at the same time fall short of perfection. Your works will not endure above an hundred million of years, after which you will acquire more knowledge, and perform better. It belongs to me alone to create things perfect and immortal."

This was the doctrine Plato taught his disciples. One of them, when he had finished his harangue, cried out, *and so then you awoke.*

BABABEC

BABABEC.

WHEN I was in the city of Benarez, on the borders of the Ganges, the country of the ancient Brachmans, I endeavoured to inſtruct myſelf in their religion and manners. I underſtood the Indian language tolerably well. I heard a great deal, and remarked every thing. I lodged at the houſe of my correſpondent Omri, who was the moſt worthy man I ever knew. He was of the religion of the Bramins: I have the honour to be a Muſſulman. We never exchanged one word higher than another about Mahomet or Brama. We performed our ablutions each on his own ſide; we drank of the ſame ſherbet, and we ate of the ſame rice, as if we had been two brothers.

One day we went together to the pagoda of Gavani. There we ſaw ſeveral bands of Faquirs; ſome of whom were Janguis, that is to ſay, contemplative Faquirs; and others diſciples of the ancient Gymnoſophiſts, who led an active life. They have all a learned language peculiar to themſelves; it is that of the moſt ancient Brachmans; and they have a book written in this language, which they call the Hanſcrit. It is, beyond all contradiction, the moſt ancient book in all Aſia, not excepting the Zend.

I happened to croſs a Faquir, who was reading in this book. Ah! wretched Infidel! cried he, thou

haſt made me loſe a number of vowels that I was counting, which will occaſion my ſoul to paſs into the body of a hare inſtead of that of a parrot, with which I had before the greateſt reaſon to flatter myſelf. I gave him a roupee to comfort him for the accident. In going a few paces farther, I had the misfortune to ſneeze; the noiſe I made rouzed a Faquir who was in a trance. Heavens! cried he, what a dreadful noiſe! Where am I? I can no longer ſee the tip of my noſe *! the heavenly light has diſappeared. If I am the cauſe, ſaid I, of your ſeeing further than the length of your noſe, here is a roupee to repair the injury I have done you: ſquint again, and reſume the heavenly light.

Having thus brought myſelf off diſcreetly enough, I paſſed over to the ſide of the Gymnoſophiſts, ſeveral of whom brought me a parcel of mighty pretty nails to drive into my arms and thighs, in honour of Brama. I bought their nails, and made uſe of them to faſten down my boxes. Others were dancing upon their hands, others cut capers on the ſlack rope, and others went always upon one foot. There were ſome who dragged a heavy chain about with them, and others carried a pack-ſaddle; ſome had their heads always in a buſhel; the beſt people in the world to live with. My friend Omri carried me to the cell of one of the moſt famous of theſe. His name was Bababec: he was as naked as he was born, and had a great chain about his neck, that weighed upwards of ſixty pounds. He ſat on a wooden chair, very neatly decorated with little points of nails, that run into his poſteriors; and

* When the Faquirs have a mind to ſee the heavenly light, which very frequently happens with them, they turn their eyes downwards towards the tip of their noſe.

you would have thought he had been ſitting on a velvet cuſhion. Numbers of women flocked to him to conſult him: he was the oracle of all the families in the neighbourhood; and was, truly ſpeaking, in great reputation. I was witneſs to a long converſation that Omri had with him. Do you think, father, ſaid my friend, that, after having gone through ſeven metempſichoſes, I may at length arrive at the habitation of Brama? That is as it may happen, ſaid the Faquir. What ſort of life do you lead? I endeavour, anſwered Omri, to be a good ſubject, a good huſband, a good father, and a good friend: I lend money without intereſt to the rich who want it, and I give it to the poor: I preſerve peace amongſt my neighbours. But have you ever run nails into your backſide? demanded the Bramin. Never, reverend father. I am ſorry for it, replied the father; very ſorry for it, indeed: It is a thouſand pities; but you will certainly not reach above the nineteenth heaven. No higher! ſaid Omri. In troth, I am very well contented with my lot. What is it to me whether I go into the nineteenth or the twentieth, provided I do my duty in my pilgrimage, and am well received at the end of my journey? Is it not as much as one can deſire, to live with a fair character in this world, and be happy with Brama in the next? And pray what heaven do you think of going to, good Maſter Bababec, with your nails and your chain? Into the thirty-fifth, ſaid Bababec. I admire your modeſty, replied Omri, to pretend to be better lodged than me: this is ſurely the mere effects of an exceſſive ambition. How can you, who condemn others that covet honours in this world, arrogate ſuch diſtinguiſhed one's to yourſelf in the next? What right have you to be better treated than me? Know,

that

that I beſtow more alms to the poor in ten days, than the nails you run into your backſide coſt for ten years! What is it to Brama, that you paſs the whole day ſtark naked with a chain about your neck? This is doing a notable ſervice to your country, doubtleſs! I have a thouſand times more eſteem for the man who ſows pulſe or plants trees for all your tribe, than they who look at the tip of their noſes, or carry a pack-ſaddle to ſhew their magnanimity. Having finiſhed this ſpeech, Omri ſoftened his voice, embraced the Bramin, and, with an endearing ſweetneſs, beſought him to throw aſide his nails and his chain, to go home with him, and live with decency and comfort. The Faquir was perſuaded: he was waſhed clean, rubbed with eſſences and perfumes, and clad in a decent habit: he lived a fortnight in this manner, behaved with prudence and wiſdom, and acknowledged that he was a thouſand times more happy than before: but he loſt his credit among the people; the women no longer crouded to conſult him: he therefore quitted the houſe of the friendly Omri, and returned to his nails and his chain, to regain his reputation.

A Conversation with a *Chineſe*.

In the year 1723, there was a Chineſe in Holland, who was both a learned man and a merchant, two things that ought by no means to be incompatible; but which, thanks to the profound reſpect that is ſhewn to money, and the little regard that the human ſpecies do, and ever will, pay to merit, are become ſo among us.

This Chineſe, who ſpoke a little Dutch, happened to be in a bookſeller's ſhop at the ſame time that ſome literati were aſſembled there. He aſked for a book; they offered him Boſſuet's Univerſal Hiſtory, badly tranſlated. At the title Univerſal Hiſtory, how pleaſed am I, cried the Oriental, to have met with this book; I ſhall now ſee what is ſaid of our great empire; of a nation that has ſubſiſted for upwards of fifty thouſand years; of that long dynaſty of emperors who have governed us for ſuch a number of ages. I ſhall ſee what theſe Europeans think of the religion of our literati, and of that pure and ſimple worſhip we pay to the Supreme Being. What a pleaſure will it be to me to find how they ſpeak of our arts, many of which are of a more antient date with us than the æras of all the kingdoms of Europe! I fancy the author will be greatly miſtaken in relation to the war we had about twenty-two thouſand five hundred and fifty-two years ago, with the martial people of Tonquin

quin and Japan, as well as the ſolemn ambaſſy that the powerful emperor of Mogulitan ſent, to requeſt a body of laws from us in the year of the world 500000600000679123450000. Lord bleſs you, ſaid one of the literati, there is hardly any mention made of that nation in this book, it is too inconſiderable. Almoſt the whole of it is taken up with an account of the firſt nation in the world, the only nation, thoſe great people the Jews.

The Jews! ſaid the Chineſe, thoſe people then muſt certainly be maſters of three parts of the globe at leaſt. They hope to be ſo one day, anſwered the other; but at preſent they are thoſe pedlars that you ſee going about here with toys and nick-nacks, and that ſometimes do us the honour to clip our gold and ſilver. Surely you are not ſerious, ſaid the Chineſe, could thoſe people ever have been in poſſeſſion of a vaſt empire? Here I joined in the converſation, and told him, that for a few years they were in poſſeſſion of a ſmall country to themſelves; but that we were not to judge of a people from the extent of their dominions, any more than of a man by his riches.

But does not this book take notice of ſome other nations? demanded the man of letters. Undoubtedly, replied a learned gentleman who ſtood at my elbow; it treats largely of a ſmall country about ſixty leagues wide, called Egypt, in which it is ſaid that there is a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, made by the hands of man. My god! exclaimed the Chineſe, a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference within a ſpot of ground only ſixty leagues wide, this is very curious! The inhabitants of that country continued the doctor, were all ſages. What happy times were thoſe, cry'd the Chineſe, but is that all? No, reply'd the

the other, there is mention made of thoſe famous people the Greeks. Greeks! Greeks! ſaid the Aſiatic, who are thoſe Greeks? Why, reply'd the philoſopher, they were maſters of a little province, about the two hundredth part as large as China, but whoſe fame ſpread over the whole world. Indeed! ſaid the Chineſe, with an air of openneſs and ingenuouſneſs; I declare I never heard the leaſt mention of theſe people, either in the Mogul's country, in Japan, or in Great Tartary.

Oh, the barbarian! the ignorant creature! cry'd out our ſage, very politely. Why then, I ſuppoſe you know nothing of Epaminondas the Theban, nor of the Piræan Haven, nor the names of Achilles's two horſes, nor of Silenus's aſs? You have never heard ſpeak of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Lais, nor of Cybele, nor of ——

I am very much afraid, ſaid the learned Oriental, interrupting him, that you know nothing of that eternally memorable adventure of the famous Xixofon Concochigramki, nor of the myſteries of the great Fi-pſi hi-hi. But pray tell me what other unknown things does this Univerſal Hiſtory treat of? Upon this my learned neighbour harangued for a quarter of an hour together about the Roman republic, and when he came to Julius Cæſar, the Chineſe ſtopped him, and very gravely ſaid, I think I have heard of him, was he not a Turk*?

How! cry'd our ſage in a fury, don't you ſo much as know the difference between Pagans, Chriſtians, and Mahometans? Did you never hear of Conſtantine? Do you know nothing of the hiſtory of the

* Not long ſince the Chineſe took all the Europeans to be Mahometans.

popes? We have heard ſomething confuſedly of one Mahomet, reply'd the Aſiatic.

It is impoſſible, ſure, ſaid the other, but you muſt have heard at leaſt of Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmin, and Oecolampadius. I ſhall never remember all thoſe names, ſaid the Chineſe; and ſo ſaying he quitted the ſhop, and went to ſell a large quantity of Pekoa tea, and fine callicoe, with which he bought two fine girls, and a young lad, and ſet ſail for his own country, adoring *Tien*, and recommending himſelf to Confucius.

As to myſelf, the converſation I had been witneſs to plainly diſcovered to me the nature of vainglory; and I could not forbear exclaiming, Since Cæſar and Jupiter are names unknown to the fineſt, moſt ancient, moſt extenſive, moſt populous, and moſt civilized kingdom in the univerſe, it becomes ye well, O ye rulers of petty ſtates! ye pulpit orators of a narrow pariſh, or a little town! ye doctors of Salamanca, or of Bourges! ye trifling authors, and ye heavy commentators!—It becomes you well, indeed, to aſpire at reputation.

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The BLACK *and the* WHITE.

THE adventure of the youthful Ruſtan is generally known throughout the whole province of Candahar. He was the only ſon of a mirza of that country: the title of Mirza there is much the ſame with that of Marquis amongſt us, or that of Baron amongſt the Germans. The mirza his father had a handſome fortune. Young Ruſtan was to be married to a mirzaſſe, or young lady of his own rank; the two families earneſtly deſired their union. Ruſtan was to become the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to live bleſt in her poſſeſſion.

But he had unfortunately ſeen the princeſs of Cachemire at the fair of Kaboul, which is the moſt conſiderable fair in the world, and much more frequented than thoſe of Baſſora and Aſtracan: the occaſion that brought the old prince of Cachemire to the fair with his daughter was as follows:

He had loſt the two moſt precious curioſities of his treaſury; one of them was a diamond as thick as a man's thumb, upon which the figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which was then poſſeſſed by the Indians, and has ſince been loſt; the other was a javelin, which went of itſelf where-

ever its owner thought proper to ſend it: this is nothing very extraordinary amongſt us, but it was thought ſo at Cachemire.

A faquir belonging to his highneſs ſtole theſe two curioſities; he carried them to the princeſs: Keep theſe two curioſities with the utmoſt care, ſaid he, your deſtiny depends upon them. Having ſpoke thus, he departed, and was not afterwards ſeen. The duke of Cachemire, in deſpair, reſolved to viſit the fair of Kaboul, in order to ſee whether there might not, amongſt the merchants, who go thither from all the quarters of the world, be ſome one poſſeſſed of his diamond and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She carried her diamond well faſtened to her girdle; but the javelin, which ſhe could not ſo eaſily hide, ſhe had carefully locked up at Cachemire in a large cheſt.

Ruſtan and ſhe ſaw each other at Kaboul; they loved one another with all the ſincerity of perſons of their age, and all the tenderneſs of affection natural to thoſe of their country. The princeſs gave Ruſtan her diamond as a pledge of her love, and he promiſed at his departure to go incognito to Cachemire, in order to pay her a viſit.

The young mirza had two favourites, who ſerved him as ſecretaries, grooms, ſtewards, and valets de chambre; the name of one was Topaze; he was handſome, well-ſhaped, fair as a Circaſſian beauty, as mild and ready to ſerve as an Armenian, and as wiſe as a Guebra. The name of the other was Ebene; he was a very beautiful negro, more active and induſtrious than Topaze, and one that thought nothing difficult. The young mirza communicated his intention of travelling to theſe. Topaze endeavoured to diſſuade him from it with

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the circumſpect zeal of a ſervant who was unwilling to offend him; he repreſented to him the great danger to which he expoſed himſelf; he aſked him how he could leave two families in deſpair? how he could pierce the hearts of his parents? He ſhook the reſolution of Ruſtan; but Ebene confirmed it anew, and obviated all his objections.

The young man was not furniſhed with money to defray the charge of ſo long a voyage; the prudent Topaze would not have lent him any; Ebene ſupplied him; he with great addreſs ſtole his maſter's diamond, made a falſe one exactly like it, which he put in its place, and pledged the true one to an Armenian for ſeveral thouſand roupees.

As ſoon as the marquis was poſſeſſed of his roupies, all things were in readineſs for his departure; an elephant was loaden with his baggage, his attendants mounted on horſeback. Topaze ſaid to his maſter, I have taken the liberty to expoſtulate with you upon your enterprize, but, after expoſtulating, it is my duty to obey; I am devoted to you, I love you, I will follow you to the extremity of the earth; but let us by the way conſult the oracle that is but two paraſonges diſtant from here: Ruſtan conſented. The anſwer returned by the oracle was, "If you go to the eaſt you will be at the weſt." Ruſtan could not gueſs the meaning of this anſwer. Topaze maintained that it boded no good. Ebene, always complaiſant to his maſter, perſuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was another oracle at Kaboul; they went to it; the oracle of Kaboul made anſwer in theſe words, "If you poſſeſs, you will ceaſe to poſſeſs; "if you are conqueror, you will not conquer; if "you are Ruſtan, you will ceaſe to be ſo." This oracle appeared ſtill more unintelligible than the former.

former. Take care of yourſelf, ſaid Topaze: fear nothing, ſaid Ebene; and this miniſter, as may well be imagined, was always thought in the right by his maſter, whoſe paſſions and hopes he encouraged. Having left Kaboul, they paſſed through a vaſt foreſt; they ſeated themſelves upon the graſs, in order to take a repaſt and left their horſes grazing. The attendants were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner, the table, cloth, plates, &c. when, all on a ſudden, Topaze and Ebene were perceived by the little caravan to be miſſing. They were called, the foreſt reſounded with the names of Topaze and Ebene; the lacquies ſeek them on every ſide, and fill the foreſt with their cries; they return without having ſeen any thing, and without having received any anſwer. We have, ſaid they to Ruſtan, found nothing but a vulture that fought with an eagle, and ſtript it of all its feathers. The mention of this combat excited the curioſity of Ruſtan; he went on foot to the place, he perceived neither vulture nor eagle; but he ſaw his elephant, which was ſtill loaden with baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros: one ſtruck with its horn, the other with its proboſcis. The rhinoceros deſiſted upon ſeeing Ruſtan; his elephant was brought back, but his horſes were not to be found. Strange things happen in foreſts to travellers, cried Ruſtan. The ſervants were in great conſternation, and the maſter in deſpair, for having at once loſt his horſes, his dear negro, and the wife Topaze, for whom he ſtill had a friendſhip, though he always differed from him in opinion.

The hopes of being ſoon at the feet of the beauous princeſs of Cachemire conſoled the mirza, hen he met with a huge ſtreaked aſs, which a vi-

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gorous two-handed country clown beat with an oaken cudgel. The aſſes of this ſort are extremely beautiful, very ſcarce, and beyond expreſſion ſwift in running. The aſs returned the reiterated blows of the clown by kicks which might have rooted up an oak. The young mirza, as was reaſonable, took upon him the defence of the aſs, which was a charming creature. The clown betook himſelf to flight, crying to the aſs, You ſhall pay for this.

The aſs thanked her deliverer in her own language, approached him, let herſelf be careſſed, and careſſed him in her turn. After dinner, Ruſtan mounts her, and takes the road to Cachemire with his ſervants, who follow him ſome on foot and ſome upon the elephant. Scarce was he got upon his aſs, when that animal turned towards Kaboul, inſtead of proceeding to Cachemire. It was to no purpoſe for her maſter to turn the bridle, to kick, to preſs the ſides of the beaſt with his knees, to ſpur, to ſlacken the bridle, to pull towards him, to whip both on the right and the left, the obſtinate animal perſiſted to run towards Kaboul.

Ruſtan ſweated, fretted, and raved, when he met with a dealer in camels, who ſaid to him, Maſter, you have got a very malicious beaſt, which carries you where you do not chuſe to go; if you will give it to me, I will give you the choice of four of my camels. Ruſtan thanked providence for having thrown ſo good a bargain in his way. Topaze was very much in the wrong, ſaid he, to tell me that my journey would prove unproſperous. He mounts the handſomeſt camel, the other three follow; he rejoins his caravan, and ſees himſelf in the road to his happineſs.

Scarce had he walked four paraſonges, when he was ſtopped by a deep, broad, and impetuous torrent,

rent, which rolled upon rocks white with foam; the two banks were frightful precipices, which dazzled the ſight and made the blood run cold: to paſs was impracticable; it was impoſſible to go to the right or the left. I am beginning to be afraid, ſaid Ruſtan, that Topaze was in the right in blaming my journey, and that I was in the wrong in undertaking it; if he was ſtill here he might give me good advice; if I had Ebene with me, he would comfort me and find expedients; but every thing fails me. This perplexity was increaſed by the conſternation of his attendants: the night was dark, and they paſſed it in lamentations. At laſt fatigue and dejection made the amorous traveller fall aſleep. He awakes at day-break, and ſees a beautiful marble bridge built upon the torrent, which reached from ſhore to ſhore.

Nothing was heard but exclamations, cries of aſtoniſhment, and joy. Is it poſſible? Is this a dream? What a prodigy is this! What an echantment! Shall we venture to paſs? The whole company kneeled, roſe up, went to the bridge, kiſſed the ground, looked up to heaven, ſtretched out their hands, ſet their feet on it with trembling, went to and fro, fell into ecſtacies; and Ruſtan ſaid, At laſt heaven favours me; Topaze did not know what he was ſaying; oracles were favourable to me; Ebene was in the right, but why is he not here?

Scarce had the company got beyond the torrent, when the bridge ſunk into the water with a prodigious noiſe. So much the better, ſo much the better, cried Ruſtan, praiſed be God, bleſſed be heaven; it would not have me return to my country, where I ſhould be nothing more than a gentleman; the intention of heaven is, that I ſhould wed her

her I love; I ſhall become prince of Cachemire; thus in "poſſeſſing" my miſtreſs I ſhall ceaſe to "poſſeſs" my little marquiſate at Candahar. "I ſhall be Ruſtan, and I ſhall not be Ruſtan," becauſe I ſhall become a great prince: thus is a great part of the oracle clearly explained in my favour, the reſt will be explained in the ſame manner, I am too happy: but why is not Ebene with me? I regret him a thouſand times more than Topaze.

He proceeded a few paraſonges farther with the greateſt alacrity imaginable; but at the cloſe of day, a chain of mountains, more rugged than a counterſcarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been if it had been finiſhed, ſtopped the paſſage of the caravan, which was ſeized with dread.

All the company cried out, It is the will of God that we periſh here; he broke the bridge merely to take from us all hopes of returning; he raiſed the mouutain for no other reaſon but to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh, Ruſtan! oh, unhappy marquis! we ſhall never ſee Cachemire; we ſhall never return to the land of Candahar.

The moſt poignant anguiſh, the moſt inſupportable dejection, ſucceeded in the ſoul of Ruſtan to the immoderate joy which he had felt, to the hopes with which he had intoxicated himſelf. He was by no means diſpoſed to interpret the prophecies in his favour. Oh, heavens! oh, God of my fathers! ſaid he, muſt I then loſe my friend Topaze!

As he pronounced theſe words, fetching deep ſighs, and ſhedding tears in the midſt of his diſconſolate followers, the baſis of the mountain opens, a long gallery appears to the dazzled eyes in a vault lighted with a hundred thouſand torches: Ruſtan immediately begins to lament, and his peo-

ple to throw themſelves upon their knees, and to fall upon their backs in aſtoniſhment, and cry out, A miracle! and ſay, Ruſtan is the favourite of Witſnow, the well-beloved of Brama; he will become the maſter of mankind. Ruſtan believed it, he was quite beſide himſelf, he was raiſed above himſelf. Alas, Ebene, ſaid he, my dear Ebene, where are you? Why are you not witneſs of all theſe wonders? How did I loſe you? Beauteous princeſs of Cachemire, when ſhall I again behold your charms!

He advances with his attendants, his elephants, and his camels, under the hollow of the mountain; at the end of which he enters into a meadow enamelled with flowers and encompaſſed with rivulets: at the extremity of the meadows are walks of trees to the end of which the eye cannot reach, and at the end of theſe alleys is a river, on the ſides of which are a thouſand pleaſure houſes with delicious gardens. He every where hears concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic; he ſees dances; he makes haſte to go upon one of the bridges of the river; he aſks the firſt man he meets what fine country that is?

He whom he addreſſed himſelf to anſwered, You are in the province of Cachemire; you ſee the inhabitants immerſed in joy and pleaſures; we celebrate the marriage of our beauteous princeſs, who is going to be married to the lord Barbabou, to whom his father promiſed her; may God perpetuate their felicity! At theſe words Ruſtan fainted away, and the Cachemirian lord thought he was troubled with the falling ſickneſs; he cauſed him to be carried to his houſe, where he remained a long time inſenſible. He ſent in ſearch of the two moſt able phyſicians in that part of the country: they

they felt the patient's pulſe, who having ſomewhat recovered his ſpirits, ſobbed, rolled his eyes, and cried from time to time, Topaze, Topaze, you were entirely in the right!

One of the two phyſicians ſaid to the Cachemirian lord, I perceive, by this young man's accent, that he is from Candahar, and that the air of this country is hurtful to him; he muſt be ſent home: I perceive by his eyes that he has loſt his ſenſes; entruſt me with him, I will carry him back to his own country, and cure him. The other phyſician maintained, that grief was his only diſorder; and that it was proper to carry him to the wedding of the princeſs, and make him dance. Whilſt they were in conſultation, the patient recovered his health; the two phyſicians were diſmiſſed, and Ruſtan remained alone with his hoſt.

My lord, ſaid he, I aſk your pardon for having been ſo free as to faint in your preſence; I know it to be a breach of politeneſs; I intreat you to accept of my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindneſs you have ſhewed me. He then related to him all his adventure, taking particular care to conceal from him the occaſion of his journey. But, in the name of Witſnow and Brama, ſaid he to him, tell me who is this happy Barbabou, who is to marry the princeſs of Cachemire; why has her father choſen him for his ſon-in-law, and why has the princeſs accepted of him for an huſband?

Sir, anſwered the Cachemirian, the princeſs has by no means accepted of Barbabou; ſhe is, on the contrary, in tears, whilſt the whole province joyfully celebrates her marriage: ſhe has ſhut herſelf up in a tower of her palace; ſhe does not chuſe to ſee any of the rejoicings made upon the occaſion. Ruſtan, at hearing this, perceived himſelf revive;

the bloom of his complexion, which grief had cauſed to fade, appeared again upon his countenance. Tell me. I intreat you, continued he, why the prince of Cachemire is obſtinately bent upon giving his daughter to a Barbabou whom ſhe does not like?

This is the fact, anſwered the Cachemirian: Do you know that our auguſt prince loſt a large diamond and a javelin which he had a great value for? Ah! I very well know that, ſaid Ruſtan. Know then, ſaid his hoſt, that our prince being in deſpair at not having heard of his two precious curioſities, after having cauſed them to be ſought for all over the world, promiſed his daughter to whoever ſhould bring him either the one or the other: a lord Barbabou came, who had got the diamond, and he is to marry the princeſs to-morrow.

Ruſtan turned pale, ſtammered out a compliment, took his leave of his hoſt, and galloped upon his dromedary to the capital city, where the ceremony was performed. He arrives at the palace of the prince, he tells him he has ſomething of importance to communicate to him, he demands an audience; he is told that the prince is taken up with the preparations for the wedding. It is for that very reaſon, ſaid he, that I am deſirous of ſpeaking to him: ſuch is his importunity, that he is at laſt admitted. Prince, ſaid he, may God crown all your days with glory and magnificence! your ſon-in-law is a knave.

What! a knave! how dare you ſpeak in ſuch terms? Is that a proper way of ſpeaking to a duke of Cachemire of a ſon-in-law whom he has made choice of? Yes, he is a knave, continued Ruſtan; and to prove it to your highneſs, I have brought you back your diamond.

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The duke, ſurprized at what he heard, compared the two diamonds; and as he was no judge of precious ſtones, he could not determine which was the true one. Here are two diamonds, ſaid he, and I have but one daughter; I am in a ſtrange perplexity.

He ſent for Barbabou, and aſked him if he had not impoſed upon him. Barbabou ſwore he had bought his diamond from an Armenian: the other did not tell him who he had his from; but he propoſed an expedient, which was, that his highneſs would pleaſe to permit him to engage his rival in ſingle combat. It is not enough for your ſon-in-law to give a diamond, ſaid he, he ſhould alſo give proofs of valour. Do not you think it juſt that he who kills his rival ſhould marry the princeſs? Undoubtedly, anſwered the prince; it will be a fine ſight for the court; fight directly: the conqueror ſhall take the arms of the conquered, according to the cuſtoms of Cachemire, and he ſhall marry my daughter.

The two pretenders to the princeſs immediately go down into the court. Upon the ſtairs there was a pie and a raven; the raven cried, Fight, fight; the pie cried, Don't fight. This made the prince laugh; the two rivals ſcarce took any notice of it; they begin the combat; all the courtiers made a circle round them. The princeſs, who kept herſelf conſtantly ſhut up in her tower, did not chuſe to behold this fight; ſhe never dreamt of her lover's being at Cachemire, and ſhe hated Barbabou to ſuch a degree, that ſhe could not bear the ſight of him. The combat had the happieſt event imaginable; Barbabou was killed outright; and this greatly rejoiced the people, becauſe he was ugly, and Ruſtan was very handſome; the favour of the public

public is almoſt always determined by this circumſtance.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, ſcarf, and the caſque of the conquered, and came, followed by the whole court, to preſent himſelf under the windows of his miſtreſs. The multitude cried aloud, Beautiful princeſs, come and ſee your handſome lover, who has killed his ugly rival. Theſe words we re-echoed by her women. The princeſs unluckily looked out of the window, and ſeeing the armour of a man ſhe hated, ſhe ran like one frantic to her ſtrong box, and took out the fatal javelin, which flew to pierce Ruſtan, notwithſtanding his cuiraſs: he cried out loudly, and at this cry the princeſs thought ſhe again knew the voice of her unhappy lover.

She ran down ſtairs, with her hair diſhevelled, and death in her eyes as well as her heart. Ruſtan had alreeady fallen, all bloody, into the arms of his father: ſhe ſees him. Oh, moment! oh, ſight! oh, diſcovery of inexpreſſible grief, tenderneſs, and horror! She throws herſelf upon him, and embraces him: You receive, ſaid ſhe, the firſt and laſt kiſſes of your miſtreſs and your murderer. She pulls the dart from the wound, plunges it in her heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom ſhe adores. The father, terrified, in deſpair, and ready to die like his daughter, tries in vain to bring her to life; ſhe was no more: he curſes the fatal dart, breaks it to pieces, throws away the two fatal diamonds; and whilſt he prepared the funeral of his daughter, inſtead of her marriage, he cauſed Ruſtan, who weltered in his blood, and had ſtill ſome remains of life, to be carried to his palace.

He was put into bed: the firſt objects he ſaw on each

each ſide of his death-bed were Topaze and Ebene. This ſurprize made him in ſome degree recover his ſtrength. Cruel men, ſaid he, why did you abandon me? Perhaps the princeſs would ſtill be alive if you had been with the unhappy Ruſtan. I have not forſaken you a moment, ſaid Topaze: I have been always with you, ſaid Ebene. Ah! what do you ſay? why do you inſult me in my laſt moments? anſwered Ruſtan with a languiſhing voice. You may believe me, ſaid Topaze; you know I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadfu conſequences of which I foreſaw. I was the eagl that fought with the vulture and ſtript it of its fe thers; I was the elephant that carried away th baggage, in order to force you to return to you own country; I was the ſtreaked aſs that carrie you, whether you would or no, to your father; was I that made your horſes go aſtray; it was that cauſed the torrent that prevented your paſſag it was I that raiſed the mountain which ſtopped a road ſo fatal to you: I was the phyſician th adviſed you to return to your own country; I w the pie that cried out to you not to fight.

And I, ſaid Ebene, was the vulture that he ſtri of his feathers, the rhinoceros who gave him a hu dred ſtrokes with my horn, the clown that beat t ſtreaked aſs, the merchant who made you a preſe of camels to haſten to your deſtruction; I dug t cavern that you croſſed, I am the phyſician tl encouraged you to walk, the raven that cried to you to combat.

Alas! ſaid Topaze, "Remember the oracle "If you go to the eaſt you will be at the weſt." Y ſaid Ebene, here the dead are buried with th faces turned to the weſt: the oracle was pl enough, though you did not underſtand it. "Y

offeſſed and you did not poſſeſs;" for you had the iamond, but it was a falſe one, though you did ot know it. "You are conqueror and you die, you are Ruſtan and you ceaſe to be ſo;" all has een accompliſhed. Whilſt he ſpoke thus, four hite wings covered the body of Topaze, and four lack wings that of Ebene. What do I ſee! cried uſtan. Topaze and Ebene anſwered together, ou ſee your two geniuſes. Good gentlemen, ied the unhappy Ruſtan, how came you to med- e? and what occaſion had a poor man for two niuſes? It is a law, anſwered Topaze; every man s two geniuſes. Plato was the firſt man that ſaid and others have repeated it after him; you ſee t nothing can be more true: I, who now ſpeak ou, am your good genius; I was charged to watch r you to the laſt moment of your life; of this I have faithfully acquitted myſelf.

But, ſaid the dying man, if your buſineſs was to e me, I am of a nature much ſuperior to yours; d then how can you have the aſſurance to ſay u are my good genius, ſince you have ſuffered to be deceived in every thing I have undertaken, d ſince you ſuffer both my miſtreſs and me to die erably? Alas! ſaid Topaze, it was your deſtiny. eſtiny does all, anſwered the dying man, what is enius good for? And you, Ebene, with your four k wings, you are, doubtleſs, my evil genius. u have hit it, anſwered Ebene. Then I ſup- e you were the evil genius of my princeſs like- e, ſaid Ruſtan. No, replied Ebene, ſhe had an genius of her own, and I ſeconded him perfect- Ah, curſt Ebene! ſaid Ruſtan, if you are ſo ma- ous, you don't belong to the ſame maſter with aze: you have been formed by two different ciples, one of which is by nature good, the

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other evil. That does not follow, said Ebene, this is a very knotty point. It is not possible, answered the dying man, that a benevolent being could create so destructive a genius. Possible or not possible, replied the genius, the thing is just as I say. Alas, said Topaze, my poor unfortunate friend, don't you see that that rogue is so malicious as to encourage you to dispute, in order to inflame your blood and hasten your death? Get you gone, said the melancholy Rustan, I am not much better satisfied with you than with him: he at least acknowledges that it was his intention to hurt me; and you, who pretended to defend me, have done me no service at all. I am very sorry for it, said the good genius. And I too, said the dying man; there is something at the bottom of this which I cannot comprehend. Nor I neither, said the good genius. I shall know the truth of the matter in a moment, said Rustan. We shall see that, said Topaze. The whole scene then vanished. Rustan again found himself in the house of his father, which he had not quitted, and in his bed, where he had slept an hour.

He awakes in astonishment, sweating all over, and quite wild; he rubs himself, he calls, he rings the bell. His valet-de-chambre, Topaze, runs in, in his night-cap, and yawning. Am I dead or alive, cried out Rustan? shall the beauteous princess of Cachemire escape? Does your lordship rave? answered Topaze, coldly.

Ah! cried Rustan, what then is become of this barbarous Ebene, with his four black [illegible]ngs! it is he that makes me die by so cruel a death. My lord, answered Topaze, I left him snoring above stairs, would you have me bid him come down? The villain, said Rustan, has persecuted me for six

months together: it was he who carried me to the fatal fair of Kaboul; it is he that cheated me of the diamond with which the princeſs preſented me; he is the ſole cauſe of my journey, of the death of my princeſs, and of the wound with a javelin, of which I die in the flower of my age.

Take heart, ſaid Topaze, you were never at Kaboul; there is no princeſs of Cachemire; her father never had any children but two boys, who are now at college: you never had a diamond: the princeſs cannot be dead, becauſe ſhe is not born; and you are perfectly well in health.

What! is it not then true that you attended me whilſt dying, and in the bed of the prince of Cachemire? Did you not acknowledge to me, that, in order to preſerve me from ſo many dangers, you were an eagle, an elephant, a ſtreaked aſs, a phyſician, and a pie? My lord, you have dreamt all this, anſwered Topaze: our ideas are no more of our own creating whilſt we are aſleep than whilſt we are awake: God has thought proper that this train of ideas ſhould paſs in your head, moſt probably to convey ſome inſtruction to you, of which you may make a good uſe.

You make a jeſt of me, replied Ruſtan, how long have I ſlept? My lord, ſaid Topaze, you have not yet ſlept an hour. Curſt reaſoner, returned Ruſtan, how is it poſſible that I could be, in the ſpace of an hour, at the fair of Kaboul ſix months ago, that I could have returned from thence, have travelled to Cachemire, and that Barbabou, the princeſs, and I, ſhould have died? My lord, ſaid Topaze, nothing can be more eaſy and more common; and you might have travelled round the world, and have met with a great many more adventures in much leſs time.

Is it not true that you can, in an hour's time, read the abridgment of the Perſian hiſtory, written by Zoroaſter? yet this abridgment contains eight hundred thouſand years. All theſe events paſs before your eyes one after another, in an hour's time. Now you muſt acknowledge, that it is as eaſy to Brama to confine them to the ſpace of an hour, as to extend them to the ſpace of eight hundred thouſand years; it is exactly the ſame thing. Imagine to yourſelf that time turns upon a wheel whoſe diameter is infinite. Under this vaſt wheel is a numerous multitude of wheels one within another; that in the center is imperceptible, and goes round an infinite number of times, whilſt the great wheel performs but one revolution. It is evident, that all the events which have happened from the beginning of the world, to its end, might have happened in much leſs time than the hundred thouſandth part of a ſecond; and one may even go ſo far as to aſſert that the thing is ſo.

I cannot comprehend all this, ſaid Ruſtan. If you want information, ſaid Topaze, I have a parrot that will eaſily explain it to you. He was born ſome time before the deluge; he has been in the ark; he has ſeen a great deal; yet he is but a year and a half old: he will relate to you his hiſtory, which is extremely intereſting.

Go fetch your parrot, ſaid Ruſtan, it will amuſe me till I again find myſelf diſpoſed to ſleep. It is with my ſiſter, the nun, ſaid Topaze; I will go and fetch it; it will pleaſe you; its memory is faithful; it relates in a ſimple manner, without endeavouring to ſhew wit at every turn. So much the better, ſaid Ruſtan, I like that manner of telling ſtories. The parrot being brought to him, ſpoke in this manner: —

N. B. Mademoiſelle Catherine Vadé could never find the hiſtory of the parrot in the common-place-book of her late couſin Anthony Vadé, author of that tale: this is a great misfortune, conſidering what age that parrot lived in.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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